SPRING 2023

Midd Magazine

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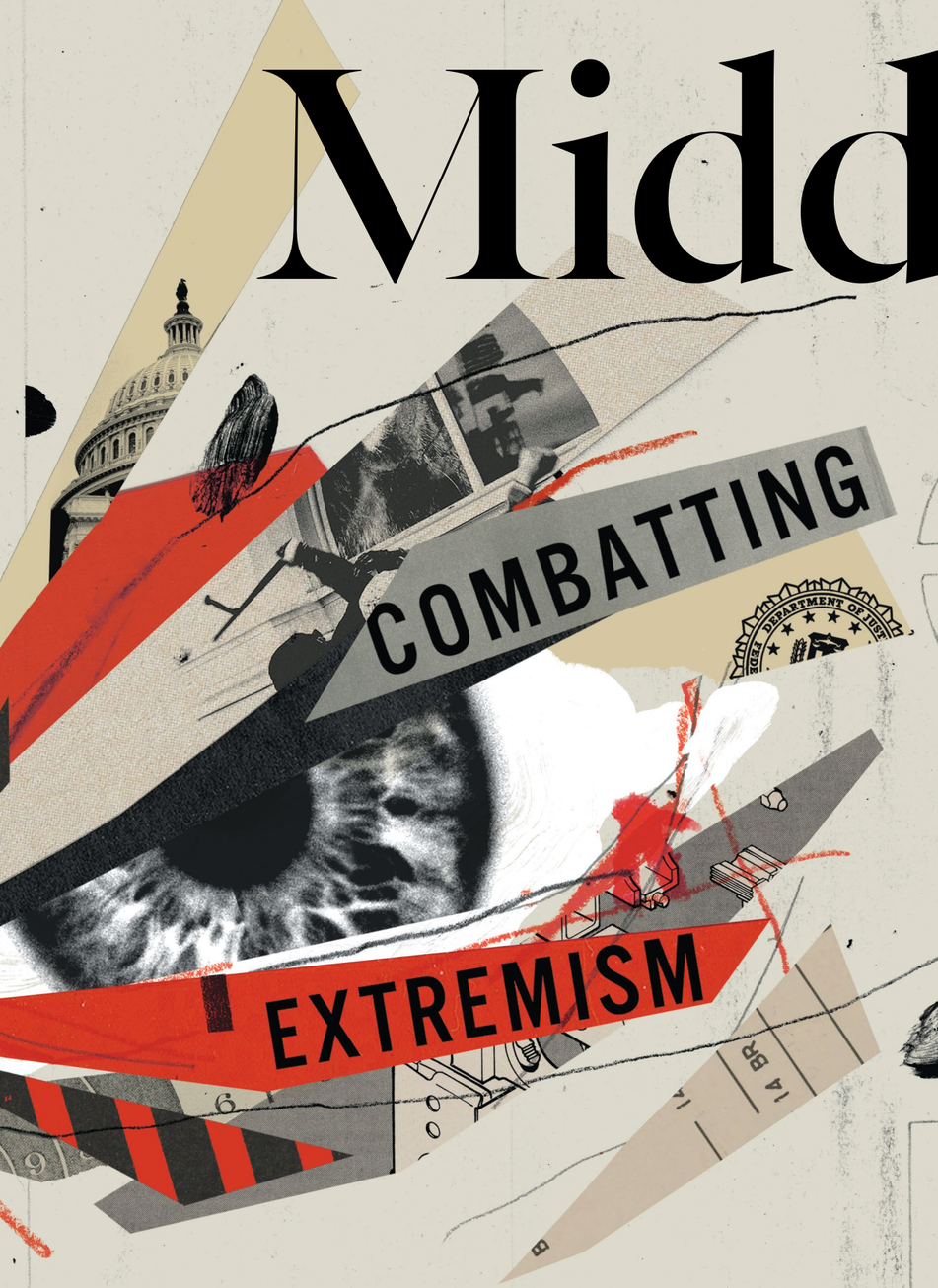

MIDDLEBURY'S CENTER ON TERRORISM, EXTREMISM, AND COUNTERTERRORISM IS ON THE FRONT LINES IN A DOMESTIC BATTLE FOR THE AGES

HELLO SUNSHINE

As the days begin to grow longer and the angle of the sun's rays start to hit the Vermont countryside a bit differently with the arrival of spring, it seems that at some point or another folks will exhale a bit, glance up at the sky, and allow this renewed glow to fall upon their faces.

I'd like to think that these solar panels do the same.

This solar array just west of campus has hugged Route 125 and served as a gateway of sorts to The Knoll for more than a decade; a path meanders from the roadside through the panels and across an open field to the popular farm, the panels standing sentry in various stages of attention.

The panels work year-round of course—standing in the face of blowing snow and accumulating ice in the winter, putting in long summer hours, desperately attempting to hold onto the waning light of autumn. But spring, it's gotta be their favorite—each day brings more sun, more energy, renewal. If you look closely, I swear you'll notice they are standing up a little bit straighter.—MJ

CALEB KENNA

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Spring, Again

I have entered my third decade as a Vermont resident—after spending most of my life in Virginia—and from time to time, folks still ask me how I deal with winter in northern New England. *Happily*, I always say, before adding, *I just wish it wasn't so long*.

I hold nothing against all of those who grasp dearly to winter; I just come from a place where spring arrives in March, or, at the latest, early April. However, I've learned over the course of 22 winters at Middlebury that *there are* signs of spring that emerge when my Virginian sensibilities are expecting them; I just needed to know where to find them—and how to see them.

So now, when the "Chicks have arrived" sign goes up outside of Agway on Exchange Street, spring can't be far behind. And I'm not fooled by an April snowfall. Those are still daffodil shoots peeping above the layer of wintry mix.

And then, one day, the snow piles are gone, tulips and those rugged daffodils are in full flower, and trees are budding. Spring has sprung. The landscape, renewed. As is this periodical. It was three springs ago that we halted publication on our dearly loved print edition. A pandemic was erupting, Middlebury was facing unforeseen budget pressures, we needed to make tough financial decisions. I know that for many, the return to print could feel like an excruciatingly long process. Not unlike a New England winter, if we want to lean into metaphors. But then you start seeing the signs, and then it arrives. And it was all worth the wait. —MJ

ILLUSTRATED BY ASAHI NAGATA

Midd

SPRING 2023
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FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS

ALEXANDER WOLFF
"More Than a Game"
A legendary *Sports Illustrated* scribe, Wolff has written many books on hoop, including the recently updated *Big Game, Small World*

CATHARINE WRIGHT
"The Emergence of a Storyteller"
A writer of fiction, nonfiction, essays, and poetry, Wright teaches creative writing and is a scholar of gender, sexuality, and feminist studies

ERIC HART JR.
"On Film"
A Brooklyn-based photographer, Hart has created portraiture that has been praised by Beyoncé and has appeared in celebrated pubs such as *Rolling Stone*

MIKE MCQUADE
Cover
An award-winning graphic artist, McQuade has contributed covers to *Wired* and the *New York Times Magazine*—and now *Midd.*

ON THE COVER ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE McQUADE

ILLUSTRATED HEADSHOTS BY LAUREN TAMAKI

Life doesn't come with subtitles.

MIDDLEBURY LANGUAGE SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS ABROAD

24/7 Immersion ▪ 37 Sites Around the World ▪ 13 Language Schools ▪ 10 Graduate Programs

LANGUAGE SCHOOLS: 18–80+ years old

SCHOOLS ABROAD: Open to students from any college or university

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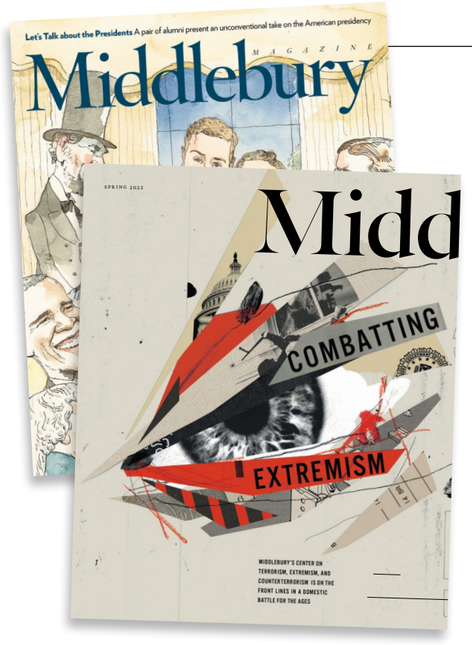
Let's Talk about the Presidents A pair of alumni present an unconventional take on the American presidency
MAGAZINE
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COMBATTING
EXTREMISM
MIDDLEBURY'S CENTER ON TERRORISM, EXTREMISM, AND COUNTERTERRORISM IS ON THE FRONT LINES IN A DOMESTIC BATTLE FOR THE AGES

Well, with the print edition of the magazine on hiatus the past few years, the ole mailbox hasn't been collecting all that much. However, a prompt in a recent edition of the editor's e-newsletter—asking folks what they missed (or didn't miss) during the pause in circulation—sparked some good discussion. And the mailbox is ready for more!

Print Is Everything

I have missed everything about the print magazine—its heft, its slightly inky smell when it first landed in my mailbox, the feel of the paper, the depth and resonance and quality of the photos and art. I read so much online these days—even the *New Yorker*—but I can't wait to go back to turning the pages of my Midd magazine while sitting by my cast-iron stove, perhaps sipping some bourbon from the beautiful hammered pewter Jefferson cup my classmate Fred Danforth made for us for our 50th Reunion last June. It's all about the tactile, the object, the relationship between the maker and the recipient. I thought you were incredibly creative about keeping in touch with alums during this hiatus and I'm grateful for that. But I can't wait to hold the magazine in my hands again.
—CATHERINE O'NEIL GRACE '72, *SHERBORN, MA*

Print Is Everything, Part II

What have I missed most about the print edition of the magazine? Everything! I get far too many emails every day and have no energy left to click through and try to find the articles/news of interest. During the magazine's hiatus from print, I've actually spent time reading my husband's alma mater magazine (from the University of Wisconsin, Madison) and my kids' (University of Virginia)—both very good publications.
—MARGARET STAEBEN '82, *ARLINGTON, VA*

Pixels over Paper

I would love to see *Middlebury Magazine* stay exclusively digital. Barring that, perhaps it is possible to limit the print run to only those who request it in paper form? Perhaps sign-ups for a new paper version could be managed through a combination of:

- profile settings on alumni profiles?
- email sign-ups in response to a digital issue of the magazine?
- a return mail postcard included inside the next X number of printed and mailed magazines?
- some other clever option I haven't thought of?

Regardless, I would love to see the magazine remain as digital as possible for financial and environmental reasons. It must be cheaper to prepare and distribute the magazine digitally. More importantly, I'd like to see the environmental impact of the magazine be reduced. No need to have all that high-quality paper get shipped around the world only to be (best case) recycled a week later (I'm guessing there aren't many alumni who have a complete collection of *Middlebury Magazines* on their bookshelves). I appreciate the breadth of topics, the quality of writing, and the celebration of the people, places, happenings, and influences of Middlebury. But I'd like to see all of that continue to happen digitally instead of on paper.

The same could happen with the Middlebury calendar—maybe it could be presented as a computer screen saver that updates every month. Perhaps it could be distributed as a background for Google Calendar, iCal, or Yahoo Calendar?

The stack of mail that we recycle in our house every week is crazy. Better than landfill, but still far better if it can be prevented in the first place.

Thanks for all you do—super publication—and even better if it arrives instantly without the glossy paper.
—CHRIS SUMMERSGILL '88, *CAMBRIDGE, MA*

Magazine as Road Map

I'm so happy to hear that the print edition is returning. The class notes of this magazine have provided me a way to help map the course my own life would likely take. I have long read about alumni from at least a decade older than me—even though I don't know them—to look ahead and preview what might await me down the road. Alas, this is about to end as not many older classes are reporting their members doings or undoings. So, tell those few who live on to send in their reports because they are a learning experience for those following them.
—BARBARA BANG KNOWLES '58, *BAR HARBOR, ME*

Props for Digital

I have enjoyed the digital offerings. I find it easier to scroll down to find the articles that interest me (which are many). Further, the editor's monthly newsletter inspires me to look at the content of the magazine immediately. In the past, I would put the printed magazine aside, and, eventually, they started to pile up when I couldn't read them. I never throw them away and would get to them eventually, but I prefer saving them on my computer.
—BETTY ATHANASOULAS, MA SPANISH '64, *ARLINGTON, MA*

Grateful for Print

So glad to hear that the print magazine will be returning in 2023. In his e-newsletter, the editor asked was what a favored item/subject in the magazine. I have to say that my interest was piqued by different subjects in different issues. But actually, the whole issue was really of interest because it covered a lot of different topics. Looking forward to receiving a print edition again.
—RAYMOND JOHNSON '65, *CHAZY, NY*

Maybe Not Profound, but Preferred

Nothing profound here, just wanted to say that I'm very excited for the print edition to come back. I think I'll always prefer reading off of printed paper rather than off a screen. And holding the magazine in my hands does make me feel physically connected to Middlebury. I do like the editor's emails, though, especially "What We're Reading." I hope that will stick around.
—MARIE LUCCI CLOUQUEUR, *ARLINGTON, MA*

Your legacy of learning

It's easy to make a lasting gift to Middlebury through your will, retirement account, trust, or life insurance. Share the Middlebury experience that you treasured with generations of students to come. To find out how to make your gift, contact the team in the Office of Gift Planning at 866-496-6433 or giftplanning@middlebury.edu. You can also visit our website at go.middlebury.edu/giftplanning.

Middlebury College

UP FRONT

A TOUR AROUND THE MIDDLEBURY CONSTELLATION

37 Minutes with Ioana Uricaru

What it takes to successfully juggle the demands of being a professor and a filmmaker, and how a sabbatical abroad fuels the next feature film project

Ioana Uricaru's first feature as writer-director, *Lemonade*, was a smashing cultural success when it premiered in 2018. She's currently in preproduction on her next film, with an aim to shoot next summer.

NOAM GALAI/GETTY IMAGES

Ioana Uricaru is an award-winning filmmaker, an associate professor of film and media culture at Middlebury, and the awardee of numerous prizes and fellowships as an artist, most recently the Rome Prize and the Guggenheim, both in 2022. During the past academic year, Ioana has been on sabbatical, working as a fellow at the American Academy of Art in Rome and attending a film festival in Berlin. She is now back in her native Romania, where *Middlebury Magazine* caught up with her over Zoom.

MIDDLEBURY MAGAZINE Hi there! You've been traveling a lot!
IOANA URICARU I'm a moving target. [*Laughs*]

MM So catch us up—you started your sabbatical in Italy . . .
IU Yes, I was in Rome, where I was a fellow at the American Academy until February. Then I came to Romania, before going to Berlin for Berlinale, the Berlin Film Festival. (I have a project in the coproduction market, looking for collaborators for coproducers.) And now I'm back in my hometown of Cluj. So for the rest of the sabbatical, I'm not sure. It kind of depends on whether some projects move ahead, then I have to travel for them, or maybe not. I don't know. A little bit up in the air. You know, the life of a filmmaker.

MM The unpredictability is not new to you.
IU No. And it's the opposite of academic life, which is planned a year in advance, like, you know, I am filling in forms for where am I going to teach classes next year. So it's really—it's almost the antithesis. [*Laughs*]

MM So how do you balance those two aspects of your life—your professional life of being a filmmaker and being an academic and having those two worlds be so different?
IU It can be a puzzle. You have to plan your film work around vacations, around sabbaticals. It's a time puzzle. My last sabbatical, I shot a movie. This sabbatical, I wrote. I hope to shoot my next film in the summer of 2024; three months is just enough time to fit in a film, if you schedule it exactly right.

Lemonade, in the author's words: An immigrant's story, and a twist on the American dream.

MM How does this dual professional life impact your teaching?
IU Well, it's great because I have access to all the raw material of my work, very specific materials that I can share with my students. For instance, I can take one particular scene that I shot and show them what the challenges were, how we solved them. I can even show them various alternatives, like variations of the same scene, different takes. I can take them inside the decision-making process of a filmmaker.

MM You can immerse them in your world.
IU Yes, exactly. I can show them auditions for the actors, show them how I chose or how I decided to cast a certain actor. I can show them budgets and schedules and all kinds of stuff that is behind the scenes and that they then can reflect upon when they see the finished product.

MM You were recently at Berlinale. I know that film festival holds a special place in your heart.

Ioana's first full-length feature film as a writer-director—2018's Lemonade, *which is shown on this page—premiered as an Official Selection at Berlinale and went on to be showcased at dozens of other festivals and win numerous awards.*

IU Of course. Always. But I was also working. [*Laughs*]

MM You mentioned in an email you were looking for potential producing partners for your next feature.
IU Yes, exactly. I went to what's called a coproduction market, a competitive section of the festival. One needs to apply with a project that is at the financing stage. Basically, you have a screenplay, you have already a first producer and some financing in place, and you're looking for the rest of the package—additional financing, distributors, sales agents.

MM So how does this process work?
IU It's like speed dating. [*Laughs*] There are around 30 projects that are accepted, and you have meetings with companies and people looking to support the filmmakers. You're in a room, and each project has a table. So you sit there with your producer, and these people who want to meet with you, they move from table to table. They're half-hour meetings, and you have about 20 every day, like 10 hours of meetings.

MM How did it go?
IU It went very well. We had actually lined up a French producer between the time we had applied for the market and when it was held. So the pressure was lessened. [*Laughs*] And then we made great connections with the sales and distribution people.

MM So, tell us about this next film!
IU About 12 years ago—my god, 14 years ago actually, good gracious—we made a movie called *Tales from the Golden Age*, which was an omnibus project. It was a Romanian film that was made of several segments with stories from the '80s in Romania. It was a comedy, and it was directed by five different directors, and I was one of them. Now we're thinking of making a new installment.

MM You say a comedy. I don't necessarily associate 1980s Romania with comedy.
IU It's a survival mechanism. We used to say that we Romanians are joking too much, and that's why we had the worst dictatorship in Eastern Europe, because we joke too much. And instead of doing something about it, we were just making fun.

MM Surviving through humor.
IU Back then, you went to work where, as we said, we pretended to work and they pretended to pay us. The joke is, "What is the essence of Marxism?" We pretend to work, and they pretend to pay us. So you would go to work or to school, driven by the idea that you're going to find out what is the joke of the day, hoping that it's a new joke that you could then come back home and tell to the rest of the family. [*Laughs*] So even at the micro level, you know, it was the incentive and the reason to live, to be very empathetic.

MM One thing I hear often about your work is that you focus on lived experience.
IU What is it they say? "You write what you know"? But it doesn't have to be verisimilitude. You can write about heart-wrenching love and then set it in another era. Whether in 15th-century England or 21st-century Romania, the feeling is the same.

MM Yet you keep coming back to Romania as a setting.
IU Yes. Lived experience is something that is specific to Romanian cinema during the past several decades. It's a reaction to the fact that before 1989, our lived experience was erased. No reflection, no representation, no acknowledgment. You just want to go back and recover the texture of reality.

MM I want to step outside to dig a little deeper, more into the lived experience, and even step outside of the filmmaking role. You're in Romania now, it's 2023, you're there with your child, your young child, and Europe is on the front pages again. You know, we see what's happening in Ukraine and elsewhere. What is it like to be back in Romania 30-plus years after the fall of the dictatorship?
IU We have a long border with Ukraine . . . and we're a NATO country; we have American military bases in Romania, which annoys Putin, of course, who said that we are an enemy—or we're hostile, because we have American military bases here. Nobody sees how it could possibly end. You can't end it in a way that is mutually acceptable, which means there will always be at least one of the sides that will be so aggrieved that 30 years from now it's going to start all over.

MM I'm conscious of your time, and I'd like to end this conversation on a happier note. What are you most looking forward to for the rest of your sabbatical?
IU I hope to really be able to sort of set the premises for some future project or projects. There are always three or four things in various stages. And I look forward to spending more time with my child. We're going to go to the seaside. I haven't been to the seaside in quite some time. We're going to go to Greece.

MM That is a very, very nice thought to end on.
IU Isn't it?

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN In Munya Munyati's films, the Black experience, his experience, is dissected and examined under a microscope.

On Film

Munya Munyati '20.5 has stories to tell

BY MARA DOLAN

There's a moment early in the film when Munya is staring at himself in the mirror. A pair of feathered black wings unfurl from his back as he splashes water from the bathroom sink on his face, holding his own steady gaze.

"What's with the wings?" I know you're wondering," he narrates to the audience. The whole short film is a monologue narrated in his voice, brimming with bashful, honest musings and playful, wry humor.

"Let's just say," he tells the viewer, "I'm not from here," and he cuts to the next scene.

Munya Ra Munyati, Class of 2020.5, was in his sophomore year at Middlebury when he acted, filmed, and produced that scene. It was part of a short film, *Descent to Madness*, the first assignment in the first production-focused course he'd ever taken.

He speaks to me now, nearly five years later, with fondness for the professor and appreciation for how the class shaped his growth and path. "The projects were all about giving us some guidance, but the guidance was only there to allow us to explore our own creativity," he tells me. "Everything else was stripped away so we could focus solely on the story we wanted to tell."

"I didn't think I was an artist because I didn't fit the rules of what I thought an 'artist' was."

Descent to Madness came first, followed by several more short films that varied in medium and focus. But they shared things too: main characters wearing the same feathered wings, casts of Black actors where possible, and storylines that follow seemingly mundane slices of Munyati's life and his unseen, internal reflections, musings and challenges through them. "Each main character in the wings shares being 'other-ed' in some way, and each is navigating some simple social interaction—asking someone on a date, finding a roommate, throwing a party—and we experience all of their inner thoughts, their struggles, their reactions along with them."

It's been five years since *Descent to Madness*, and Munyati is now working at Vice, a global media company where he develops and produces state-of-the-art videos from all over the country—even the world. Yet he still considers *Descent to Madness* some of his best—and perhaps his truest—work.

He smiles as he describes his first project. "As a film, it isn't trying to CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC HART JR

FIVE FILMS EVERYONE MUST SEE ACCORDING TO Munya Munyati

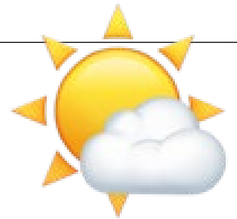
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD
1961

NAPOLEON DYNAMITE
2004

THE DARK KNIGHT
2008

INTERSTELLAR
2014

THE INVISIBLES
2017



GO FIGURE

When Middlebury's new solar array system—located on South Street Extension just south of town—goes online in 2023, it will join nine other solar projects (on and off campus). This one, though, is Middlebury's most ambitious solar project, the institution's largest by far among the biggest in the state. Here's what you should know about it.

30
Acres of land that are home to the new solar farm

29,000
Panels, on single-axis trackers, that make up the solar farm

29
Forest Hall–sized buildings that 5 megawatts can power

5MW
Megawatts of electricity that will be produced by the farm

1MW
Megawatt of electricity generated by the nine other solar projects

Dateline San Juan and Astana

You can now add Puerto Rico and Kazakhstan to the roster of 35-plus Middlebury Schools Abroad that operate around the world. No, the school in Puerto Rico is not technically "abroad" (it's officially designated as "studying away") since the island is a U.S. territory, but it is administered by the Schools Abroad office and hosted by one of the territory's top universities, with instruction in Spanish. In addition to three university courses in a range of disciplines, students are required to take a Middlebury-organized course called Writing for Linguistic and Cultural Competence. The School in Puerto Rico also offers a distinct track in Museum Studies and Art Theory.

The opening of a School in Kazakhstan stems from the continued suspension of Middlebury's Schools in Russia. (Middlebury suspended the programs in Russia following the country's invasion of Ukraine.) The School in Kazakhstan is located in the capital of Astana, with all classes being held in Russian, one of the two official languages of Kazakhstan.

HOW TO: INTERPRET A JOKE

"To be a good interpreter, you need to understand cultural context. My native language is Spanish; the other languages I interpret from are English and French. I've been living in the U.S. since 2001, and I've spent many years working to understand the American sense of humor. To be able to convey that sense of humor into, say, Spanish, you need the corresponding understanding of Hispanic or Latin culture. The cultural fluency is as important as the language fluency."

—LEIRE CARBONELL AGUERO

Carbonell Aguero teaches Simultaneous and Consecutive Interpretation into Spanish at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies.

Where Are They From?

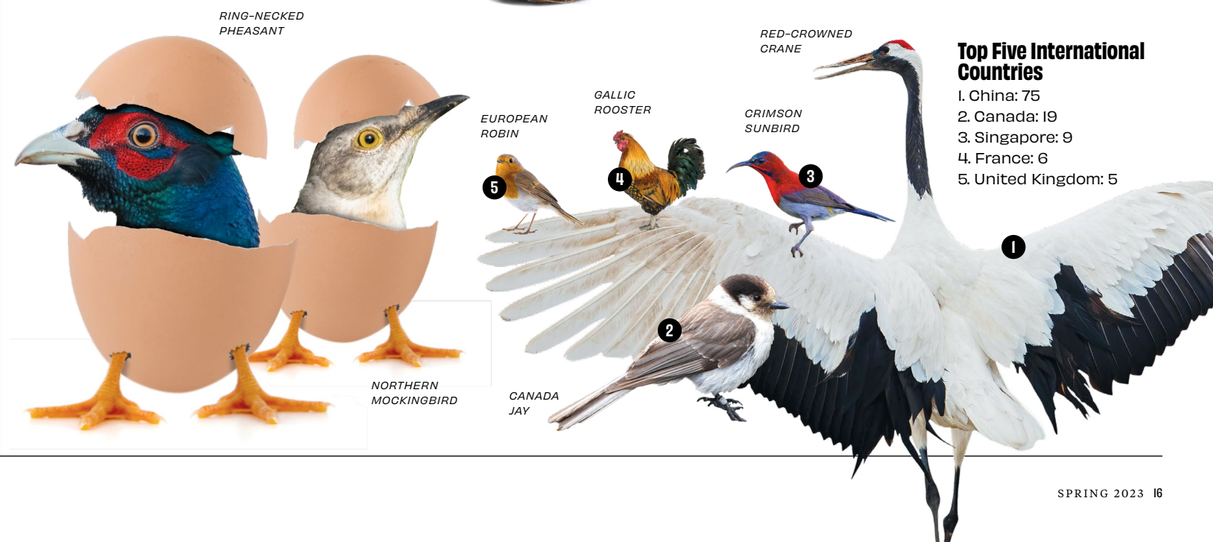
Middlebury's undergraduate student population currently represents 51 domestic states and territories and 59 countries.

Student populations represented by their home state bird, which is a tad more interesting than seeing another map. We all know where South Dakota is.

Top 5 States
1. Massachusetts: 354
2. New York: 332
3. California: 227
4. Connecticut: 132
5. Vermont: 121

Singularly United
States with just one student: Mississippi and South Dakota

The One
Only state not represented: North Dakota



Top Five International Countries
1. China: 75
2. Canada: 19
3. Singapore: 9
4. France: 6
5. United Kingdom: 5

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More Than a Game

In a critically acclaimed work of nonfiction, Abe Streep '04 introduces readers to the Arlee Warriors, a high school basketball team on a Native American reservation in Montana, where life's challenges are abundant.

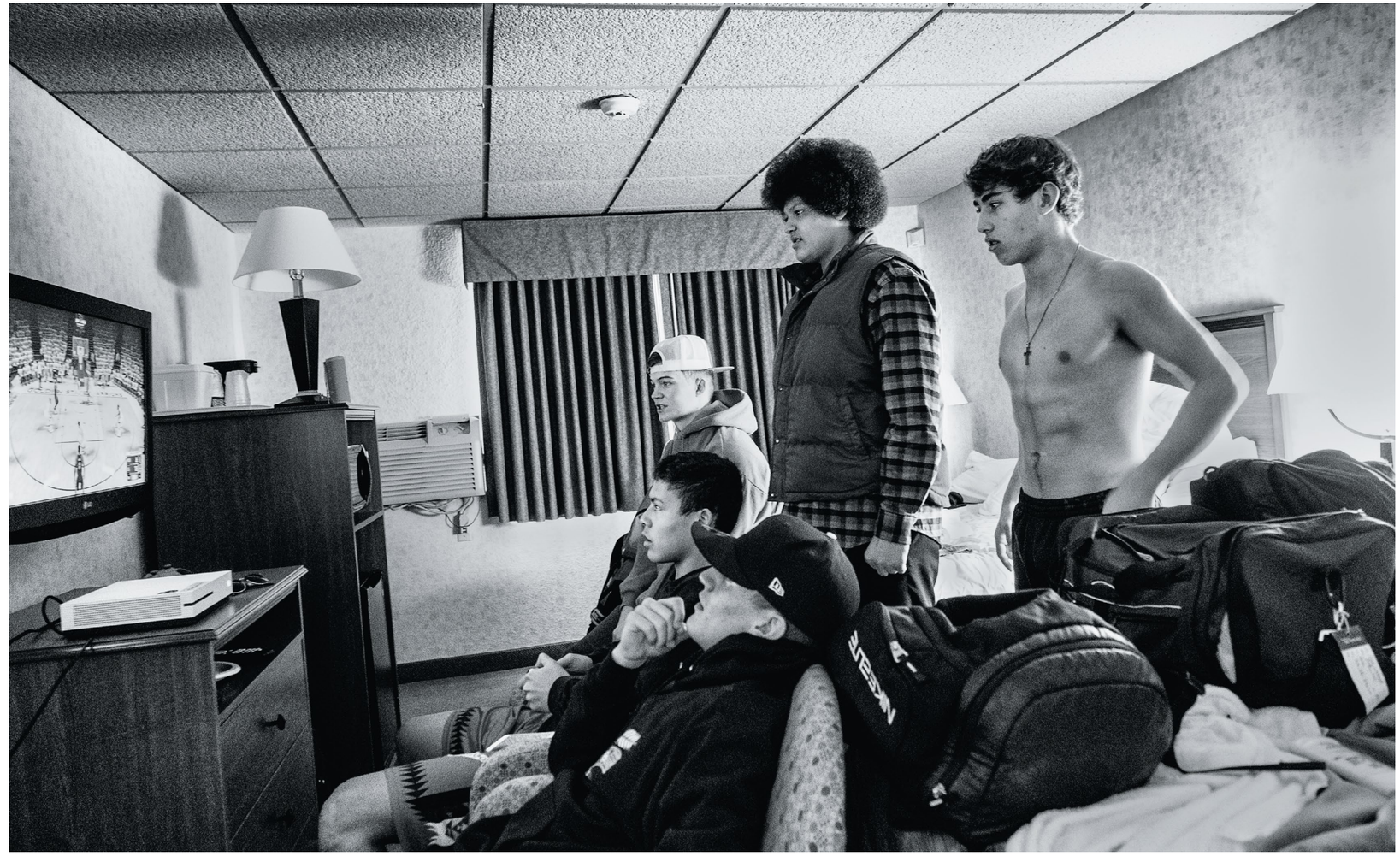
BY ALEXANDER WOLFF

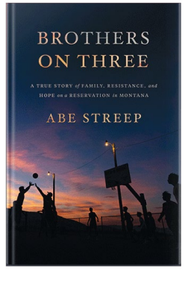
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEVIN YALKIN

The writer Janet Malcolm famously alleged that reporters always run a con on their subjects, "preying on people's vanity, ignorance, or loneliness, gaining their trust and betraying them without remorse." I'm not here to adjudicate that charge, but simply to stipulate that exceptions exist, and we should carve one out for a superb reporter with a Middlebury pedigree.

Few journalists practice the craft more conscientiously and empathetically than Abe Streep '04, a winner of the $100,000 American Mosaic Journalism Prize of the Heising-Simons Foundation for reporting on underrepresented communities in the U.S. He has described his approach as "inside-out," and cites an attraction to stories "about people and place and the ways that history winds through our lives." Streep specializes in finding outposts in the Mountain West where locals are grappling with change—disruption that might come with the resettlement of Syrian immigrants, or from larger forces that lead a struggling newspaper in a down-at-the-heels town to try to reinvent itself. His first book, *Brothers on Three: A True Story of Family, Resistance, and Hope on a Reservation in Montana* (Celadon Books, 2021), follows the Native American boys of Arlee High School as they defend their state basketball championship. That "basketball" appears in neither the title nor the subtitle signals the book's rich adjacent material, about community, heritage, tragedy, and the outdoors.

Streep, who took care to secure for his project the blessing of the Cultural Advisory Council of the Flathead Reservation's Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes, surfaces details that could only come from a thoroughly immersed reporter. In pregame invocations, Arlee coach Zanen Pitts asks the good Lord to grant the refs "the strength to keep up." The team's star, Phillip Malatare, bankrolls the cost of his out-of-season travel-team play with proceeds from the sale of a pair of shed antlers he's able to forage. Stricken with the flu during a critical playoff run, Malatare competes thanks to an IV drip, while his running mate, Will Mesteth, plays through walking pneumonia and a kidney stone.





Basketball's redemptive power has its limits. Arlee sits in the midst of a suicide cluster, and only the timely intervention of peers keeps one of the team's starters from adding his life to the grim tally. It's a measure of the author's ethics that Streep insists on asking this particular Arlee Warrior three times for permission to tell his story. And it's a mark of the trust the community came to place in Streep that each time he checks, the young man, Greg Whitesell, becomes more insistent that Streep include it—a decision aligned with the team's larger embrace of a campaign for suicide prevention.

If writers about Native American basketball before Streep sometimes fell short of his standard of empathy, they didn't do so out of malicious intent. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was desperately trying to land a place as a coach on an NBA bench when he spent a year as a volunteer high school assistant among Arizona's White Mountain Apache, and his resulting *A Season on the Reservation* suffers from the author's search for self. Streep is careful to leave his baggage at home. "If a story is shared with you, it's something to take really seriously," he has said. "It's a gift. And I hope when you write a story there's a way for [subjects] to recognize themselves, in their complexity and humanity."

Streep is particularly devoted to riddling out an explanation for "the recruiting gap," whereby even the best Native ballplayers rarely go on to play in college. He fingers cultural bias and the hidebound, risk-averse attitude of the region's mostly non-Native coaches. As he does when addressing biased officiating and racist invective from opposing fans, Streep invites us not just to recognize obstacles placed in the Arlee players' paths, but to consider where those obstacles come from.

Of course more is at play here than just impediments thrown up by "the system." *Brothers on Three* bristles with examples of the spell cast by the reservation. Streep teaches at Middlebury's Bread Loaf Environmental Writers' Conference, and he credits College faculty Sue Halpern and Bill McKibben with having helped him learn to write about the natural world. He has the chops to describe a place that, for all its poverty and apparently baked-in outcomes, seems almost too fetching to leave. "Everything turned green, the mornings stinging and the evening air dusty and sweet with the smell of aspen," Streep writes. "Irrigation lines spun water into the air, creating small rainbows. Kestrels chased mayflies, songbirds chased magpies, and eagles descended into pastures, cleaning up after birth and death."

"If a story is shared with you, it's something to take really seriously," Streep has said. "It's a gift."

Or as Malatare tells him: "If you love where you live, why not live there? No use movin'."

That juxtaposition is as good an example as any of the balance Streep strikes between his own observations and the voices of those around him, which he raises with a choirmaster's hand.

It's easy to say that if you love basketball, you'll love this book, for the basketball in *Brothers on Three* is captivating, sometimes breathtakingly so given the Warriors' hellbent, "rez ball" style. The stakes are as high as they come, and you'll wind up caring deeply about the hoops fates of Malatare and Mesteth. (No spoilers here.) But if you're a human being—even if you're one of the bottom-feeders among the species who practices journalism—what's likeliest to abide is all the rest.

OVERHEARD

We Can't Stand the Eagles, Either

The podcast *The Age Old Question* attempts to answer just that

"The Eagles are one of the most successful musical acts of all time. At their height, they were massive, putting out some of the most enduring, commercially successful hits ever. If you turn your radio dial to a classic rock station, you don't have to wait long to hear one of their songs. But as the commercial success of the Eagles has continued in the decades since they first broke up, so, too, has the number of absolute *haters*. How can a band so broadly popular and successful engender so much scorn? And why?

MUSICIANS AND FRIENDS RICH PRICE '99 AND CLINT BIERMAN '97 TACKLE YOUR FAVORITE MUSICAL QUERIES ON THEIR PODCAST, *THE AGE OLD QUESTION*.

STAGED

When Life Returns

A pandemic-inspired musical improvisation culminates in an artistic performance for the ages.

Over the course of 2021, Matthew Evan Taylor, assistant professor of music, created a series of 12 compositions called "Postcards to the Met," commissioned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art and done in collaboration with members of the orchestral Metropolis Ensemble and the South Asian jazz collective RAJAS. Like a friendly correspondence, each "postcard" was a musical improvisation recorded by Taylor and sent to another musician who would respond musically to Taylor's creation. Using those short musical pieces, Taylor then composed an evening-length work, *Life Returns*, which was performed by him and his collaborators at the Met in March 2022 as part of MetLiveArts' first live season after the pandemic. Taylor says, "The response was incredible, the performance heartfelt and breathtaking. By the end, I could not speak, I was so choked by emotion." Apparently, the Met agreed with Taylor's assessment, because they launched the digital premiere of *Life Returns* on YouTube on February 14 of this year. It's definitely worth heading to YouTube to listen to, and you can check out a story about Taylor's creative process for the project on middleburymagazine.com.

The Museum of Art's brass *Leopard Head Hip Ornament*, a famed "Benin Bronze," will be returned to its home in Benin City, Nigeria.

ART HISTORY

The Days of "Finders, Keepers" Are Over

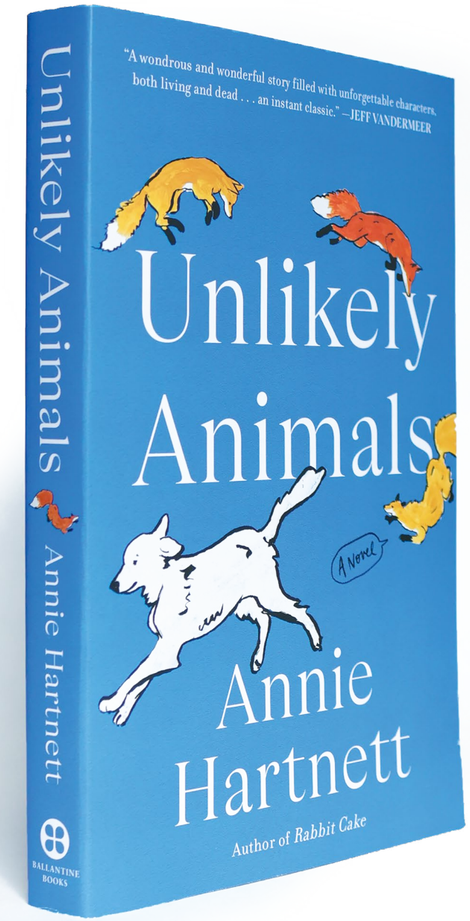
The Middlebury College Museum of Art is taking steps to repatriate the *Leopard Head Hip Ornament*. Visit middleburymagazine.com to read more about a growing cultural movement that is pushing museums to rethink some of the objects in their collections.

BUZZ

A HOMECOMING

Widely praised as one of the best novels of 2022, *Unlikely Animals* is a tale full of heart and soul(s).

On a drive through a small New Hampshire town, Annie Hartnett, MA English '11 noticed an enormous yellow mansion that intrigued her. Her curiosity sent her to Google to find out more about it; what she subsequently discovered about 19th-century robber baron Austin Corbin, his 26,000-acre hunting park, and Ernest Harold Baynes, the real-life Doctor Doolittle of New Hampshire, inspired her to write a novel drawing upon all those elements. The result is *Unlikely Animals*, an incredibly humorous and poignant story about Emma Starling and her dysfunctional family. Emma, known to be a natural-born healer, has returned home to take care of her father, who is dying from a mysterious brain disease that has him seeing rabbits running loose in the kitchen and the ghost of Baynes making regular visits to chat. But one thing her father is clear on is that someone needs to look for Crystal Nash, Emma's best friend from high school and a presumed drug addict who has gone missing. What follows is a heartwarming tale about a small town and the characters who inhabit it, both alive and dead. Check out a review on middleburymagazine.com.


"A wondrous and wonderful story filled with unforgettable characters, both living and dead . . . an instant classic." —JEFF VANDERMEER
Unlikely Animals
A Novel
Annie Hartnett
Author of Rabbit Cake
Annie Hartnett
BALLANTINE BOOKS

TOP 10

Top-of-the-rotation albums at student-run WRMC 91.1 this spring

1. ANARCHIST GOSPEL
Sunny War

2. ELECTROPHONIC CHRONIC
The Arcs

3. ESPERANZA TERROR
Tianna

4. AMER ROUGE
Steakhouse

5. THE LAND, THE WATER, THE SKY
Black Belt Eagle Scout

6. SMALLTOWN STARDUST
King Tuff

7. CAN YOU HEAR THE CLUBHOUSE?
Folios

8. DRIVING
River Sinclaire

9. JEAN-RENÉ
Bibi Club

10. THE NARROW COAST
S.J. Armstrong

COMBATING EXTREMISM

How a Middlebury research center takes on the gravest domestic threats facing the United States **BY KATHY GILSINAN**

IT WAS MORNING IN CALIFORNIA WHEN the trouble started in Washington, D.C. January 6, 2021, was a Wednesday, Sean Kitson's day off; he was still at his mom's house in San Jose for the holidays, having spent much of the prior year studying and working remotely in the pandemic. Just months after he'd started his graduate program at the Middlebury Institute in Monterey in the spring of 2020, right as he'd begun making friends around town and picked up a research gig in the Center on Terrorism, Extremism, and Counterterrorism (CTEC), everything shut down and everyone scattered. Kitson had scattered more seriously than most, embracing the "vanlife" trend, sleeping in his vehicle and toting a WiFi hotspot through Montana, the Dakotas, and Minnesota before looping back West to be home for Christmas, New Year's—and, though the date carried no real significance yet, January 6.

He glanced at Twitter after he woke up and learned that a rowdy crowd was gathering near the Capitol to protest Congress's certification of Joe Biden's victory in the 2020 election. His thoughts turned to his research: He'd spent months tracking extremist groups online with his CTEC colleagues, documenting their evolving memes and cracking the coded language they used to hide from moderators, observing how different right-wing outfits such as QAnon and the Proud Boys would encourage their members. He knew, too, that "online extremism" didn't always stay online: Some keyboard warriors had shown themselves perfectly willing to engage in street violence. A QAnon adherent had allegedly murdered a mob boss in Staten Island, believing him to be part of a "deep state" conspiracy. Proud Boys had done battle with leftist activists in multiple cities. A man affiliated with the so-called Boogaloo movement—which hoped to incite a second civil war—had allegedly ambushed multiple police officers in two separate incidents in California, killing two and painting cryptic messages in his own blood on the hood of a hijacked car.

Clearly some combustible political pyre had been building in America, with pandemic lockdowns, mass and sometimes-violent racial justice protests, and a bitterly contested presidential election adding even more volatile kindling. All it needed was a spark.

Kitson soon became engrossed in his Twitter feed, watching the pro-Trump protests escalate and escalate further. He flipped on CNN. He hopped into his CTEC chatroom. The research center was still a relatively new one at Middlebury, founded in 2018 by a State Department alum named Jason Blazakis, who had left a senior counterterrorism post a year into the Trump administration. Blazakis came with no staff, just an assignment to revive a moribund research center and teach a few courses. But by 2021, with the help of a confidential project for a social-media company, he employed three full-time staff, two senior fellows, and a rotating cast of grad students, Kitson included. (Today, CTEC consists of ten staffers, not including grad assistants and faculty fellows.) They produced databases and research papers, offered policy advice to governments and companies, and tracked terrorist financing and online extremism. All of Kitson's colleagues in the chatroom that day knew the threat of the radical right—they'd just never expected anything like what they were seeing.

One of them, Alex Newhouse '17, MANPTS '18, had started working for Blazakis nights and weekends while finishing up his graduate degree, and had since joined CTEC full time as research director. (He is now the deputy director of the center.) He had decamped to his home state of Colorado for the pandemic, and like Kitson he was monitoring social media. To him, the most concerning trend in far-right extremism had been the growing unification of groups and movements with different philosophies. Proud Boys liked to start fights; they weren't the same as the QAnon people alleging a secret cabal of child molesters among the nation's politicians; and the QAnon people in turn weren't the same as the hardcore neo-Nazi accelerationists who thought it their duty to bring about societal collapse. (A CTEC colleague of Newhouse's, Matt Kriner, contributed to a *Rolling Stone* piece last summer that delineated the makeup and motivations of domestic extremist groups. Its headline: "Your Handy Guide to the Absolute Worst People in American Politics.") Yet outside the Capitol, members of all these different groups were congealing toward one goal: overturning the results of an American presidential election. Newhouse thought: *Here we go*.

And then, as bodies surged at the barricades and glass cracked at the Capitol, the fire erupted.

Alex Newhouse grew up in the school-shooting generation. He was four years old on April 20, 1999, when two teenagers shot up their high school in Columbine, Colorado, killing 13 other people and then themselves. He was six when he had to participate in active shooter drills in his own Colorado school. He was 10 when an aggrieved business owner in Granby, Colorado, rampaged through town in a homemade armored bulldozer, damaging several buildings before killing himself. He was a teenager when a gunman killed 12 in a movie theater in Aurora, Colorado.

Newhouse now believes that his childhood in the shadow of so much violence drove him to try to figure out what drives people to hurt others. The explanations he got from authority figures as a kid—that some people were just crazy or bad—were never satisfying to him. Which is part of the reason why, after studying English and political science as an undergraduate at the College (senior thesis: "Dreaming of Zero: Realpolitik and Anarchism in Thomas Pynchon's 'Gravity's Rainbow'"), he wound up at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies, another Middlebury institution on the other side of the country, in Monterey, California.

At the time, the Institute's master's in nonproliferation and terrorism studies featured a world-class research arm—the Center for Nonproliferation Studies—devoted to nukes and missiles and assorted WMD, but not to terrorism. A small center devoted to that purpose had gone dormant around 2016, and two years later, Jason Blazakis came to campus to get it running again. Blazakis's arrival, in the fall of 2018, happened to coincide with that of Newhouse, who had decided to make his humanities undergraduate degree more marketable by teaching himself data analysis and coding. And before the fall was out, Alex was pitching his new professor on two main ideas that had come to obsess him, data and English nerd that he was. First, violent extremists often operated neither as "lone wolf" mass shooters nor as members of discrete hierarchical groups such as al-Qaeda; they lived in online networks of other extremists, swapping tactics and propagating ideas. Second, you could use linguistic techniques to analyze these networks.

"I was learning these technical tools that at the same time as I was immersing myself in understanding right-wing extremism and extremism more broadly, and it all sort of came together at that point," Newhouse told me. "I'm like, we can do something with this. It's not that hard. Even with like a handful of people, we can start mapping these networks, understanding how language is evolved, understanding how these identities are created around very loose Internet communities. And hopefully we can actually help, whether that's governments or social media companies or just raising awareness in the public."

Violent extremists often operated neither as "lone wolf" mass shooters nor as members of discrete hierarchical groups such as al-Qaida.

By the time Blazakis and Newhouse started having these discussions, Blazakis had spent much of his career focused on foreign terrorist groups. He was an undergraduate when a right-wing domestic terrorist blew up the federal building in Oklahoma, killing 168 people in what was then the deadliest terrorist attack on American soil. But the worst was yet to come, and it came from overseas. Blazakis was getting his master's at Columbia in New York City when al-Qaeda operatives struck the Twin Towers and the Pentagon, killing close to 3,000 people. As it did for so many others, that event shaped the course of Blazakis's career. He knew from that point that he wanted to stop al-Qaeda and similar groups from attacking the United States. Beginning in 2008, he spent a decade as the director of the Counterterrorism Finance and Designations Office at the State Department, where he worked on disrupting money flows to terrorists all over the world. His last few years there, he says, he was pretty much focused on ISIS all the time, with a little al-Qaeda and Hezbollah sprinkled in now and again.

But Newhouse was of a different generation, starting his own career in a new era of extremism. A spate of ISIS-inspired attacks had begun in the United States in 2014 and then hit its peak death toll two years later, with a nightclub shooting in Orlando that left nearly 50 people dead. By the fall of 2017, FBI Director Christopher Wray was making headlines with his testimony to Congress that the bureau had about 1,000 domestic-terrorism investigations open, including into white nationalists. And it was becoming clear that, despite their ideological differences, right-wing extremists were just as capable as ISIS of using the Internet to mobilize supporters. And possibly even plan attacks.

"These things are happening exclusively online," said Kris McGuffie, '97, MANTPS '19 who, along with Newhouse, was one of CTEC's first two full-time hires. "The old counterterrorism approach was, you understand the ideology and then you literally need to understand the physical places and watering holes where people gather, and how they live, and how they eat, and how they talk. Because all of that stuff is happening in person." But ISIS had shown, she said, that a person could be inspired to kill others viciously without ever meeting a recruiter in real life.

"They got really good at online extremism moderation when the Islamic State was creating a lot of problems," she went on. "But what was neglected a lot was far-right extremism."

Even if moderators went looking for it, it could be hard to spot: Certain far-right communities, for example, could signal to each other or even radicalize new members without using much overt hate speech. Alt righters were identifying themselves with cartoon frog avatars. Neo-Nazis posted pictures of lovely redheads in fields of flowers in reference to the "white genocide" myth that mass immigration was a plot to exterminate the white race. People who celebrated Dylann Roof's mass killing of Black parishioners in a Charleston church referred approvingly to "Bowlcut" in reference to his hairstyle. For the uninitiated, any of these might look innocent. Understood in context, they pointed to something much more sinister.

"It's like this weird Scooby-Doo mystery that is way darker than Scooby-Doo ever was," McGuffie said.

Newhouse was taking Blazakis's terrorism financing class, learning all about narco terrorism and money laundering, when Blazakis encouraged him to put together a prototype of his network-analysis idea. Newhouse wanted to gather data from a certain social-media platform and try to visualize how hate speech was flowing through them. Within weeks, he was pitching it along with two other grad students to the company itself, and by the spring of 2019, the company was funding their research (though many of the specifics, including the company's name, are confidential). With that initial burst of success, Blazakis was able to hire his first deputy, McGuffie, who was wrapping up her degree. She likes to joke that she took off her cap and gown after she graduated and just walked across campus to her office. Newhouse had gotten another job working for PlayStation but would wrap up his days and work till midnight hunting extremists on the web.

The center grew, it recruited grad students, it published their papers—a fact Blazakis was proud of, because in his view other academic institutions were sometimes reluctant to showcase student work, preferring to rely on fellows and research scholars. In fact, the first paper CTEC published, in July 2019, was by Newhouse, building on a paper he'd written for Blazakis's terrorism financing class on how white supremacist groups used cryptocurrency to raise funds. And in February 2020, the center had secured enough funding to bring Newhouse on full time. He would ultimately replace McGuffie as Blazakis's deputy when she left for another job in 2021.

They lived in online networks of other extremists, swapping tactics and propagating ideas.

"It's very very different than your normal academic research center [where] you have a bunch of PhDs . . . getting grants and putting together research papers," Newhouse said. Besides the faculty collaborators, CTEC's other scholars tend to be students, master's holders, and in some cases practitioners—in addition to Blazakis himself. The center features as a senior fellow a retired Green Beret, Chuck Woodson, who interviews other special operations forces and maintains a Special Operations Research Database recording their

experiences. Another senior research fellow, Amy Cooter, is an expert on anti-government extremism. (As a graduate student at the University of Michigan, she embedded with local militias for her research.) During the past six months, she has been writing extensively about the criminal convictions of militia members in federal trials stemming from the assault on the Capitol. Following the November conviction of Stewart Rhodes, a leader of the Oath Keepers, she acknowledged the significance of a guilty verdict for the Civil War–era charge of seditious conspiracy, yet cautioned that the convictions could serve as a rallying cry for extremist sympathizers.

In addition to their public writing and commentary, CTEC staffers draw upon their expertise to advise governments and tech companies. After the center secured that first partnership with a social-media company, it struck another with Spectrum Labs, a startup working on AI methods to detect hate speech and to enhance their detection in other languages. And last year, the Congressional Select Committee investigating the January 6 attack on the Capitol requested a pair of statements from the center to be entered into the public record. Cooter and colleague Matt Kriner wrote about the role of militias in the insurrection; Kriner, Blazakis, and colleagues Erica Barbarossa and Eli Drachman addressed conspiracy theories and their growing threat to national security.

When discussing the evolution of the center and its expanding influence on both the public and private sector, Alex Newhouse was quick to credit one student in particular, a young man named Mike Donnelly, who emerged as a crucial leader and organizer in the early days of CTEC. Newhouse said Donnelly arrived with an eagerness that drove him into constant conversations with him and McGuffie about how to make CTEC bigger and better. Donnelly also brought a sense of humor that, for the first time, made the confidential social-media project actually fun. "You have to have a sense of humor to be able to do the work that we do," Newhouse said. "You have to be able to joke about the garbage that we study, or you just won't make it."

But Donnelly was at remote work one day in the summer of 2020, after the pandemic shut everything down, and told colleagues he wasn't feeling well. Within days, he was in the hospital with a leukemia diagnosis. And within about a week after that, on June 28, 2020, he died. "He was at work, you know, happy as always. And then a week and a half later, had passed," Newhouse said.

A fellowship dedicated to his memory supports other graduate researchers at CTEC, so that the work can go on.

Sean Kitson graduated from the Institute in 2021, earning a master's degree in nonproliferation and terrorism studies. Following his graduate research position with CTEC, he worked as a fraud investigator and as a threat intelligence analyst for a risk management company before landing a new gig last February: as a lead researcher for Diverting Hate, a small organization that focuses on online radicalization.

Diverting Hate started as a class project at the Institute, in a course taught by Blazakis titled The Radical Right. A pair of students (now alumnae)—Courtney Cano and Kaitlyn Tierney—were the project leads who lead an effort that first captured attention (and a bit of prize money) in a Department of Homeland Security competition. Then came the life-changing moment: the Department of Homeland Security awarded the project team, in collaboration with a cohort from the McCain Institute for International Leadership at Arizona State, more than $650,000 to build out the effort. To build out Diverting Hate.

Cano and Tierney have said that their goal is to direct young men away from online content that includes hateful rhetoric and misogynistic ideology. They've built a team that includes other project members from the Radical Right class, current MIIS students as graduate research assistants, and a pair of College undergraduate research assistants. Kitson is one of their most recent hires.

He's been thinking about this specific issue for several years now. On an early summer day back in 2021, I caught up with Kitson when he was on the road, still living the "vanlife," somewhere outside Missoula, chilling in the shade next to a river with his solar panel and WiFi hot spot set up.

We had an appointment: He was going to take me on a tour of the Dark Web, the shadowy online zone beyond the reach of Google, where forums advertised stolen credit card numbers and hit men for sale.

He was there to watch the evolving subcultures of extremist communities, to see what they're discussing or how they're reacting to news events such as the latest mass shooting or a bitter election. He was also there to catch new slang terms as they popped up; he would investigate them further and then and add them to CTEC's growing glossary of extremists' cryptic vocabulary. He was trying to see the vanguard of extremism before it migrates to more mainstream forums, so that the people who run them know what they're dealing with when that happens.

That day, we saw threads on the history of the Third Reich, an image of Japan's World War II–era Emperor Hirohito that, Kitson speculated, could be an emerging meme or might just bespeak one guy's fandom for a Hitler allies. A post asking the best way to kill someone forcing a vaccine on you got 93 responses.

"The scary thing is, they're just normal people like you and I, who have interests," Kitson said of extremists. He found it disturbing, too, that he would come across well-written, sophisticated reasoning that people used to justify intense hatred.

It wasn't just people posting offensive memes and calling each other names as they do on 4chan; it was images of lynching and the Holocaust, and academic-style arguments pushing hate. Smart, otherwise ordinary people bent their thoughts and talents to the cause of disparaging, hurting, maybe even killing other human beings in large numbers. You could document the slang and track the cultures, but at some point there was just no making sense of it.

Still, researchers could stay on top of it, and maybe sound the alarm for the next January 6–style event, whatever form that took. That's what Kitson was working to do that summer; that's what he's working on now with Cano and Tierney and their Diverting Hate team.

And back at CTEC, this cat-and-mouse endeavor continues as well; the extremists chatter and plot and plan; Blazakis, Newhouse, and their colleagues immerse themselves in this sordid world and sound the alarms.

Lately, Newhouse has been focused on the ways gaming platforms have become a popular source of recruitment for extremists. On a recent episode of the Bloomberg podcast, *The Big Take,* he talked about the prevalence of "accelerationist actors"—the most extreme of the extremists—who are "actively using different games for the purpose of identity creation, communication, organization, recruitment." These extremists are the ones who believe in bringing about the apocalypse, Newhouse added.

"We know they exist. We do not know the extent of their efforts, the volume. That's what we're trying to find out."

CTEC has received a grant from the Department of Homeland Security totaling more than $600,000 to fund a research project that will delve deeper into the issues of extremist exploitation in games. The center will be working with game developers across North America; Newhouse is serving as principal investigator. M

A combustible political pyre had been building in America for several years. All that was needed to ignite it was a spark—which occurred on January 6, 2021.

The Emergence of a Storyteller

Over the course of three decades, Estela González has crafted a widely respected career as a literary critic and beloved professor of Hispanic studies.

Yet she has long harbored dreams of being something else, as well.

BY CATHARINE WRIGHT

PHOTOS BY BRETT SIMISON

Estela González, a member of Middlebury's Luso-Hispanic Studies Department, earned her way toward tenure by writing literary criticism, though secretly she wanted to write stories. She told me this 20 years ago as we drove over a mountain pass in her little red Prius. She sealed her lips shut in between short sentences as though afraid to let out the words. "But you have tenure now," I said. "I know," she said, "But I just got it. And I've been writing criticism for so long. There are still many obstacles, you know?" We talked about the challenges of having careers and children, of how taking time for ourselves felt like we were stealing it from our students and families. We were, in fact, that Friday night in March, on our way to a Posse Plus retreat that our students had asked us to attend.

Now, 20 years later, Estela has published dozens of short stories in international literary magazines. And her first novel, *Arribada*, which came out a year ago, earned rave reviews and was listed in the top 100 indie novels for 2022. It seems fitting for someone who has been telling stories since she was a child. At age nine she asked her parents for a typewriter for Christmas. It would help her tell her stories, she thought. But then when she got it, she says with a laugh, she didn't know how to type. She mimes small fingers struggling one at a time against heavy keys. That was just the first of a series of practical problems in bringing her stories to print.

Despite the delay in writing fiction as a professor of language and literature, Estela's interests as literary critic are not so separate from the stories she writes. She came to Middlebury specializing in Franz Kafka, Augusto Monterroso, and Juan José Arreola, all writers whose work features images of animals (her own fiction also features animals). In 2003, her book of literary criticism, *El Dinosaurio Sigue Allí, Arte y Política en Monterroso*, won the Premio Internacional de Crítica Literaria Armando Alonso Award. But, as wonderful as it felt to have that work recognized, she was done with academic genres. About a year later, she invited several colleagues who were also writing fiction (most of them secretly, like her) to start a small writers' group. Once a month the group discussed drafts over lunch at Estela's house. "I was just beginning to find the characters for my book," she says. "I hadn't yet found the real story or shape." Feeling she needed more instruction in the art and despite already having a PhD, Estela enrolled in a low-residency MFA program—one that meets in person at the beginning of each semester before moving online. With the help of her mentors, over time she found the shape of *Arribada*. But the novel had a long fruition process, almost 15 years. In that time, she began publishing short fiction and incorporated what she learned into her teaching. She had her students write stories about the people, places, and politics they studied in her class. Several students earned writing prizes for their work, and others later published the pieces they wrote. But despite her success with publishing and teaching short fiction, for years there was the agony of submitting her novel manuscript to publishers and getting rejected.

This past fall on campus, Estela explained in a talk about bilingual and transnational writing that *Arribada* has a twin, called *Limonaria*. *Arribada* was written in English and published by Cynren Press, a small feminist press that first published one of Estela's stories in an anthology of theirs. *Limonaria*, which tells the same story as Arribada in Spanish, was accepted six months later by Editorial Verbum, a large publishing house based in Spain. It is not, the language professor asserts, a case of translation. Estela originally began drafting *Arribada* in Spanish, but she wanted to see how she'd write the story in English so that her Vermont writer friends and MFA mentors could read it. So she wrote one chapter in Spanish and then, without looking at the Spanish version, wrote the same chapter in English. She describes the books as written for two different audiences with different languages and assumptions. An example of this can be found in the title. *Arribada* means "arrival" in Spanish, which refers to the protagonist Mariana's return to Mexico in the first chapter. *Arribada* also refers, in scientific terms, to a massive sea turtle nesting event in which hundreds or thousands of turtles—olive ridleys, or *golfinas*—return to certain beaches to lay their eggs on the last quarter of the moon. The return of turtles to nest, and the threats they face, is central to the book. *Limonaria*, in contrast, refers to a kind of tree that grows in the courtyard of Mariana's childhood home, a tree where two doves (like Mariana and her younger sister as children) nest. *Limonaria* will have intimate associations for many Latinx readers, whereas North Americans might mistakenly assume it's a lemon tree. Estela explains that writing in English helps her see that she's part of an English-speaking community. The language "is a toy," she says, "that is not hers but hers." In contrast, writing in Spanish evokes nostalgia. It's the feeling "closest to home."

I've known since I met her that Estela grew up in Guadalajara, Mexico. One can hear it in her slight accent, and she regularly travels home with her children and wife to visit family or conduct research. Yet, in spite of having read a great deal about migration, I sometimes forget how differently my transnational colleagues experience campus and community life in Vermont. Estela raised her children in Middlebury and cheered on the sidelines of local school soccer fields. She is rooted here in many ways, as is her Dutch wife. But her desire to write a novel set in Mexico, and to write a version in Spanish, was in many ways, she says, a desire to return home. Hearing her say this reminds me of the emotional labor that living abroad requires.

This past November, after reading *Arribada*, I asked Estela to talk with me about it. I wanted to learn more about the relationship between her scholarly work and her fiction, and what made her decide to write about social hierarchies and sea turtles. I had other questions, too, about her relationship to a group of Mexican and Central

For years, Estela was upset when she thought that the stories inspired by her family would not be heard.

American women cooks in Middlebury who started the culinary collective *Viva El Sabor*, and her relationship with her wife, Ariana, who fell in love with Estela after reading one of her short stories. Estela and I, both exhausted from a semester of teaching, sat down on a Friday night in her small, bright living room. Beside us was a red window bench made by Ariana, and before us were steaming cups of chamomile tea. In a basement studio below, Ariana was busy hand-printing fabrics for her new textile business on a press she built herself. The house was alive with bold-colored paintings, creations of Ariana. Across from us on a couch, a long-haired gray cat purred.

We started with Estela's success and her family back home. "It feels great to have readers now, it's wonderful that people take the time to read my stories," she says. She was upset for years when she thought the stories inspired by her family wouldn't get heard. Central figures of the novel draw on her grandmother and cousin, both victims of racism. Also central is an uncle who went missing 30 years ago. "There is no evidence," Estela says, "but I feel that he is dead." Alonso, Estela's uncle, and an aunt, Annie, both musicians, and both of whom lived with Estela's family when she was young in order to attend the nearby university, were huge influences on Estela's life. As a preteen and teenager, she wanted to be like them "in every way." Instead of typing her stories, she dreamed of becoming a concert pianist like Annie. For years she practiced piano four to six hours every day after school. Her uncle Alonso, who encouraged her, was "one of the best classical guitarists of his generation." Estela says that they never found out what really happened to him. She decided "to write his story as closely as [she] could as a way to mourn his loss."

Music and mourning are woven throughout the beautifully written novel. Like Estela's aunt, the protagonist Mariana is a concert pianist. After attending conservatory in the United States, she returns home after a call from her sister. Buoyed by scholarships for her musical talent when she was young, Mariana was glad to leave the sexism and commercial development in her hometown. But she wasn't meaning to leave her uncle—she was actually pursuing the dream that he inspired. Alonso was "more than an uncle—her anchor, her brother. The boy who taught her music and to give her heart." On returning home, Mariana feels she "must find him." He was the last remaining man in the family house; Mariana learns of the work he reluctantly took for a hotel due to the pressure of Mariana's practical, class-conscious mother.

Estela's wife, Ariana, fell in love with the writer after reading one of her short stories.

Indeed, all the characters face serious, often conflicting pressures. Mariana's mother, forced to marry a man she didn't love at a young age when her father died, and darker than the white-skinned upper classes she was raised to associate with, submits silently to her husband's nights out with other women and is afraid to leave her bedroom without her whitening cream. Despite being a victim to racism and sexism herself, she wields her class privilege over the domestic servant, Amalia, who has been exploited in hidden, disturbing ways by the husband and wife since she was a girl. The intricate power dynamics in the extended family emerge slowly as backstory while the plot—Mariana's efforts to find her uncle, and then her involvement with the social and environmental dynamics relating to sea turtles—moves forward in surprising ways. "I love a good yarn," Estela says.

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As readers may know, the northwest coast of Mexico is a crucial nesting site for several of the oldest and most endangered sea turtles, the olive ridleys (*golfinas*) and leatherbacks (*laúd*, Spanish for lute, the Arabic ancestor of the classic guitar). Mexico had seven such beaches in the past; now there is only one. Having spent vacations with her family on that coast as a child and having witnessed the destruction of the dunes where turtles once nested, Estela knew she wanted to tell that story along with the story of her uncle. The two stories are intertwined in the fictional coastal town called Ayotlan where Mariana lives. Ayotlan is a composite of Estela's study of five coastal towns. But most importantly, Ayotlan is based on Mazatlán, the town where Estela's father was from and where the family vacationed. Young Estela played on Mazatlán's beaches (from the prologue: "Hundreds of meters of sand in all directions: warmth of talcum powder between our toes where we dug ourselves up to our necks, played war, climbed on black cliffs, and dove from them . . . the sea rocked us . . . the sea was always there") and walked the streets lined by mansions distinct for their Roman and Andalusian architectural styles. It was a town of art and music, a prosperous regional and political hub. To Estela, it's "the place that has touched me the deepest." While Estela's family stayed in middle-class hotels on the other side of the road from the beach in Mazatlán, now the hotels have crossed the road to the water, catering to wealthy northern vacationers looking for *sol y playa*. It's hard for locals to access the beach without feeling like they're trespassing in elite spaces. The arts scene is now priced for wealthy visitors as well, some mansions are falling apart, and the fishermen struggle to survive due to the severe changes in wildlife habitat.

For all of Estela's and Mariana's sense of loss in recent decades, the story confronts problems that date back to colonialism. There are brief references to particular European migrations that influence the local culture, such as the German oompah bands that blend with Mexican music, one of which marches along the streets for a traveling funeral (from the house of one illicit lover to another) for Mariana's father in one of the more comic, and carnivalesque, scenes in the novel. But mostly, the colonial effects are evident in the ways that certain characters pressure or betray themselves or their friends or family in their quest for North American dollars or white Western beauty ideals. Most affected are the Indigenous population, the Comcáac, who have lived in right relation with the dunes, the turtles, and turtle island itself since before the Europeans came, and who still live and work along the very northern coast. One of the major characters in *Arribada* is Fernanda, a Comcáac marine biologist. Fernanda works both to protect the nesting turtles as well as to support local Indigenous and working-class people whose survival in previous decades depended on selling turtle meat (the novel is set in the 1990s, when harvesting turtles and eggs was banned by Mexican law). Estela takes us into slaughterhouses and restaurants in some of the most brutal scenes in the book. Blame is not cast on the people who work in these places simply to survive. Rather, readers see the swing of the wrecking ball in a period of unprecedented economic globalization that underlies the ongoing devastation.

The novel is not, however, without hope. Estela is not just a critic, after all, but a creator. Her inspiration as an artist comes not just from her relationship to home, but from long walks with Ariana every morning. "I talk with her about what might happen next in the story," Estela says. "Sometimes when she disagrees with me and tells me what should happen instead," she says with a laugh, "I have to remind her that it's my story." There is also the inspiration and knowledge that comes from her studies. She's always been fascinated by "Kafka's mice, roaches, and moles," and the "ants and tarantulas of Arreola and black sheep and dead cows of Monterroso." To those writers, animals "represent a range of ideas, including CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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We're All Just Reading with One Another

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IN CONVERSATION WITH

Stephen Donadio

When Stephen Donadio speaks about his undergraduate years at Brandeis University in the early 1960s, he says it was a place where intellectual argument was "the principal contact sport." He describes the main takeaway of those years as understanding the importance of being present for and attentive to high-stakes conversations through which one could test out ideas. These are lessons he has consistently embodied in his own classroom, where he models a kind of care and seriousness with regard to literary study that invites students to take *themselves* seriously as well. My Literary Studies cohort at Middlebury joked that Donadio hated me because of how often he challenged my opinions in class. It would take me years to realize that the *fact* that he challenged my opinions was a sign they might be worthy of development, if only I were committed enough to stay the course. It was a humbling sign of respect. Anyone who has ever been in a Stephen Donadio class has likewise been forever impacted by the sheer power of his reading aloud. It is a gesture of generosity, an invitation to collective listening, and one that places him alongside his students as ever the fellow reader. ¶ In 2016, I was five years into a career in publishing and missing those conversations. So that summer, I enrolled in Bread Loaf's School of English, where I took Stephen Donadio's courses nearly every summer of my five in Vermont. As Stephen is currently the longest-standing active member of the Bread Loaf faculty, having arrived in the summer of 1976, this conversation began as a series of oral history interviews in the late summer and fall of 2019 in correlation with the centennial of the Bread Loaf School of English. The oral history interview quickly expanded into a far-reaching conversation about reading and teaching, influenced perhaps in part by Donadio's having recently retired from teaching undergraduates. With the pandemic and the halt of this magazine's print publication, we felt a follow-up conversation might be worthwhile. What follows is a condensed version of those three conversations combined.

ELIANNA KAN: A lot of your former students, myself included, say you taught them how to read, how to see things they hadn't seen before. "The stuff that might matter," as you say. What spawned your own way of reading?
STEPHEN DONADIO: The question of reading is kind of a personal question for me. *[Long pause.]* My father, who never went to college, was a deep and passionate reader, as his library made clear. He read things that I only got to recognize the significance of much later, hardly a kind of elementary or superficial reader. He amassed a library of serious work. I haven't thought about this for a long time. He got me started early on with Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which is still a work that overwhelms me whenever I get near it, so I try not to. He encouraged me to read, he wanted me to read. I was very resistant to that when I was young; I didn't see why I should be devoting so much time to it when there were other ways of spending time. And then he got ill when I was 11 years old, catastrophically, and stayed that way, in sort of an agonizing situation for four or five years. After he died, I never stopped reading. You could say I'm a casualty of it. My own reading has something to do with that, I think, in the end, with the stakes of reading. *[Pause.]* That's how I learned what the stakes were. And it's remained important to me. Teaching is part of that; it'd be very hard for me to give that up. In the end, I think it's just that we read things to one another. And we say, "Listen to this." "Did you see that?" *[Pause.]* It's all I ever wanted to do. *[Long pause.]*

Are there other early reading experiences that have stayed with you?
The Little Engine That Could. "I think I can. I think I can. I think I can." That was the book that my mother read to me. I can't thank her enough for having done it.

And you became a teacher so you could keep reading, with others.
I don't have much in the way of pedagogy. There are people who spend a lot of time thinking about pedagogical strategies and so on. I've never really had any.

What was the experience like then, summer after summer, teaching a room full of teachers at Bread Loaf's School of English?
It's always been to me a very simple situation: Here's a chance we can read some stuff together and see what we see. The great advantage is that different people see different things. So, pages that you read past, somebody else says, "How could you read past that?" It's true that teachers come to Bread Loaf often thinking that they're going to get tips about how to teach a particular work. That may be, but I've never thought that I had any tips about it, really. I always thought that you put students in front of the text and get out of the way. It's the text that matters—these mysterious, endlessly fascinating, and resistant objects that I've always wanted to keep handling.

Did you yourself have teachers who treated the text in that way?
The teachers who mattered most to me—for example, Philip Rahv and Lionel Trilling—didn't appear to be teaching. You appeared to be overhearing or engaging in a conversation with them that was about this work. They weren't teaching *at* you. I've always resisted being taught *at*.

Can you think of an example in which a student pointed something out to you that you hadn't seen before but which has now stayed with you in your own subsequent reading of a text?
Yes, most recently, while teaching *Madame Bovary*. *Madame Bovary*, if you remember, begins in the schoolroom with Charles Bovary coming to class, awkward, ungainly, impossibly uncultivated, for the first time. He's dressed in clothes that don't quite fit. His sleeves are short because he's outgrown whatever jacket he's wearing, and he has this hat that's been put together by his mother. It's a ludicrous hat that's laughed at by everyone in the class. The hat is the artistic imagination, a hodgepodge of elements, but forgetting that for a moment. I had a student in the class who was from, let's say from modest circumstances. She understood what it meant for his mother to have made that hat that he could wear on the first day of school. That changes your whole reading of the scene and opens up the dimensions of tragedy in Flaubert. The cartoon version of *Madame Bovary* is that Charles Bovary is kind of an idiot. *What do you expect? Why shouldn't she go out and find more interesting mates?* But the book begins and ends with Charles Bovary. Flaubert understands the tragedy of a character who can't be what his wife needs and recognizes it. That begins with that hat. All the hope that's been invested in him by his parents that give him this unfashionable hat. It changed my whole reading. I had suspicions, but this got me to something that I wouldn't have gotten to if she hadn't noticed something so basic, asked a question so basic about how you interpret any appearance. The students who mock him are the subject of mockery from Flaubert. That they think they're superior to him is, for Flaubert, what's so grotesque in the situation. But that's a lot to say, and she just got to the heart of the matter instantly. Hats off to her, I say!

You have always wanted students to see the text for themselves, to encounter their own reading without being encumbered by critical texts; i.e., someone else's reading. When did that become so important to you?
It has something to do with independence. I wanted to be sure that I had an encounter with a work of exactly the sort that a contemporary would have had with that work. If you were reading Melville in the 19th century, if you happened to be confronted with *Moby-Dick* or *Pierre*, it didn't have explanatory apparatus attached to it. Nor did Joyce's *Ulysses*—this was just a book that had come out. Readers were obliged to make of it what they would. I think readers at that point felt that was a reasonable expectation. They could dislike the book, like it, find it difficult or charming, whatever it might be. But they had their own reading without a sense that there was an authorized reading that they were required to have, or that they shouldn't try this at home without the assistance of professionals to guide them. I've always had the sense that you don't have a reading of the work of your own unless you encounter it with your bare hands—then you can read the introduction, biography, anything, you're not going to be harmed by it, it's only going to help you to understand things that you might not have understood. But otherwise, you never have your own reading, you just have somebody else's reading against which you continually correct your own because you must be getting something wrong. When in fact, you're preventing yourself from picking up things in the work

Bread Loaf School of English, 1976. The first BLSE summer for Donadio (the only faculty member wearing a tie, fifth from left); this summer will be his 47th.

that the person who introduced it didn't happen to notice, or had regarded as irrelevant because there's some thesis governing the reading of the work that these details don't fit. That's exactly why it's important to read as part of a community, it seems to me, because there are pages in a book that you don't notice that somebody else regards as the central pages in the book. It's bound to be the case that certain things are going to come into prominence for you depending on when you're reading this book, what you've just read, what's happening in your life, what's going to happen tomorrow, all these things that speak to you in the work are determined by a whole network of complicated circumstances, and the books that survive, survive a lot of different circumstances.

You went to graduate school at Columbia University in the late '60s. Was that an environment that was conducive to this kind of attentive close reading? What did you gain there?
One of the things that was central to my experience of Columbia was encountering certain people—Lionel Trilling, principally—and the seminar that Jacques Barzun and Trilling taught together in cultural history from the late 18th century well into the 20th century. It was a yearlong graduate seminar in which half of the class were graduate history students and half graduate literature students. That experience gave me a sense of how people could talk seriously about literature without respect to the dictates of their field, intellectual fashions, or what might be understood as the right questions to be asking. That had something to do with learning how to pay attention and what it was that required attention in literature.

You initially came from New York City to Vermont to teach at Bread Loaf in the summer of 1976. What was Bread Loaf like then? You often begin your classes by asking, "Who's in the room?"—so who was in the room?
There were a wide range of students, including nuns and priests, people who came from very different educational backgrounds. People had different reasons for coming—they weren't all in need of an advanced degree. The age of Bread Loaf students has gotten much younger; there are many more students who come to Bread Loaf within a year or two of graduating from college. That's different from a situation where you have people who have been teaching for years who come back to reengage with works that they've been looking at for a long time, to get reoriented in relation to those texts.

So, the conversations were different, in part because they were informed by people who had a range of different experiences and were of different ages. You can have different backgrounds, but if you're all 25 years old, you're part of the same world, moving through the world in a particular cohort, but these were people from different cohorts. There were interesting things that happened as a result.

In that first summer when you arrived at Bread Loaf, what most struck you about the place?
I think it…*[pauses, then laughs gently to himself]* I'm just thinking that I taught with a tie when I came to Bread Loaf initially. That was thought to be kind of odd, quaint. The absence of ties is part of the trick of Bread Loaf. On the one hand, you think you're on vacation. On the other, you've never worked so hard in your life. Because nobody's wearing a tie, you might be thinking that this is a recreational community, but in fact, it's not. Since I never went on vacation in my life, I didn't know about that, about how people dress on vacation. I hadn't had that experience. I wore a tie out of respect for the students, as a sign that I thought enough of the seriousness of this enterprise to dress accordingly. Maybe this is kind of archaic and incomprehensible now, but that was the assumption that I made, that I've always made in teaching. It was interesting to me that when I first came to Bread Loaf, it was thought—this was not the way people situated in the world would dress when they were off duty in a certain way. I've never felt that I've been off duty. Which has something to do with not having vacations, which has something to do with teaching at Bread Loaf every summer of my life, or a lot of my life anyway.

Tell me about the exchanges you had at Bread Loaf. Were they different from what you'd experienced in other academic settings prior to arriving in Vermont?
The advantage is that you're never going to find all these people together on the same faculty, except at Bread Loaf. The only other occasions for that are conferences, in which there's a lot of other posturing. Bread Loaf made it possible for you to have these random collisions with people whose work is different from yours, who have a whole set of assumptions that are markedly different from yours, that you might not ever be obliged to consider otherwise. It reflects on your own thinking, but it also opens areas of study that you might not have thought were interesting, or that you might have dismissed too quickly or misunderstood.

Can you remember any such encounter that made a particularly strong impact on you?
To me the most remarkable figure in that way was Larry Holland.

Who was he?
Larry Holland had taught at Princeton for a long time and then became the chair of the graduate program in English at Johns Hopkins. He came to Bread Loaf regularly. He died on July 11, 1980. He drowned in the Middlebury Gorge saving a kid while he was swimming. That was a massive loss. The thing about Larry Holland was that *[laughs gently to himself]*—it was a part of his genius—he always gave you the sense that he was saying things to you that he would never say to anyone else. And maybe he was. He was kind of a model for a particular kind of seriousness that was not endlessly self-congratulatory. There are people in the world whose presence has a bearing on you, even if you never have a conversation with them, their existence becomes a kind of lodestar that guides you in some way, sometimes half unconscious, sometimes not. And he was like that.

I also miss the presence of Michael Armstrong and the radiant aura of his presence in the world every day; as I miss the presence of Eve Adler, an incomparably gifted intellectual explorer for whom the Department of Classics at Middlebury College is now named. And Dennis Kay, who died one summer when I was at Oxford, was also a remarkable figure who made me realize that I needed to read Spenser for serious intellectual reasons rather than obligatory English Department reasons. In the summer that he died, when he went from being in remission from cancer to not being in remission, he demonstrated to his students how a king would walk.

What do you mean by reading for serious intellectual reasons versus reading for "English Department reasons"?
Well, there's a kind of penitential reading that you need to do just to know what you're talking about. There are authors that you read because it's part of the curriculum. You need to know these works, but they may not immediately seem to you deeply productive or suggestive beyond that.

"On the one hand, you think you're on vacation. On the other, you've never worked so hard in your life. Because nobody's wearing a tie, you might be thinking that this is a recreational community, but in fact, it's not."

I'd always thought of Spenser that way. People still complain about having to read him, they want an abridged version of *The Faerie Queene*. But Dennis made the case that this was a great imaginative achievement. And *that* it was a great imaginative achievement is demonstrated by Hawthorne and Melville, for whom Spenser was an immensely important writer. One can know that, in a kind of footnote way, but I suddenly realized, they actually *read* Spenser. And they didn't have to. But they read him as writers who found something, the way an artist sees another artist's work and says, This means something. This counts for me.

When you use the word "serious," it doesn't have to mean pretentious, right?
Absolutely.

It has something to do with the weight and the stakes involved—
Yes, but it doesn't have to do with solemnity or portentousness; it's consistent with high good humor and even a kind of joking about literature. Pleasure is an important part of reading, too—if you don't take pleasure in works of art then this is the business of accounting, not the business of appreciation.

I get the sense that you take pleasure in seeking to understand an artist's total project—the messy works included. The stuff that doesn't fit with our idea of an author. There's a striving toward some sense of totality. Am I wrong?
I think you're right. I suppose it's a reflection of wanting one's own life to amount to something. You know, thinking of one's own life as having a kind of coherence and purpose, in some way, there must be some underlying longing for that that's reflected. Because in the end you can just say it's one book after another, and there isn't any particular order, but it would be nice if there were *[laughs gently to himself]*. And if it were discoverable.

You also tend be drawn to writers you call "outsiders." Your courses at Bread Loaf often include authors who defied literary or commercial expectations and tended to pay a price by being dismissed by their contemporaries. Is that a recent preoccupation?
I think that I've always been interested in the writers left out of any account. Say, in Modernism, there are these monumental authors like Joyce, Woolf, D. H. Lawrence, and I always took pleasure in great authors like Evelyn Waugh, for example, who existed in the shadows of these monuments, who you might not notice, might drive past, because you're on your way to the monument. I suppose I am inclined to pick those authors who were not valued in their own time the way they came to be valued later.

You say you're drawn to the outsiders and yet, or perhaps there's no direct corollary, once you arrived at Middlebury you eventually created the Literary Studies Program, which in some ways indicates to students: here are the monuments you should know. Can you speak a bit about where the impetus for the program emerged?
I had been hired to teach in what was then the Department of American Literature. It then became affiliated with American Civilization, now called American Studies, and is since no longer one of the academic departments at the College. I was hired to an American Literature Department because I was an Americanist, although my degree from Columbia was in English and comparative literature. I had done a lot of work on Henry James and other American authors, but I couldn't imagine that I was only going to teach American authors year after year. So that was on my mind, what the future would be intellectually for me. At that time, the language departments were pretty much literature departments. If you majored in any language, the higher-level courses were literature courses, so you got to know the major literary works in the tradition; but you weren't going to read Goethe unless you were majoring in German, Dante unless you were majoring in Italian, *Don Quixote* if you weren't majoring in Spanish, and so on. To keep these works hermetically sealed in this way seemed to me to limit the possibility of literary education and the sense of the vastness of the literary enterprise and the range of achievements that characterize it. So, I thought, there's got to be a way of doing this that gives students access to these other works. I wanted there to be an option open to students who had an interest in literature and didn't automatically assume that that meant that they should be English majors. It was partly personal, thinking about my own development, but also it was about what would benefit the students seeking a broad, deep literary education.

Now that I've started teaching, I find myself co-opting phrases of yours. I hear myself plagiarizing you. You often talk about reading having to do with independence and individual freedom, not following a script. I share this idea with my students, but I want to know what it means to you.
[Long reflective pause.] There's a kind of curious interplay between what a work requires and what it allows. It seems to me that if you listen to a piece of great music, people have this experience a lot, sitting in the concert hall and listening, they find that their mind is drifting elsewhere in directions that they hadn't anticipated. They think that they're not paying attention to the music when they do that. But the ways in which their minds are drifting have something to do with the music and what the music has invited them to explore. I think the reason that works of art exist, is that there's no other way of getting at the interior of one's life except through indirection. The experience of reading is not dissimilar from the experience of listening to music. The reason it's hard sometimes to read is that you read a page of something, Proust is a massive example of this, and you find that it starts you thinking about other things that seem completely unrelated to the page you're looking at, but that are *only* accessible to you *because* of the page that you're looking at. In that sense, there's something liberating about it. It makes concentration appear difficult, but it's liberating because you find yourself having access to whole areas of experience that would otherwise be inaccessible to you without the aesthetic experience. That's why it's so desperately important to have your own reading of a work, because you'd never have that if you just follow the instructions. It's sort of like paint by numbers, the introduction to the book. It can be helpful, sometimes you get nice pictures that way, but it's only helpful after you've gone through this mysterious, half daydreaming process that brings you into contact with dimensions of the work that are also dimensions of your own experience in the sense of kinship, the sense that you're not completely alone in something.

> "I always took pleasure in great authors like Evelyn Waugh, for example, who existed in the shadows of these monuments, who you might not notice, might drive past, because you're on your way to the monument. I suppose I am inclined to pick those authors who were not valued in their own time the way they came to be valued later."

You also often speak about discomfort being an inherent part of the reading experience.
Well, there are feelings you'd rather not know about, things about yourself you'd rather not know about. And the great writers won't let you not know, won't let you keep doing that. That's why you come to respect them. Because of what they ask of you. And the great writers ask it of themselves, too, they're not just delivering sermons.

The freedom of indirection makes me think of the freedom to lose track of time. I remember the day we handed in our Literary Studies comprehensive exams during J-term of my senior year; in the daze of having finished our exams, one of my classmates, Casey Donahue '10, suddenly remembered the Convocation speech you'd given for our entering class four years prior. You'd spoken about the importance of finding something that allows you to lose track of time. I don't know that we understood back then what it meant, but we seem to now.
I got that from Jack Tworkov, a fine painter who had begun as an abstract expressionist and then became a different kind of painter. He ran the graduate painting program at Yale and came to visit Middlebury—not long before his death, as it turned out—to do a crit with students which I happened to attend. There were two things he said that I never forgot: he described how when he was at Columbia, in the late 1920s before he became a painter, he went to an exhibition in downtown New York of works by three painters: Van Gogh, Matisse, and Cézanne. He said that he saw the paintings by Van Gogh and was immensely moved by them—the quality of feeling and sympathy in these early paintings, the emotional depth of them captured him immediately. He saw the Matisse paintings and was struck by the sheer exuberance of joy and pleasure to be taken—the color, texture, and surfaces. And he looked at the Cézanne paintings, and he thought that they were a complete mess. They were awful, ugly, and unresolved in all kinds of ways. He couldn't understand what the point was. He said that he had recently come to discover that in his life as a painter, Cézanne had been most important to him. Which is really about the difference between what you take to be the adequacy of your initial reaction and something that lodges itself more deeply within you, determining your ambitions in ways that you never would have expected. I never forgot that. The other thing he said was if you're not doing something that allows or results in your losing track of time for at least one hour a day, it's a bad day. And I've thought that that's completely right. Days can go by when that doesn't happen, and those are the bad days.

Before Donadio retired from undergraduate teaching in 2019, Kan snuck into his office on campus before it was emptied and snapped this picture. She since received permission for us to publish it.

It seems that in dedicating a life to teaching, which is another way of dedicating a life to a sustained conversation around books, you've at least ensured that you have more good days than bad.
That's been my hope.

We spoke by Zoom in September of 2022. That summer I received my MA from Bread Loaf after having conducted an independent study with Professor Donadio on Melville's and Keats's marginalia and annotations in their personal copies of Shakespeare.

Given the chaos of recent global and local events, how do you read these days? Have you been able to protect your inner life?
It's not easy. My cellphone is only for phone calls, or texts, if necessary, but I don't get email on my phone and I only use it sparingly. As for the Internet—Google is a black hole where there are a lot of rabbit holes, some of which are quite productive. I follow out chains of thought that way. But there are times of day when I just won't have anything on. I don't want my head violated by incoming information all the time because that really eats you alive after awhile. That said, because these past few years have been very lonely and stressful years for everybody, one thing that the Internet and Zoom have made possible is hearing people—panel discussions, talks, things like that—in all parts of the world that I never would have had a chance to experience otherwise. In that sense, it's opened up some possibilities.

Looking at the pandemic lockdown more generally—beyond what technology facilitated out of necessity—I know for me, especially in those first few months, there were days when I didn't know how to engage with the world. Eventually

I just disappeared into books. It was a humbling experience to be reminded that the books are always there, waiting. Did your reading or writing life shift in any way?
I've always been a wayward reader. In the course of pursuing one thing, I've always opened doors and looked into rooms that I hadn't expected to look in, and sometimes those rooms have turned out to be more interesting than the corridor that I was walking down. Being lost in the library, to me, is the most intense source of pleasure I can imagine. You go in looking for one book and then you see all these others. Nothing gives me more pleasure than the discovery that there are yet more things that I had never imagined or paid sufficient attention to. And that's happened more these past couple of years because I haven't been centered on what has to be done in the classroom.

Upon her graduation from the School of English in 2022, Kan was selected to give a Commencement address. In the procession, Donadio escorted her down the aisle.

Is it too premature to name some of those corridors you decided you'd like to spend more time in?
Too many to name! But reading about the 1920s for the Bread Loaf course this past summer brought me back to a lot of things that I hadn't looked at for a while, or I hadn't looked at in the same way.

Was the course a product of that time in lockdown?
I had been thinking about 1922, a big year in literary history—*The Waste Land* and *Ulysses* were published, as was Sinclair Lewis's *Babbit*, among other books. I was struck by two things: the first was the recognition of the absence of any significant mention of the influenza pandemic in the literature of the 1920s. The text that is referred to as reflecting that experience is Katherine Anne Porter's *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, because she herself suffered in the pandemic, was gravely ill, and recovered. But otherwise you can look in vain—in Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, where's the influenza pandemic? It is a bit in Willa Cather, in *One of Ours*. You would expect that this would have such a massive effect that it would appear as part of the experience of the decade, but it doesn't. There are many reasons for this, including the fact that President Wilson effectively had it suppressed in the mainstream press for fear that it would demoralize the troops being sent to Europe to fight in the war. You found out about casualties by looking at the obituaries in local newspapers, but you look in mainstream newspapers, there's not a lot about it. It's absent from literature and was largely absent from the history that you got taught—you went from WWI to the Roaring Twenties to the Depression to WWII and then the Cold War and that was it. I thought this might be a time to revisit the works of that era and see if anything lines up with our contemporary sense of things. This is a very different course from the kind of course I would normally give. There's more attention to context because I couldn't assume that people knew anything about the history. But I had the sense from students that what they were really starved for was close reading. What they wanted to do was look at the words on the page, to know what was going on with these books, what this experience was that was captured there. There was a tension in this course that is not usual for me because ordinarily all I want to do is sit around and read. My idea of how to operate is that we should all read the book aloud and say things.

I know! I was so surprised to hear that the flag-carrying member of the close-read army was teaching a course that was so heavy on historical context.
Well, it felt necessary. I have to read you something, because in thinking about this 100 years later, I was struck by this sense of how the era must have felt. I was just reading the memoirs of Bryher, close companion of the American poet HD, Hilda Doolittle. She wrote a memoir in the early 1950s [*The Heart to Artemis*]. I'm just going to read you part of this:

> We were all exiles. We remain so today. It is our destiny. We were the last group to grow up under the formidable discipline of the nineteenth century whose effect, however much we resent it, cannot be entirely eradicated from our systems. All of us had been taught as soon as we could speak that abnegation and hard work would give us security and peace. The battle of the trenches cracked this myth from one end of Europe to the other. [SD interjects: *And here's a great sentence.*] The Armistice offered us influenza, inflation, and loss. In such a seething epoch of personal tragedy, the only thing left in which we could believe, was art. It was to us what religion was to the Middle Ages, discovery to the Renaissance, and what science is becoming to the present day. Only art, if it were to fill out the hollow left by chaos, must be revolutionary and new. It must find words that were not tainted by nineteenth century associations, rhythms that fitted the purr of machines rather than the thudding of hooves, different colors and, above all, a sternly truthful approach.
>
> We believed that if we stated facts without comment, moral or otherwise, mankind must see its follies and revise its laws. It was a vain and idle dream and yet, looking back at it after forty years, how much that we created in the way of thought is accepted now as valid and desirable.

The 1920s is obsessed with machinery, mechanization of all sorts, tailorism, the assembly line. You can see it in the paintings of Leger and Schiele, paintings of industrial places. This is a massive change in the nation. That sense of all these past associations no longer having any value is also familiar now. CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

ESSAYS

REFLECTIONS FROM THE MIDDLEBURY ECOSYSTEM

Reverberations

A transcontinental move, a career discovered, a landmark speech studied and translated—and an **identity reshaped**.

BY CLARA CLYMER, MA TRANSLATION '22

ILLUSTRATION BY HANNA BARCZYK

WHEN I MOVED TO FRANCE in the summer of 2016, I had never heard of Simone Veil. That's not really a surprise, as few Americans know her name, though she is a renowned figure in Europe, and especially France.

But I'm getting a bit ahead of myself.

I moved to France that summer to learn French. I was fresh out of college and determined to pursue a career in diplomacy and international relations; I wanted to become fluent in French and thought there was no better way to do so than to immerse myself in the French language and culture.

Which is how I found myself in a small town on the outskirts of Paris, as earnest as can be—yet entirely unable to communicate even a simple idea. I did everything I could to learn French, from enrolling in language school to joining a local soccer (or rather, *football*) team to reading stacks of French comic books for kids.

Little by little, the effort paid off.

I lived in France for two years, learning the language and teaching English to French students. When I returned to the States, I worked for the French embassy, and after two more years living in this hybrid linguistic world, I realized that I wanted to pursue a career in translation. I've always loved reading and writing and the beauty of language inherent in both. But my interest in translation goes deeper—I see the discipline as a means to facilitate exchange, foster understanding, and forge connections.

I discovered this when I moved to France, a time when I experienced the reshaping of my identity.

I became a different person in this context, not only in my behaviors, but also in a more fundamental sense of self. Consciously or subconsciously, I was grappling with the intrinsic, internal struggle between security and freedom inherent to one's early 20s.

In France, my experiences caused me to separate and establish stark and compartmentalized representations of this struggle, manifesting two clashing identities present within my relationship to myself.

My sense of comfort and stability became tied to my American self. I did not question why things were the way they were, because this was my world, my culture. My sense of adventure and growth became tied to my French self. I was forced to second-guess all my actions and perceptions, constantly internally reflecting upon my fundamental beliefs.

I miscalculated what this transition abroad would mean. I thought I would have experiences, add them to my already strong and whole sense of self, and reshape a coherent understanding of my own identity.

In reality, I ignited another version of myself. I inadvertently laid down a sort of *tabula rasa*, and the moment I arrived in France, I ravenously and obsessively reconstructed a new understanding of the world around me and within me.

I first learned about Simone Veil on June 30, 2017: the day she passed away. I was carpooling to the end-of-year party for my French soccer team, and I heard the news on the radio.

"Do you know who this is?" one of my teammates asked me.

I didn't, and she explained. By this point, my French was good enough to understand her response. My journal entry for that day reads: "soccer party, really bonded with team, everyone loved my cheesecake." Behind those words, however, were months of effort. Relationships that were initially mainly built on gestures, actions, and smiles, and then slowly incorporated spoken phrases. With each interaction, I shared a bit of my background, culture, and language, and they shared a bit of theirs. On June 30, 2017, I gave my teammates a homemade "American" dessert; they gave me knowledge of the making of a French heroine.

Revered as a champion of women's and human rights in France, Simone Veil was born into a Jewish family in 1927 and survived the Auschwitz-Birkenau and Bergen-Belsen Nazi concentration camps before returning to her native France, where she studied law and political science. She became a French judge and began her career in politics, working in the French Ministry of Justice and subsequently being appointed minister of health. She went on to be elected the European Parliament's first woman president. Throughout her illustrious career, her notable achievements included working to further rights for incarcerated women, increase rights for single mothers, expand women's health coverage, and improve access to contraception. Simone Veil is best known for her role as the French minister of health, defending the government's proposed law before the French National Assembly to legalize abortion, despite an onslaught of vicious, personal, and anti-Semitic attacks. The law was passed in November 1974 after a hard-won battle, and it bears her name: the *loi Veil*.

About five years after arriving in France and my initial introduction to Simone Veil, I selected to translate for my practicum course her 1974 speech before the French National Assembly opening the debate on the legalization of abortion in France. From the outset, I planned to publish this piece. As access to abortion is facing increasing restrictions in the U.S., I wanted to use this opportunity to leverage my background in drafting speeches for French diplomats and my linguistic skillset in favor of defending abortion access, which remains a pressing, essential issue.

A French magistrate and then the country's minister of health, Simone Veil is best known for her fierce defense of the government's proposed law to legalize abortion.

A great and lofty plan in theory, it predictably turned out to be a bit more challenging to execute in practice. Contrary to what one might expect, I am not actually an expert on French copyright law. So, where to begin? I decided to first reach out to the French National Assembly to inquire about rights for publication of a translation of the speech. A bit bold, given this is possibly one of the country's most famous political speeches, but why not try? Realistically, how many people would be making this request? The Communications Department of the French National Assembly directed me to contact the speech's "rights holders." I was happy to receive this reply but was not quite sure who these "rights holders" would be. The most logical guess seemed to be her two sons, both renowned French lawyers. A quick Internet search led me to their contact information on their law office's website. So, once again constructing an email oscillating between conditional tenses and formal French constructions, I made my case for translation and publication. Within days, I received a positive and thorough response from her sons. Now all that was left was, well, the actual translation.

After over 100 hours of writing, editing, research, rewriting, reediting, and incorporating feedback, my translation was published on November 26, 2021, on the 47th anniversary of the speech. Simone Veil's words were written and spoken in a different time and place, but they are undeniably relevant to present-day America; they remind us how far we have come, and how far we have yet to go. In seeking to find Simone Veil's voice in English, I found a bit more of my own. Above all, perhaps I chose the field of translation to find coexistence between my two senses of self. Yes, seeking self-actualization in a semantic playground may seem rather frivolous or even pedantic. But it doesn't have to be. And I don't want it to be. M

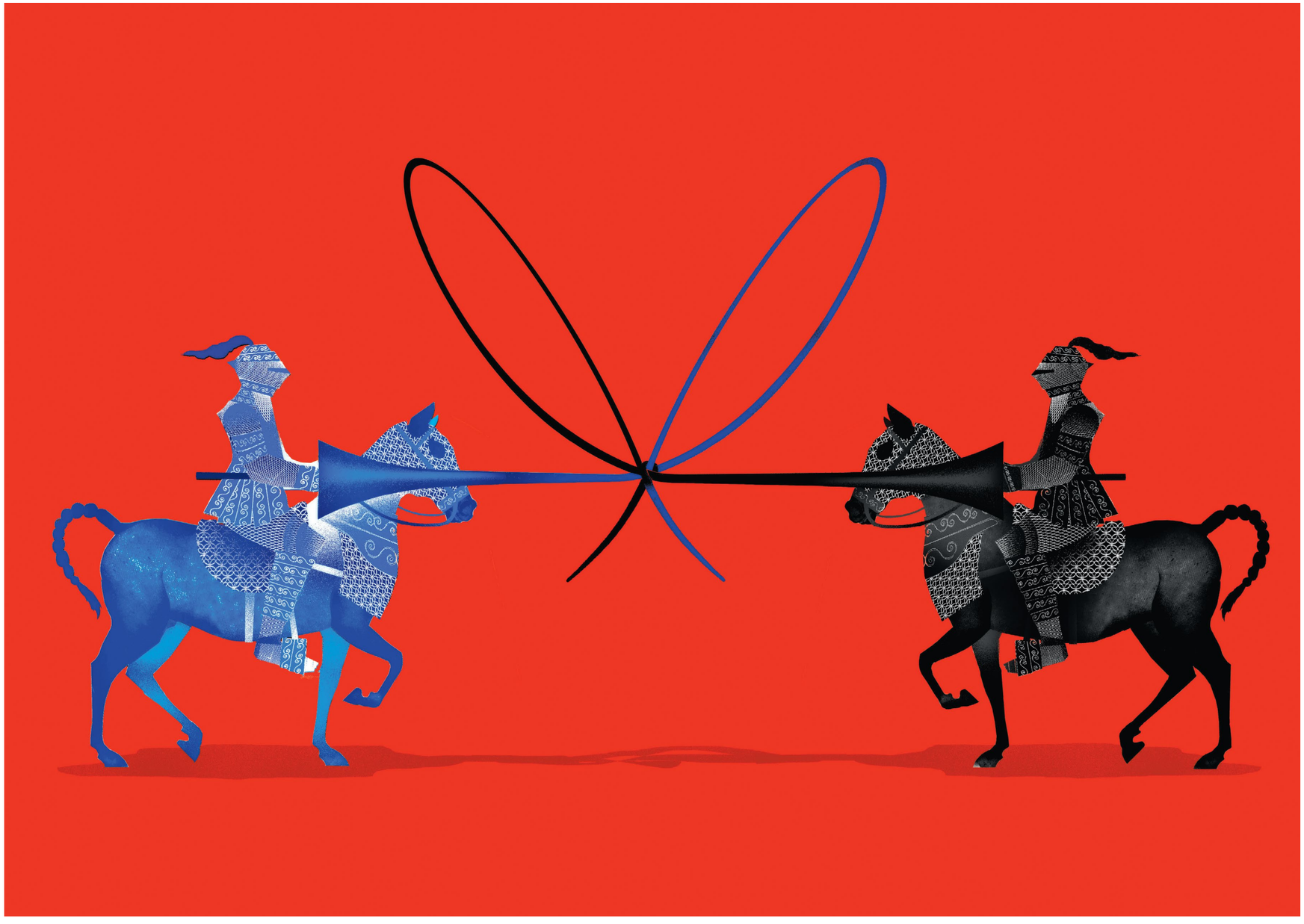
CLARA CLYMER EARNED A MASTER OF ARTS IN TRANSLATION IN THE SPRING OF 2022, WHEN THIS ESSAY WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOMINIQUE FAGET/AFP VIA GETTY IMAGES

Making Democracy Real

An update on our **conflict transformation initiative**

BY LAURIE L. PATTON



In this country, and around the world, ideals of shared civic values that transcend political, religious, or ethnic differences are under threat, arguably more than at any time since the Second World War.

Nationalism and authoritarianism are on the rise, undermining freedom, inclusivity, and equality of opportunity everywhere. Communities have lost the ability to debate, strategize, and organize with one another to solve problems in a constructive way.

So what are we doing about it?

We can't end all conflict, of course. But can we transform how we deal with it?

Conflict transformation—analyzing the structural issues that contribute to conflict and designing solutions that place inevitable tensions on a positive, rather than negative, trajectory—is a growing practice. And at Middlebury we are making such a practice part of our system of values.

Many of you may know that last spring, Middlebury received a $25 million grant to establish the Kathryn Wasserman Davis Collaborative in Conflict Transformation (CCT).

The collaborative formalized a structure that had been building over the course of a year and a half, as faculty, staff, and students met to think through how we develop Middlebury's considerable strengths in these areas.

Through the CCT, we have created five areas of focus to infuse conflict management skills in all parts of Middlebury: 1) in the high school curriculum through our Bread Loaf Teacher Network; 2) throughout our undergraduate curriculum, with a faculty focus on classroom conversations and a student focus on restorative practices; 3) among our experiential learning opportunities outside the classroom and through our extensive internship program; 4) in our graduate curriculum through fellowships in conflict transformation; and 5) within our global curriculum as we provide intercultural experiences for students to learn about other approaches to conflict. We are also funding key faculty research in current global political and environmental conflicts, the historical resolution of conflict, and the role of decision making in conflict situations.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN STAUFFER

In all of this, our goal has been to create "conflict transformation as a liberal art" and make the skills of managing conflict available to all our students, faculty, and staff. Over the seven-year course of the grant, we hope to share our approach with the world of higher education and learn from similar initiatives at other institutions.

I am excited to report on what we have been learning in our first eight months. We have been developing a new curriculum in leadership and literature at the Bread Loaf School of English for BLTN, our deep network of high school teachers across the country. We have trained over 80 undergraduate students in conflict transformation skills, including restorative practices. We have hosted a College-wide symposium, the Clifford Symposium, in the study and practice of conflict transformation skills. We are training 25 new faculty in advancing facilitation of difficult dialogues and launching a Conflict Transformation Skills course for J-term in 2023, with over 70 students enrolled. At the Middlebury Institute of International Studies at Monterey, we have funded 68 student fellows to study conflict transformation skills and integrate them into their foreign policy and language teaching professional development. Their projects include the study of the impact of the war on nuclear power in Ukraine and scientific collaboration as a form of conflict transformation in totalitarian states. And in our Schools Abroad we are funding transformative student experiences, such as the environmental conflicts in Brazil and the role of women in conflict mediation in Cameroon.

We have also funded major research grants for faculty. Want to learn about food scarcity and conflict in Cyprus and Turkey, or global models of labor arbitration, or North Korea and strategic empathy, or water rights and conflict transformation? Ask a Middlebury faculty member.

There is so much more to share in terms of the specifics of our progress. But the more important thing to share is what we are learning. The most important lesson for us in these early stages is, as executive director of the collaborative Sarah Stroup has put it, *the power of experiential learning in teaching conflict*. I like to use the phrase "the power of making democracy concrete through the active management of conflict." In 2022 and beyond, we learn best about how to navigate a difficult democracy by being active in it.

We can't end all conflict, of course. But can we transform how we deal with it?

What do we mean by this? Connecting the skills in conflict management to democratic citizenship is an important link to make. That begins, of course, with participation. We already expect all our students to participate in democratic processes—and indeed they do. Our Middlebury students vote! (Middlebury won in three out of four categories of the NESCAC Votes All-In Campus Democracy Challenge on voting rates. And *Washington Monthly* ranked us one of the top two colleges in student voting and among the top 15 who promote turning students into citizens by promoting democratic participation.)

But to be a citizen is to be a leader. And so, at Middlebury, it is not enough just to participate in democracy; it is important to find a way to answer the need in our society for people to step up and lead. And in today's polarized world, that means being unafraid of fractious conversations and contentious public spaces—in other words, being willing to tackle conflict head on.

Take the example of our student Gayathri Mantha '25, who served as an intern at Addison County Restorative Justice Services this past summer. In her work, she was asked to help adult and youth offenders acknowledge and repair the harm they had caused through their actions. At first, it was challenging for Gayathri to help people who had caused a lot of harm to the community, but through her internship she realized that community support can turn damaging conflicts into situations of constructive engagement.

Or consider the class How Democracies Die, taught this past fall by Sebnem Gumuscu, associate professor of political science and director of our undergraduate focus. In the course, Professor Gumuscu explored with students the dynamics of threats to democratic systems, using Venezuela, Turkey, Hungary, India, the United States, and the Philippines as her case studies. Together, they asked, "What are the driving forces to the backsliding of democratic systems and the rise of autocracies in the 21st century—including the roles of the political elite, failing institutions, eroding norms, and ordinary people?"

The roles of ordinary people struck a particular chord with her students. Professor Gumuscu reported that her students were incredibly engaged in studying the role of conflict, and the resolution of conflict, in both thriving and struggling democracies. She had students think about real ways to tackle the conflicts they were studying. Gumuscu also remarked how much students wanted to be leaders in this work out in the world. Her challenge to the students was this: "OK, your first piece of work is in our American democracy: go to a Thanksgiving meal and actively facilitate a conversation across political difference that you know will be incredibly hard." As a result of this experience, Gumuscu is thinking of teaching a follow-up course, How to Save Democracy, which will look at case studies where conflicts large and small were mediated and democratic systems were preserved. Her students' wish to be out there in the world inspired this idea.

So, this year we have been learning together about what higher education can do to revitalize our democracy, one conflict at a time. Democratic leadership is the capacity to facilitate different viewpoints, and live with conflict, and then transform it so that its trajectory is positive. That is what makes democracy real—the ability to engage opposing perspectives with skill, rigor, and compassion. M

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL BLOW

The Struggle

A writer examines his experiences with mental health challenges

BY PAUL BARNWELL '04, MA ENGLISH '13

I remember the staticky, torturous buzz in my head as I drove northeast toward home in my little silver Honda Civic. As the road and rolling landscapes of Kentucky, West Virginia, and western Pennsylvania blurred by, I couldn't help but notice large hardwood trees near the side of the road and sections of road without guardrails. *What would people say about me if I veered off the road and didn't make it?*

These thoughts were absolutely terrifying.

In between the steady stream of suicidal ideations, I was angry and confused. *Why was I having these thoughts? What was wrong with me? When would it end?* Blaring music didn't help or distract. Silence made it worse.

This was December 2004. I had just turned 23 years old. My first teaching job at a middle school in Louisville, Kentucky, had quickly pummeled me into a constant state of anxiety, which spiraled into a deep depression within six months—right when I was driving home to New

Hampshire, and right after I had resigned from the teaching position. I had walked across the stage to receive my Middlebury degree just months earlier.

During the first several months in the classroom, I witnessed a student challenging one of my colleagues to a fight and a desktop computer being launched out of my second-floor classroom window. I endured insults from students, who seemed to take delight in preying on an inexperienced teacher. One bully got his lower lip nearly ripped off after one of his victims unloaded a straight right punch directly into his face. I remember him holding a piece of blood-saturated gauze to his mouth while sitting in the principal's office, holding back tears. The undercurrent of violence at the school, coupled with my complete teaching inexperience and ineffectiveness at containing and engaging the eighth-grade boys, had steadily filled me with stress until it started bubbling over, affecting me nearly 24/7.

I think I hid my struggles relatively well, given my internal pain. Teaching friends and I would walk to local bars, drink beer, and share tales from the classroom. I'd laugh and smile when I could. Friends and colleagues knew I was in a brutal teaching position, and they commiserated, but I'm guessing they weren't constantly fighting a creeping elevated heart rate, struggles relaxing, and lack of focus—all common symptoms of anxiety and depression. It took me months to confide in anyone besides my parents that I was hurting.

Looking back, I'm sure I went into the job thinking, *Hey, if anyone can cut it teaching at this school, I can*. Others told me the same. After all, I had faced little trauma in my life and had accomplished a long string of successes. I graduated in the top 10 percent of my high school class after captaining both the baseball and football teams. I attended Middlebury, for crying out loud! Simply put, I was pretty successful at whatever I tried. Teaching would be the same, I thought, right at the start, even though I knew it'd have plenty of ups and downs.

The reality clashed with my and others' expectations.

Like me years ago, many young adults in their 20s experience their first major struggles with mental health. The reasons for this are varied. Some mental health disorders are genetic, of course, like bipolar disorder or schizophrenia. Depression and anxiety, on the other hand, are less likely to be solely hereditary, but rather a combination of genes plus social and environmental factors. For me, the transition into adulthood while being thrust into a high-stress workplace seemed to be the upheaval that caused the bulk of my issues. The most intense symptoms from my early to mid-20s gradually dissipated over the years, but only after I finally mustered the courage to seek professional help, which included medicine and therapy.

It's becoming well documented that the pandemic has clearly exacerbated the mental health crisis in this country, especially for young adults. According to an online survey conducted by the Centers for Disease Control in June 2021, reports of anxiety and depression were at least three times higher than reports from the second quarter of 2019. I worry about young people who are letting their challenges fester internally.

I couldn't help but notice large hardwood trees near the side of the road and sections of road without guardrails. *What would people say about me if I veered off the road and didn't make it?*

I've not talked openly about mental health with too many people over the years, but now I'm not embarrassed about my journey, which is much more a thing of the past—a chapter from my personal history—than a current reality. You may have noticed Michael Phelps, Simone Biles, and other high-profile athletes and celebrities being candid about their own mental health issues, and this budges the needle toward acceptance. Toward a greater understanding of the ups and downs of being human. Toward my feeling comfortable enough to write this essay and share it with the public. If my story can help others feel more understood and perhaps seek the help they need, then it's completely worth it.

What we adults need to do, then, is be compassionate with young people. We must be aware that millions of teenagers and emerging adults are in the midst of their own first bouts with mental health struggles, and the best thing we can do is be gentle, be open about our own experiences, and encourage them to seek professional help. The last thing I want to imagine is a young person—perhaps one of my former high school students—behind the wheel, like me in 2004, wondering what people would say about them if they were gone, without having the encouragement or understanding to seek the help they deserved. M

PAUL BARNWELL '04, MA ENGLISH '13 IS A HANDYMAN, WRITER, AND HOBBY FARMER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. HE TAUGHT ENGLISH FOR 17 YEARS IN KENTUCKY AND NEW HAMPSHIRE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

CLASS ACTS

NOTES, HAPPENINGS, AND MISSIVES FROM YOUR FELLOW ALUMNI

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD BALFOUR

YES!

We can't tell you how thrilled we are to have the class notes back in print! For the past few years, we have been sending the notes to you in an email with a downloadable PDF that contained what you have come to expect in Class Acts—the class columns, photos of weddings and mini-reunions, and a section for obituaries. Now we're back with a newly designed magazine that still has what you love about the class notes and more! We hope you enjoy exploring our new format and reading about fellow alumni.

CLASS ACTS

Directors of the Middlebury Alumni Association (MAA)
David R. Ellis '09, President • Hannah Burnett '10, Vice President • Janine Hetherington '95, Past President
Steve R. Bouchard '76 • Heidi Howard Allen '99 • Jasmin Johnson '05 • Diane Meyer Lowman '81
Casey Mahoney 'II, MANPTS '12 • Mohan Renganathan '96 • Julisa Salas '10 • Sebastian Sanchez '18
Beth Prasse Seeley '70 • Laura Woodward Tufts '03 • Beth Dorian Wyer '85 • Danny Zhang '15

Ex Officio: Meg Storey Groves '85, Associate Vice President for Alumni and Parent Programs
Beth Connor, Director of Alumni and Parent Programs

1946

Our class missed our 75th Middlebury Reunion for an obvious reason, COVID! However, it was disappointing that such an event seemed to be ignored completely by our beloved College. It's ironic, actually, since our class didn't graduate all at once, but in five(!) sections because of the accelerated program during World War II. I, (**Cam**), tried to contact the six attendees who were at our 70th in 2016 but was mostly unsuccessful.

Betsy "Barc" Barclay Wales says that everything is okay since she moved to Burlington, Vt., from Cape Elizabeth, Maine. There are nice people there and some good activities but she's taking her time about getting involved. My daughter and I are planning to drive up for a visit with Barc soon.

Joann Davis Hohmeister "complained" that with a college degree she should be more mentally active. After a good conversation, I can attest to the fact that Jo is very alert. We agreed that our time at Midd was the high point of our lives, and she doesn't remember anybody she didn't like! She also said, "As long as we have a few people who love us, we can get by!"

I was happy that **Gloria "Glo" Antolini Keyser** returned my call and is still enjoying life at Piper Shores in Scarborough, Maine, where she has been for the past 18 years, right on the ocean. She walks outside often with the aid of a walker. She mentioned her college roommate, **Phyllis Hewson Evans**, who brought her chicken soup one time when she was sick in bed. Now, Glo has Phyl's picture on her refrigerator and every morning she stops to say "good morning" to Phyl.

I had a call from **Barbara "Flinkie" Flink Ewels** recently with news of **Jean Schwab Schork**. Jean still lives alone in her own home but daughter Lynn visits often. Flinkie's glaucoma has worsened so that she needs to use a magnifying glass often. She takes it with her on her scooter. It's hard for her to read a newspaper so she watches TV a lot.

A classmate, who wishes to remain anonymous, states that she doesn't want to die until Trump is in jail.

—Class Correspondent: Joan Campbell Shaw (camshaw46@comcast.net), 49 Cottage St., Manchester Center, VT 05255.

1947

Our 75th Midd Reunion has come and gone. There were four of us in attendance: **Phil Briggs**, **Fran Swain Moretti**, **Alice Neef Perine**, and myself. Phil was accompanied by his wife Jean (Sloan) '49, Fran by two of her daughters, and me by my niece. **Tiffany Clark Nourse** had hoped to be present, but her children did not want to risk her catching the virus, which was on another upswing. My niece and I went to her home for lunch and so were able to catch up with her and activities in the town. Middlebury has a serious lack of dwellings, so the College is going to help by building homes that will be available to townsfolk and college staff. Tiffany thought it a good thing to do but bemoans the fact that it would destroy a beautiful scenic view.

The College has purchased a van with a chair lift and I was the first to make use of it, thanks to which I was able to engage in activities that otherwise would not have been available to me. Friday evening, we went to Middlebury Inn for our class banquet. There were six present, from our class and the Class of '52. Three other classes who were expected to join us decided to go elsewhere or come at a later hour.

The campus is a far more complex place than it was in '47 and it was just a little mind-boggling to think of all the advances that have been made and studies that have been added since then.

Saturday we had a collective all-Reunion dinner under the tents followed by music, fireworks, and a sing-along. Sunday, we folded up our tents and finally left for other areas.

I am sorry that more '47ers were not present to enjoy that short respite—to admire the ever-present beauty and climate of Vermont, to wonder and applaud the growth, spirit and insight of our college, and to greet and embrace the many graduates of Middlebury. It was a little disappointing as I had hoped to be able to bring you news of others whom I do not ordinarily hear from. In answer to questions from several of you, there are 23 of us still alive—not too bad considering our ages!

I am sorry to report that two more classmates have exited the world. **Jean Mace Burnell** passed away on March 16, 2022. Jean was my roommate the second half of my junior year when, as Spanish majors, we were required to spend a semester in the Spanish House. The house was small but we had a delightful young housemother and enjoyed living there. Jean was a natural-born leader and thought up many interesting house projects to take over.

In addition, I regret to inform you that **Joanne Buckeridge Booth** passed away on April 28, 2022. She was a devoted and active member of our class, full of life and joy and wonderfully creative both mentally and physically.

—Class Correspondent: Jeannette Atkins Louth (wmjalouth@comcast.net), 99 Depot Road West, West Harwich, MA 02671.

1948

REUNION CLASS

If you have any news you'd like to share with the class, please send it to Sara Marshall, Alumni Editor, 108 Orchard Lane, Weybridge, VT 05753 or to smarshal@middlebury.edu. And please put the dates for your 75th Reunion on the calendar: June 9–11, 2023!

1949

Correspondent **Dixon Hemphill** reports: I hope to hear from someone from the Class of '49 soon but in the meantime I want to tell you all about how important it is to keep as active as you can. Back in June of last year, I suffered a car accident that resulted in a fractured pelvis. The wound has healed but my mistake was not keeping active. It was a month before I finally hired physical therapists to get me moving my legs, which had atrophied so badly that I could hardly get around. It took two therapists twice a week to get me where I began to recover. Three months later I had still not recovered 100 percent. If any of you find yourselves in a similar situation, I urge you to get moving as soon as you possibly can.

—Class Correspondents: Dixon Hemphill (dixonH999@gmail.com), 10910 Olm Dr., Fairfax Station, VA 22039; Rachel Adkins Platt (rplatt27@gmail.com), 1 Sinclair Dr., Apt. 131, Pittsford, NY 14534.

1950

If you have any news you'd like to share, please send it to Sara Marshall, 108 Orchard Lane, Weybridge, VT 05753 or to smarshal@middlebury.edu.

1951

Hi, classmates. The responses I received seem to indicate that old age is creeping up on us. **Roly Coates** wrote, "The only thing I'm enjoying about being 94 is that my wonderful wife, Liz, has taken over most of the things I used to do—cooking and all jobs requiring physical labor. She takes good care of me. We went to Asheville, N.C., last May to my granddaughter's wedding: 150 attendees with no masks resulted in a bunch of COVID cases (not us) but it was a great time. I've never seen such dancing or heard such music. Times have changed, haven't they. My granddaughter and her husband are both newly graduated doctors and have been assigned to start their practices at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore."

Joan Macklaier Birkett also mentioned age in her note. "My main news is wrapped around getting older, as I now have knees that need to be using a walker or pole for balance for things to do every day. I am still driving and living in my one-floor condo. One of my friends said about getting older that you start to shrink in height, you walk like a duck, and have less balance. I miss all the traveling I used to do while now appreciating all the support I get from my family in Inverness. My musician daughter in Germany, with her husband, landed in Vancouver and came for a visit last spring, which was special. On getting older, we have to remember that all of us are impermanent so meet the moments and have fun while here."

Bill Deming is keeping young and mentally stimulated by attending Alumni College! He looks forward to attending in September and strongly recommends it to classmates. I'll have him report about it.

I will hope to hear from more classmates. Stay well and enjoy the "benefits" (?) of old age. Best wishes to all, **Lee**.

—Class Correspondent: Lee Webster McArthur (bobleemca@gmail.com), 725 Willow St., Cranford, NJ 07016.

1952

A 70th Reunion is, by definition, challenging. Middlebury seems familiar, but it has also grown and changed so much since we entered so many years ago that it is disorienting. Our class consisted of four returnees, including me. The ever-energetic **Sally Baldwin Utiger**, who delivered a remembrance at Convocation of the College in those long-ago years, and **Priscilla Norman Forschler**, a regular at College gatherings, were there. **Joe** and Ann Golding **Davis** also came, though Joe, unfortunately the victim of a stroke, was confined to a wheelchair. Also present, in memory, were 100 ghosts of deceased classmates and many others who did not return for various reasons.

As it was, I often found myself sitting alone outside the chapel, remembering the way we were and the College that was, now grown more rich and expansive with additions of unrecognizable buildings, which I discovered by taking a bus tour of the enlarged campus. Starr Library has become a palace of sorts, the frat houses are administrative enclaves, the science center boggles the mind, and the enormous field house has grown a twin of comparable size right next door, beyond which lies an expanded golf course. So I missed the humbler place I had known as well as the friends who were not there. Yet at the ending in the chapel at Convocation, with the noise of canes

FROM THE CAMPUS ARCHIVES

Out of the Mouths of Disgruntled Alums

January 17, 1946: Students were asked, "What would you change at Midd?"

Edward Valpy '50, back from the war, answered, "The quality of the food is strained. My complaints on the food are shared by most of the Men's College, at least those whom I've talked to. Sometimes this topic replaces girls in the 'bull sessions' and when things are at that stage something is wrong. The coffee is remarkable, almost palatable with cream and sugar, but otherwise, ugh! There have been enough complaints to cause the Men's Assembly to try and find out what the trouble is. Some Fridays the food is pretty good, but at times it's what was called 'sewer trout' in school. The poor Catholics who are supposed to eat the fish that's handed out are just out of luck. There's no beef on the butter or sugar situation because it's so scarce all over that I consider us lucky to get it when we do."

SPOT ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAYMOND BIESINGER

CLASS ACTS

pounding from the Class of 2017 down to that of our tiny contingent, and the fact that my daughter, Class of '87 had also come back, a sense of continuity returned and comforted.

—Class Correspondent: Barbara Cummiskey Villet (villetb2@gmail.com), 208 Eagleville Rd., Shushan, NY 12873.

1953

REUNION CLASS

I'm sorry to report the deaths of three classmates last year. **Alice Bennett Petrie** died on March 6, 2022. She was a competitive skier from Montana and after graduation returned to the West Coast where she lived for many years in Eugene and Bend, Oregon. She continued skiing until she was 86.

Bob Prosser died on May 18, 2022. Bob had a short career at Midd, transferring to Columbia in New York. He started his own specialist business on the New York Stock Exchange in 1963 and retired in 1987, after which he divided his time between Watch Hill, R.I., and Vero Beach, Fla., doing a lot of sailing.

Peg Schlumpf Lambert died on June 17, 2022. Peg spent many years involved in music and the arts, mostly around Wayland, Mass., where she was a piano teacher, sang in chorales and choirs, and played the violin and piano in chamber groups.

Your classmates would love to know where you are and how you are doing. Email me at rogermay931@gmail.com or call 973-539-0798. And don't forget our Reunion this year: June 9–11!

—Class Correspondent: Roger May (rogermay931@gmail.com), 3 Chadwell Pl., Morristown, NJ 07960.

1954

Correspondent **Tom Ryan** reports: Greetings from the very sunny, and very hot, Southwest! The power grid is again stressed, because demand is up (lots of people moving here) and supply isn't (the wind, that's supposed to supply 20 percent of our power, ain't blowing!). And that's trouble! And a note on changing times: a recent email from Middlebury from the Careers and Internship Center described what some of the recent grads are doing. The article helpfully includes the preferred personal pronouns for each, He/Him, She/Her.

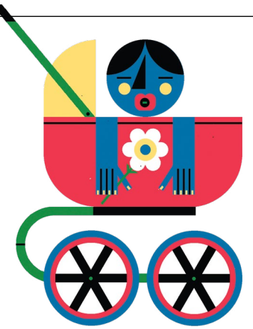
Thin gruel for this edition! **Bob** and **Barbara Totten Perkins** summered with family in Virginia. Although Barbara has some health issues, Bob is just fine. "Played golf yesterday, went around in par, and a few more." They planned to winter, as usual, in Naples, Fla.

Had a great conversation with **Dana Preston**; he is an "upper!" He lives in Chicago on the quiet north side near Lincoln Park in a building put up in 1927. "Nice high ceilings; they don't build them like this anymore." Dana gets out of the Chicago winters each year and like many, heads to Florida for two months. "A real tonic!" A bout with COVID last July, after receiving two shots, left him without energy for almost two months. He says, "But I got a light case that was partially cured by monoclonal antibodies that I got early." Health is good, but he, like most of us, now avoids crowds. I have spent the last few months caught up in the grip of the Texas medical system. Back and hip problems were resolved in March with back surgery (major) and a hip replacement (minor) in May. I'm currently on the mend. As an aside, the Texas Medical Center in Houston is world class, employing some 150,000. They can do almost anything and everything.

And now the bad news: we have lost several more of our classmates. **Don Menard**, always nice to be around, died in June 2022. He was, as I recall, one of the stars of the Midd hockey team. In the last few years, I always enjoyed visiting with him. **Sally Robinson Boardman** died in May 2022 and husband Robert in August**. Diane Schwob Strong** died in Houston in June 2022. She was well traveled and very active locally in social, civic, and business affairs. Born in France and fluent in French, she worked with corporations and law firms as a translator of the French language and customs.

Correspondent **Julie Howard Parker** reports: **Barbara Slate Abbott** sent an email in French about the excitement of a great-grandson soon to be born. Barbara and I have created a correspondence in our favorite language that gives the benefit not only of practice, but the added delight of family news. If you would like a copy of the French version, please let me know and I'll send it. Barbara wrote, "On the Fourth of July our family celebrated a reunion just before the arrival of our great-grandson; especially in attendance was the family of our daughter who died. Her son will be father to this baby. We gathered in a charming chalet on one of the smaller Finger Lakes." Barbara later sent a message about the new great-grandchild: "Emmett Duke Frank was born on August 28, our 68th wedding anniversary! Mother and baby are home and doing well—as are the great-grandparents."

I'd like to add my own news of our little great-grandson, Andreas Siah Parker-Lopez, who turned one on September 1. With his father Gabriel and mother Iche, Andreas came from Berkeley to discover the grass of



Vermont, which he crawled all over and tried to eat, flower blossoms he pulled off, and rocks he banged on. In general, he found Vermont more interesting than his tiny, cramped apartment in Berkeley. It seems great-grandchildren are rare today, as couples are preferring to have dogs to children.

—Class Correspondents: Julie Howard Parker (julieparkerbonjour@gmail.com), 1929 Meadowbrook Rd., Altadena, CA 91001; Tom Ryan (trn@aol.com), 8580 Woodway Dr., Apt. 8-1104, Houston, TX 77063.

1955

Jojo Kittell Corey reports that COVID restrictions have let up a little in Brattleboro, Vt., where she lives. "I am back in the percussion section of the Brattleboro American Legion Band. We have a lot of 'gigs' planned for the summer—all outside. Last year I attended a granddaughter's high school graduation up in Lake Placid, N.Y. She is at Paul Smith's College for two years and then wants to transfer elsewhere—tbd. Thank you, John, for being our class correspondent."

Alan Gould writes, "For many years, we shared correspondence and get-togethers with **JoJo** and the late **Dave Corey**. Recently I sent JoJo a CD featuring excerpts from the Broadway production of *Cats*, along with a *New York Times* article highlighting musical arrangements of shows designed for the vocal range of high school students. JoJo was interested in such arrangements because of her participation in town productions."

Alli Lank says, "I'm glad we are in a retirement community, which takes care of all our needs. One complaint. There are so many family events like weddings, funerals, engagement parties, etc., that we can't attend anymore because of health problems. Oh, well. That goes with the turf."

Stu Bacon reminded me that he had lived in Bellport, N.Y., on Long Island in the 1940s. (That's where I grew up—Brookhaven Hamlet and Bellport were virtually the same community.) He was right when he said, "It's interesting to think back to that era."

Ev MacAskill didn't have any news but reminded us that it's better to be looking down at the grass than up at it. He says, "I think Arnie Palmer said that."

Bob Gallagher reports, "Ruth and I are well in all respects. We are beginning to return to our traveling ways. Gardening and golfing are ways of limiting our exposure to the virus, which we contracted last year despite being double vaxxed and double boosted. It was mild but it did slow us down for a bit. We were in Middlebury last year to celebrate a birthday with a family member. All looked well and quiet at the College. We drove back to Albany through the heart of the Green Mountains on Route 100. Beautiful drive on a perfect sunny day. Even though I grew up in Vermont, I'd forgotten how sharp the corners are on the back roads.

We also were in Lake Placid for a granddaughter's graduation. We saw our Lake Placid family, plus **JoJo Corey** and our daughter, Lynn, and JoJo's sister, Carrie Kittell Hunt '62, who had just been to her Midd Reunion; all of whom we hadn't seen in two years. Three days of great weather in the High Peaks of the Adirondacks and a perfect outdoor graduation in that setting made for a great weekend.

We did get to Utah for several weeks of skiing. We spent some time at Hilton Head in early spring. We also did a week of fly-fishing for trout in southwest Montana in early June. So we are getting around in remote areas away from the crowds." They also spent time at the Glimmerglass Opera last summer and attended performances of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Saratoga, especially for the Beethoven Week. They're close to the Berkshires, so they also have Tanglewood and other arts events there to attend.

I had a wonderful call from **Jim Kennedy** after a considerable hiatus. I always said he was the most cheerful, positive member of our class. He still is! He attended the Alumni College last year and reeled off the names of everyone there and how much he enjoyed connecting with so many classmates. He stated in the 50th Reunion book: "After 43 years of family practice in Colorado Springs, I still haven't got it right so I'm still practicing." He retired two years ago after "practicing" for another 15 years. Way to go Jim! (Are you "practicing" fly-fishing these days? Also, I believe you said you went skiing 76 times last winter. Are you still on the practice slopes?)

Sue Heyer Byers writes, "**Carol Edgar Goodrham** and I have stayed in touch since our days as roommates in the Battells. Her wit and humor always leave me smiling. Now she must have the double frustration of turmoil in both of her countries: U.S. and her adopted England. **Sally Dickerman Brew** stayed with us for a few days between her summer travels all over the country for a graduation and multiple weddings. In California she shuttles between Los Altos and Squaw Valley (renamed Palisades). She's skiing still, of course, and playing golf. **Bruce** and I have mostly switched gears from serving on boards of local organizations (Town Hall Theater and a couple of Addison County organizations dealing with poverty, hunger, and homelessness) to hands-on volunteer work for the same agencies. Very different, but a nice change. We added Meals on Wheels to the mix.

As usual, several classmates traveled to Middlebury for Alumni College last September. We had the fun of hosting dinner the night before they headed up to Bread Loaf. Although a few of the regulars couldn't make the trip this year, the attendees were **Sally Brew**, **Judd Zecher Colton**, Caleb and **Sid Brock Gates**, and **John von Hartz** (and his two delightful 'kids')."

I (**John**) want to thank those of you who responded to my requests for news. I appreciated Sue Byers' note, which ended with "thanks for doing what you do for the class." She did say she emailed the other Midd Mamas for news so hopefully we'll hear from them.

As for us, we traveled to Arizona for our grandson's wedding (son of daughter Jennifer Warren '83) and returned via Santa Fe for a few days visit with Jen and her husband, Chris. We still enjoy our sailboat—mostly day sails—and try to keep up with the various games, tournaments, and regattas of our five younger grand-

children (two in Annapolis and three in Chatham, N.J.). I'll be 90 when this goes to press, but when asked, "How're you doin'?", I simply respond, "So far, so good." I wish you all the best and trust you too can say, "So far so good."

—Class Correspondent: John M. Baker (bakerjmb8569@gmail.com), 76 Spooner Hill Rd., South Kent, CT 06785.

1956

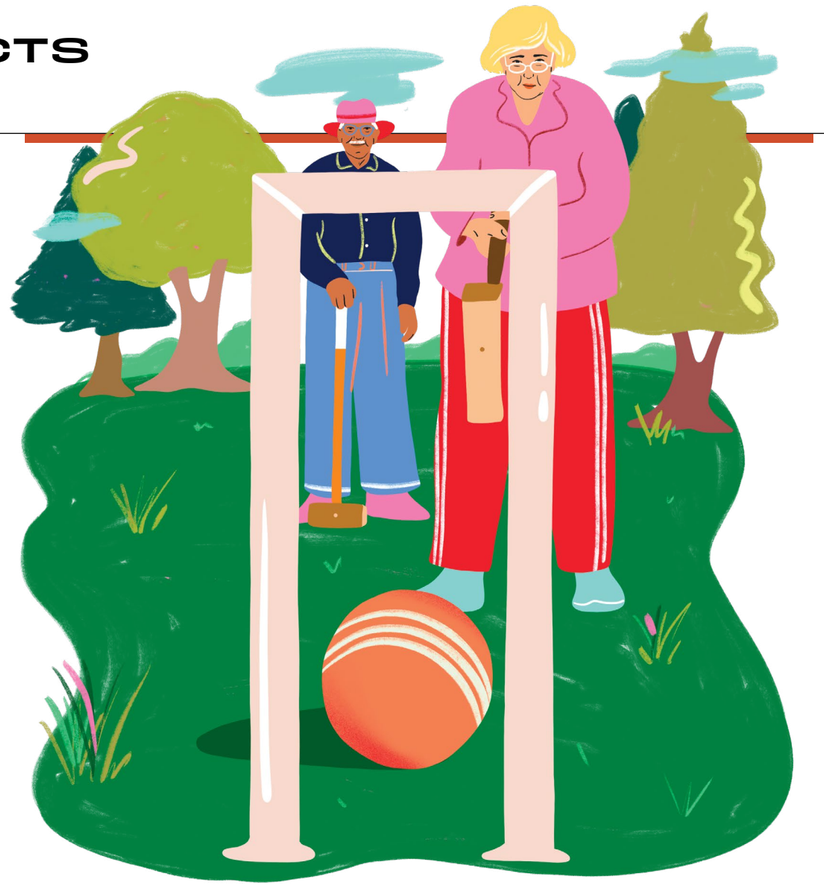
We are greatly saddened to report that we have lost several classmates in the past year. We welcome receiving memories of classmates who have passed.

Bob Santomenna shares his personal memories of **Fred Parsons**, who died in March 2022. "Fred was a classmate, fraternity brother, and a good friend. He and **Tony Rice** and I were roommates in the KDR house sophomore year—an exciting and eventful year. Of us three,

Fred was the quiet one, the stalwart, always ready to help. His passion was skiing. He taught me to ski—no small feat. He was a strong skier and earned the nickname 'Sepp' after a famous Austrian skier of the time. Many will remember the addition of the Poma Lift and new trails at the Snowbowl and Fred's leadership building up the ski patrol to meet the increased demands. He later became a proud member of the National Ski Patrol. Fred served in the Army Signal Corps after graduation but took some valuable leave time to be an usher at our wedding."

Two ATO brothers of **Pete Storms** who died in April 2022, **Pete Orvis** and **Bill Willetts**, remember him as a smart guy with a cheerful personality. Pete was an usher in Bill and Nancy Willets' wedding.

Sally Thomson Clark reports the following: "The latest news I have concerns a trip to Vermont last year to celebrate the lives of Barb and **Dick Catlin**. We gathered at the Tourterelle Restaurant in New Haven, where the staff warmly welcomed us and directed us to the room set aside for the Catlin celebration of life. Four of us from the '56 class—**Mark Benz**, **Mo Mower Tasse**, **Marjorie Robbins**, and I—represented Middlebury at this celebration. Attendees, including many from Timberlock, where Dick and Barb were in charge many summers, had many poignant and humorous memories to share. The program and music, provided by son, Bruce, daughter Toni, and others, was beautiful. That April day was cold and blustery, but we were warmed by the many memories of Barb and Dick." (See a photo on page 59).



Mallet Mad

Croquet nowadays has taken on a complex twist

Frankie Hall '57 is a wicket master. After moving to her retirement community, Ginger Cove, in Annapolis, Md., she joined the croquet club. She quickly realized this was not the backyard game she'd grown up with but a competition where complex strategy is the heart of the game. Sure, some aspects are similar, such as sending your opponent's ball off into the wilds and getting your ball through the wickets. But there are complex rules about hitting other balls—only once before you make another wicket or that color is dead to you—and even developing a jump shot whereby you send your ball up and over another.

Frankie plays American Rules Six Wicket Croquet. On a level 100- by 50-foot field, six wickets are set up and the goal is to hit through each wicket twice, for 12 wicket points, as well as hitting the center stake for an extra point. Usually there are four players, but doubles are also played, and each team has its own color balls. With formidable rectangular mallets, the object is to hit with confidence through the narrow wickets—confidence because the wickets only have a clearance of one-eighth of an inch on each side of the ball. Frankie says, "Like chess, croquet strategy requires you to think three moves ahead for each of your opponents before settling on a strategy for your turn." Apparently she had little trouble picking it up, because at the 2019 Maryland Senior Olympics, she won gold in the Second Flight, and at the 2021 Games, she won silver!

Nancy "Nanka" Marvin Hall is well and living in a retirement community on Cape Cod. She still owns her house there and, happily, it provides housing for family when they come to visit.

Joan Mackinnon Houghton sent news of her very talented granddaughter who competed recently in the swimming events at the Special Olympics last June. She was chosen to represent the state of New York. She brought home a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal. Congratulations! Joanie said her granddaughter has participated in swimming competitions and statewide programs for children and adults with disabilities for years. "I have learned so much from attending these meets." Joanie also said that her granddaughter and her late husband, **Bill,** had a very special relationship and she wished that he had lived to see her triumphs.

We (**Stan** and **Lucy**) are stepping down as class correspondents with this issue. We are delighted that **Joan Houghton** (joanmhoughton@gmail.com) and **Simon Marchand** (lsimonmarchand@gmail.com) will take on this assignment. Concerning her becoming a class correspondent again, Joanie writes, "I am actually happy to do it as I like to touch base with classmates and learn how they are and what is happening in their lives." Lucy writes, "Please, help Joanie and Simon by sending any news, a great book you just read, any traveling you have done, and/or what your children or grandchildren might be doing. It's fun reading for us all!" Stan writes, "So true, Lucy! It's been a pleasure and an honor to serve as your class correspondents for the past six years. Thanks to all of you for contributing to class notes. Keep the news coming!"

—Class Correspondents:
Stan Hayward (sandphayward@yahoo.com), 1911 Wildflower Circle, Medford, OR 97504;
Lucy Boyd Littlefield (jblsquam@aol.com), 15 Norwood Heights, Gloucester, MA 01930.

1957

Twenty members of '57 came to our 65th Reunion with five spouses/guests. On my hall at Hepburn, I reconnected with **Joy Contente O'Donnell**, **Barbara Zimmerman Dennis**, and **Jane Ross Ludington**. **Diane Masterton Mott** and I shuttled to Mahaney Art Center to see some of their wonderful collection. Included are a fine Norman Rockwell of a student reading in a window (at Middlebury!), as well as a carved stone panel of an Assyrian ruler, Ashurbanipal. This panel was remembered from our day when it was on a wall in Monroe.

Friday's class dinner in a New Haven restaurant filled two very long tables. Several of our helpful Alumni Office personnel joined us. After good conversation, **Marty Johnson Wooldridge** stood and announced she had an award for much-honored **Hugh Marlow**. Marty held high an original Chi Psi dinner fork kept from the time when her late husband **Ken Moore** and **Murray Campbell** roomed together. This she presented to Hugh to much laughter.

On Saturday, many of our class went to the football stadium to hear updates from President Laurie Patton, Provost Jeff Cason, VP of Finance David Provost, and the asst. director of athletics. We had our class photo taken, indulged in ice cream, then attended Convocation where **Pete Read** and **Pat Judah Palmer** spoke for our class, and Laurie Patton gave an upbeat and informational address.

Saturday night there was the all-classes dinner in tents near the Mahaney Art Center, followed by glorious fireworks. My thanks to **Pat Palmer** for helping to sum up Saturday.

At breakfast, I met a very sharp graduate from the Class of '47, Jeannette Atkins Louth. What spirit! What a delight. Anyone out there encouraged to think positively toward our 70th? We hope so!

I recently learned of two more deaths: **Alice Armstrong Wood** left this world on April 10, 2022. Married in Singapore, she lived in Japan, traveled through Europe, and settled in Virginia, raising two boys. Divorced, she was pleased to secure a late career in human resources at the Univ. of Arizona. She loved meeting people and did volunteer work at a hospital. **Ewart Thomas** died on June 26, 2022. He made no outreach over the years to any Reunion or memory books, so I don't have any information on him.

—Class Correspondent: Ida Mae Johnson (imj428@comcast.net), 104 Bentley Ave., Poultney, VT 05764-1182.

1958

REUNION CLASS

Herb Urbach sent a note about **Dick Johnson**, who died last October 3. "Dick was Middlebury true. He was my classmate, fraternity brother, and good friend for life. His passing diminishes us all. I miss him now, and as Martin Luther King said, will do so 'as long as the cord of life shall lengthen.'"

I (**Sue**) am still looking for someone to volunteer to be a correspondent with me. It's a fun way to stay in touch with classmates and see what they are up to. Let me know if you'd be interested! And don't forget our Reunion this year: June 9–11!

—Class Correspondent: Susan Daniell Phillips (dhp1012@bellsouth.net), 725 Ninth Ave., Apt. 1106, Seattle, WA 98104.

1959

Fred Swan and wife Pat did a Road Scholar cruise from Barcelona, Spain, to Tilbury, UK. He wore his Middlebury veteran's cap as they visited many of the WWII cemeteries.

Bob and Polly Philbrick '60 **Ray** celebrated his 85th birthday and a 61st wedding anniversary last summer. Bob had a long conversation with **Tony** and Jane Collins '60 **Garcia**. He certainly recommends the telephone versus exchanging emails.

Andy Montgomery and wife Joy also celebrated an 85th birthday and 61st wedding anniversary at their summer cottage north of Toronto, Ontario.

Paul Fitzgerald recommends we have a string quartet playing Baroque music at our 65th Reunion. This April, Paul will be traveling to an atoll east of Madagascar, sailing on a 65-foot supply vessel. (Correspondent note: How many fishing rods will he be bringing?)

Ren Curry and Nancy postponed a hiking trip last summer for one year with plans to travel to the Dolomites (Italian Alps), which will include a chairlift to the mountain top, hiking along the ridge line, stopping for a beer (or two?), hiking to a town, and taking a bus back to their lodgings to enjoy Italian and Austrian dinners.

ILLUSTRATION BY SOL COTTI

Instead, last year they drove some 1,200 miles from Santa Cruz to hike in the southern Colorado Rockies.

Dick Hofmann was saddened to hear that **John Medici** had died last July. "Every week I hear of a friend, colleague, or neighbor dying and the state of our nation and world certainly gives us no reason to cheer. So, I enjoy life's little pleasures and take it day by day. My nephew and his family were here from Seattle recently and we enjoyed dinner at a great local Italian restaurant. My regards to all and keep well and keep safe."

—Class Correspondents: Millicent Fairhurst (milfair@earthlink.net) 341 East 19th St, 1C, New York, NY 10003; Andy Montgomery (joyandym@aol.com), 8910 Hilloway Rd., Eden Prairie, MN 55347.

1960

Deb Wetmore continues to enjoy living in Middlebury and sees **Judy Falby Tuttle** (who lives in Charlotte, Vt.) occasionally. She joins classmates in regretting that we missed our 60th Reunion and hopes we don't have to wait till 2025 to gather again.

Marian Vaughan Strong is happy to be living in Montana. "We have our share of senseless shootings but nothing like what's going on in the rest of the country—so far. Weather is moderate and half the population heads south in the winter leaving the rest of us to our pursuits. I enjoy playing duplicate bridge at the local club. I've learned that I wasted four years at Middlebury by not learning to play bridge. Making up for it now!"

I heard from **Susan Yates Johnston** who lives just a few miles from me (**Nancy**) in North Andover, Mass. She and husband Hooks are fortunate to have avoided COVID and Hooks had successful open-heart surgery in 2021. Last year they wintered for a couple of months in Sanibel, Fla., and headed to Canada in August. She does all she can to be a climate activist. "This includes working with our green team at our church and following activities of Andover WECAN, calling our legislators, sometimes even holding up a sign. I tend two gardens here at our condominium and that has kept me sane through all these months of pandemic and political turmoil. I worry about the world that we are leaving behind for our nine grandchildren."

Gordon Chader and wife Joan continue to enjoy living at Lake Bomoseen, Vt., while **David** and **Sue Goodwin Hopkins** are happy to share their second home on Lake Champlain in Vergennes, Vt., with family and friends. Having moved to Niantic, Conn., several years ago, the Hopkins also enjoy the nearby beach and waters of Long Island Sound. "David walks the beach to town, plays some golf, and has a bike which can have electricity added. We especially enjoy sharing time with #3 son and family who live here, plus #1 Middlebury son who is an hour-plus away from here. We were lucky to share a couple of weeks at Lake Champlain with #2 son and wife (both Middlebury) and their family from Ohio in early July." David continues to enjoy doing a lot of painting of lovely scenes he comes across.

Your correspondent (**Bob**) saw Mary Lou and **Dick Atkinson** at Loomis Chaffee school in Windsor, Conn., last June where the latter were very proud grandparents at a grandson's graduation. Bob also spoke with another longtime Loomis Chaffee friend recently, **Bill French,** who with wife Linda continues to enjoy life in Bluffton, S.C.

Our sympathy to **Judy Neese Woods** whose husband Bob died in October '21; they had been married nearly 55 years. In 2022, Judy was able to take a long-awaited, wonderful Tanzania safari and will be taking another postponed trip with children and grandchildren to Alaska. Then she intends to stay home and not spend money for a while! Judy is unsure whether she will resume her writing career.

Your correspondents are so saddened to share the news of the deaths of three of our classmates: **Mike Robinson**, **Vcevy Strekalovsky**, and **Susan Foster Rowlands.** We extend our deep sympathy to their surviving families and friends.

Mike died on May 15, 2022. He was a former class correspondent (1985–90) and Midd fundraiser extraordinaire in some position almost continuously from 1995 to 2022. At Midd, Mike majored in biology, served as business manager of the *Campus* and was vice president of Zeta Psi.

Vcevy, who served as one of our class correspondents starting in 2005, died on June 19, 2022. His Middlebury activities included Chi Psi, choir all four years, and intramurals, but he was perhaps best known for his stunning (and winning!) Winter Carnival posters. Not surprisingly, he was a fine arts major. Vcevy enjoyed painting and music (jazz and classical guitar) all his life and many will remember his accompaniment for our Reunion sing-alongs. He also enjoyed skiing, tennis, and polo.

Susan died on June 13, 2022, in Johnston, R.I. Susan was an economic theory major and a member of Sigma Kappa and was active in the Christian Association and the Religion Conference. She was also a junior counselor. In her earlier years, she enjoyed hiking and camping in the mountains of northern New England. In retirement, Susan was very active in the Arthritis Foundation in eastern Pennsylvania, receiving an award for her advocacy, and she served as a lay eucharistic minister at her church.

—Class Correspondents: Bob Hall (rshallct@gmail.com), 53 Sunset Farm Rd., West Hartford, CT 06107; Nancy Mumford Mulvey (nandonmulv@gmail.com); 104 High Plain Rd., Andover, MA 01810.

1961

Judy Stern Peskin wrote from Copenhagen where she and her husband had just started a two-week trip to Denmark and Norway with Odyssey tours. They spent a couple of excellent days on their own in Stockholm and then flew to Copenhagen to begin their trip. Judy was in Shelburne, Vt., last summer, visiting one of her daughters who lives there. While there she met her brother, who has a house in southern Vermont. They had a picnic lunch in Middlebury, at a park overlooking the falls and Otter Creek. Judy wrote, "Some of the next

CELEBRATIONS

1 Several 1956 classmates attended a celebration of the lives of Barb and Dick Catlin '56: Mo Mower Tasse, Marjorie Robbins, and Sally Thomson Clark.

2 An amazing discovery was made in the Costa Rican rain forest! All the explorers were Midd grads: Zach Ness '15.5, Hayley Howard '17, Kayla Bauhaus-Ness '15.5, Jake Ness '15.5, Jamie Howard '83, Carl Howard '81, and guide Mark Wainwright '91.

3 Stewart third floor friends from 1985 met up in Provincetown, Mass., for Ann Krsul's wedding to Leslie Sullivan: Robyn Rieser Barkin, Holly Diamandis, Alyssa Dragone, Ann Krsul, Betsy Ahlberg Priest, Liz Dashnaw O'Brien, and Anna Rubin.

4 On July 1, the Wood family gathered in Jackson Hole, Wyo., to celebrate the 50th wedding anniversary of Martha McCravey '71 and Alan Wood '71. The very Middlebury family includes Gabe Wood '06, Micah Wood '10, Martha, Caitlin Wood '10, Alan, and Gillian Wood '04.

5 Marc '91 and Jill Herbster Bujold '89 joined twin daughters Helen and Sophie in Scotland for Sophie's graduation from the University of Edinburgh.

6 Three friends from the Class of 1991 met up in San Francisco for a mini-reunion: Jason Shulman, Bill Driscoll, and Paul Scola.

7 Friends from the Class of 1986 met up in NYC for a birthday celebration: Kate Wallace Perrotta, Sarah Christel Scully, and Monica Carroll.

8 A group of LA-based 2008 theatre majors had a mini-reunion this summer at Lake Gregory: (seated) Willie Orbison, Franny Bohar Orbison, Stephanie Strohm with Ezra, (standing) Rachel Ann Cole with June, and Aaron Gensler with Rachel's daughter Poppy.

9 In honor of their 30th wedding anniversary, Amy Goodheart sent in a photo from her marriage to Ross Goodheart '86 on September 12, 1992. Here she is being serenaded by a group of Ross's friends, including (grouped around the bride, left to right) Tim Weed '87, Joe Braley '85, Jon Roth '85, Rawson Hubbell '85, Josh Klein '85 (with the mic), and Matt Ellenthal '84.

10 Members of the Class of 1981 held an unofficial 41st Reunion last June in Middlebury and a group made the trek up Snake Mountain: Chris McCarthy (Midd spouse), Susan Taylor, Kathy Leary McCarthy, Meredith Broadbent, Val Kindred, Stacey Pogust Danziger, Pam Dinsmore, Karen Heston, Elaine King Nickerson, Hope Hayden Kelley, Pam Nugent Czekanski, (second row) Bruce Danziger (Midd spouse), Tom Cagnina, Sally Rueger Barnes, Scott Horn (Midd spouse), David Deutsch, Jim Gilmore, Chris Goodman Smith, Michael Tharp, and Dave Chiappetta.

11 At their high school reunion, Zahra Valimahomed Mehta '05, friend Ella Steim, and Emily Hruby Halpern '05 were happy to see each other again

12 Simon and Emily Hruby Halpern '05 were thrilled to host a large gang of their friends and families from the Class of 2005: Julia Condit, Simon Halpern with Emerson, Emily Halpern '05 with Mac, Brendan Condit '05, Alice Hoke, Mae Condit, Tom Hoke, Abbi Sanders Hoke '05.5, Graeme Capetta, Stacy Brendtro Cooley '05, Hillary Waite Condit '05, Hannah Hoke, Reid Capetta, Kathleen Fleury Capetta '05, Kai Condit, and Ella Capetta. Missing from photo: Rick Cooley '04 and Noah Capetta.

CLASS ACTS

generation walked on the rocks by the falls—and some of us didn't—but the falls looked very pretty. I couldn't help but think of the Dog Team as we drove down Route 7 and the famous sticky buns!"

Carol Nicholson Fryberger reports that she and **Jerry** are basically fine and still in their house in Duluth, Minn. They have added a first-floor full bath and laundry, which has made life simpler. Carol plays golf once a week and Jerry lunches often with his Hallett friends, having finally retired in 2020 (and sold the company). Carol writes, "Of our four children's families, one has settled in Duluth and we enjoy our two (out of nine total) grandchildren and follow their activities. Our Montana granddaughter will attend Bowdoin and hopes to play soccer there."

Life is good on the coast of Maine. **John Harris** said that he and Koko (Hart) '63 will have been married 60 years as of this March. He writes, "Our three children all live close by, so we see much of them and our four grandchildren. Much of our time is taken up touring with our antique vehicles, numbering 27 at this point. Last year various car clubs took us to Canada, New York State, Michigan, Florida, and Pennsylvania. Last year our family also drove a 1931 REO race car in the Great Race, a road rally from Rhode Island to North Dakota." They were all looking forward to ski season, which found them at Saddleback Mountain, where three generations of Harris's gather.

Betsy Hawley Greenman also updated us. In late fall 2021, she had cataract surgery on both eyes, done singly, one week apart. It meant heading from her new home in Halfway, Ore., to Boise, Idaho, for the night and scheduling carefully. Her son, Jack, who lives in Halfway, was a trooper and did the travel, two weeks in a row. Betsy advises us if anyone is delaying cataract surgery—don't!

For a year or more Betsy helped her son, Gil, who lives in Seattle, turn his blog into a paperback book. According to Betsy, "Gil has been living with multiple sclerosis since he was in his late 20s, and in 2014 he began writing a blog called *A Fortunate Man with MS*. Last April, thanks to Kindle Publishing on Amazon, and a BIG learning curve for me, we self-published the book.

"Life here in Halfway, in the Hells Canyon Recreation area, is filled with nearby family and friends. There are many music events during the summer. Son Jack, daughter-in-law Sarah, and two friends have a group, the Good Together Band. They do a variety of concerts during the outdoor seasons here."

Despite spending so much time supporting her family, Betsy has energy to give to charitable activities. She is an elected member of the Pine Eagle Clinic Board of Directors. This important medical facility is crucial in the valley and nearby Richland. Also, by the power of Zoom, she can still keep supporting the Seattle Homeless Remembrance Project Committee with secretarial duties. This group has 20 sites around Seattle where bronze leaves of remembrance are installed, with names of those who have experienced homelessness and have died outside or by violence in King County.

The Class of 1961 sends condolences to Courtney Bird '63 and family upon the death on May 4, 2022, of **Carolyn Cooper Bird**. Services were held on July 4, Carolyn's birthday. We also send condolences to **Jane Cram Strekalovsky** and family on the death of Vcevy '60, husband and father.

—Class Correspondent: Janet S. Reed (jsreed2800@me.com), 929 W. Foster Ave., #2620, Chicago, IL 60640.

1962

Correspondent **Liza Dunphy Fischer** reports: We have declared our 60th Reunion a grand success! The College did a wonderful job of orienting us, transporting us, and entertaining us. Many of us went on the Robert Frost walk organized by **Jan Timmerman Abbott**.

Chuck Gately and I made a few comments at our class dinner. I was asked to share mine with you: "Welcome everyone. I would like to start by saying how grateful I am to be here. I am grateful to be alive. I am grateful to have the means. I am grateful to have good health. I am grateful to have the strength to make the trip. Many in our class wanted to be here but could not, due to one of these reasons. Be sure to think about them. Before coming to this weekend I was reading through letters I wrote to my mother while I was at Middlebury. I came across requests to grant me 'blanket permission.' Blanket permission? Do any of you remember that? Apparently, every time women wanted to leave campus, we needed our parents' permission. If you had blanket permission, you could leave at any time. So, with that in mind, I give you blanket permission to go anywhere you wish this weekend. Have a great time."

Many of us remembered **John Sinclair** who was not able to come to the Reunion and died in December. Chuck Gately, speaking for our class at Convocation, said, "My classmate, John Sinclair, said it best at our last Reunion when he observed that what we cherished most about our Middlebury College years were the wonderful friendships that were made and have endured for a lifetime." After the Reunion Al and **Anne Thornton Bridges** went to Cedar Hill to visit John. They said that John was able to appreciate and react to their news and memories with his great smile. Our classmate, **Ken Parker**, gave the sermon at the chapel on Sunday. It was an appropriate message on inclusiveness and accepting "the other." All of us in attendance were inspired and happy we were there.

—Class Correspondents: Judy Bosworth Roësset (jbozroesset@aol.com), 8809 Mariscal Canyon Dr., Austin, TX 78759; Liza Dunphy Fischer (betsy@brentopalmer.com), 611 Oakland Ave., Iowa City, IA 52240.

1963

REUNION CLASS

Correspondent **Bruce Bailey** reports: We are sad about the passing of our classmate and friend, **Ed Germond**. According to Robin, his companion and wife for 33 years, Ed died on December 21, 2021. I think many of us remember Ed as an aggressive and effective player on the exciting hockey teams during our years at Middlebury.

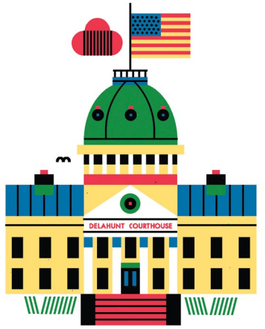
Bill Temple has been living in the Charleston, S.C., area since retiring in 1997. **Rick Apfel** is his neighbor and apparently they watch a good deal of soccer together—big fans of the English Premier Arsenal team. Bill keeps in touch "with the affairs of state" with **Craig Stewart**, **Arnie Levinson**, and, occasionally, **Tom Clune**. Bill also keeps an eye on **Larry Ring** and Fred Noseworthy '65 via Facebook. Bill's two "wonderful kids," four grandchildren, and his "truly exceptional" wife, Donna, threw a big birthday party for him a couple of years ago. Live tunes even.

Neil Savage recently had surgery done on his right knee, but recovery is progressing too slowly for his taste. Sound familiar to anyone who has had similar surgery?

Anna Panayotou says she and her husband traveled for a month to the English countryside near Marlborough, Wiltshire, where his two English granddaughters live. It was a great escape from New York City for them, as they enjoyed many pub visits in little villages, and the gentle hills and farmers' fields in a relatively COVID-free environment. They hope to stay put in Manhattan's Upper East Side for the duration. Anna is looking forward to our upcoming 60th Reunion, and also notes she is on Facebook if anyone wants to be in touch.

For the past 46 years, **Art Huey** has been active in the executive search business and his own search firm will celebrate its 40th anniversary in 2023. His four children, born in '70, '72, '77, and '79 are all involved in successful careers and have given Art the happy task of keeping up-to-date on the doings of 11 grandchildren ranging in age from 6 to 20. He notes that since he has lived in St. Louis, Mo., since 1970, he rarely sees any Middlebury classmates, so he hopes to be at our 60th Reunion this year.

Susan Washburn Buckley reports in from Manhattan, where she lives on the Upper East Side. Her husband, Peter, died "too many years ago" but her "instant children" (Peter's kids) and their children are still central to her life. A few years ago, her memoir about her crazy life was published as *Eating with Peter*. She has also written five children's books with a friend, and they are now working on a young adult book on the history of voting rights.



At noon on Sunday, October 16, 2022 the historic Norfolk County Superior Courthouse in the Boston area was renamed the **William D. Delahunt** Courthouse in ceremonies honoring Bill's impact and achievements during his 22 years serving as the elected district attorney of Norfolk County. Congratulations, Bill, for this significant recognition!

John Iacovino and his wife, Anita, remain "vigorously elderly." COVID sensibility slowed them down, but now they have returned to normal social and travel activities. He continues to work part time as the medical director of Life Insurance Consulting Services, and he's also the medical director for two life insurance companies. He advises companies on product development and lab testing, and he interacts with life underwriters on complex medical problems. He also has resumed his passion for authorship, writing quarterly articles for two international journals and a life insurance underwriting publication. One never knows what interests rebloom in retirement, he says. John and his wife are planning to attend our 60th Reunion.

—Class Correspondents: Bruce Bailey (brucevbailey@gmail.com), 16234 41st Ave. NE, Lake Forest Park, WA 98155-6728; Janie Bachelder Johnson (petesgirl1222@gmail.com), PO Box 124, Danby, VT 05739; Larry Ring (lwrsbr@msn.com), 5952 N. Via del Chiquiri, Tucson, AZ 85718-1380; Christopher J. White (crnbrycst@gmail.com), 347 Duck Cove Rd., Bucksport, ME 04416.

1964

Correspondent **Dori Ellis Jurgenson** reports: It's always nice to hear from fresh voices as my news request prompts people to write. **Richard Hawley** says, "My wife Anne and I moved from Underhill, Vt., to Montpelier in November of 2020. We are enjoying living next to our son, daughter-in-law, and our two grandsons. Sam (12) is in Little League and likes to pitch and play shortstop. Fun to watch. Not doing much traveling due to COVID-19 and trying to avoid getting it. So far, we have succeeded. We're spending a lot of time with indoor and outdoor projects, trying to make our house feel like home. The cochlear implant I received in January of 2021 has allowed me to hear again after 10 months of silence/deafness."

Patience Kenney Jackson writes, "Last spring, **Thad** and I spent time in Lawrenceville, N.J., and on an island in the St. Lawrence River with family and a granddog. Thad has a steady volunteer job for a local charity called Household Goods, which collects used furniture to parcel out to needy people. I still do some consulting on planning and design of library buildings all over the East Coast—one New England project (state not named) started out in 2010 and is still NOT built! Last May, the Massachusetts Library Assoc. chose me for its Hall of Fame, which included two plaques, a nice dinner, and a sticky note to put on my name tag." She says their daughters are very busy and independent, traveling for business and recreation, and getting caught, like so many others, in the airport chaos!

Sam Gordon has been on the move: "Marylou and I took an eight-day cruise around Iceland with Tauck—our fourth trip with them. It was a stellar experience, as usual, this one on a small, comfortable cruise ship (125 passengers and as many staff with 4/5-star service), many interesting port calls and walks, unique volcanic geology, and extremely hospitable Icelanders. We enjoyed the experience immensely—had excellent weather and smooth seas—and saw wonderful hot springs, geysers, huge glacier-fed waterfalls and met many enjoyable co-passengers. Perhaps the most startling thing to see was the rift in the terrain where the Eurasian and North American tectonic plates meet. The country is an advanced, geothermic-powered economy of 400,000 (descended) from the Vikings, Danish, and Norwegians. The one downside is that on our return we both tested positive for COVID, but with very mild, sniffles-like

The Rugby Journey at Middlebury

A student-led initiative leads to a thriving club

From humble beginnings to a current robust program, the Middlebury College Rugby Club recently celebrated 50 years of existence with a weekend of festivities that drew 115 alumni and students to play a match of touch 7s rugby and A and B side matches, enjoy a barbeque, and listen to speeches presented by players from over the years.

Rugby originally struggled to get a foothold on campus. In a 1967 article in the *Campus*, it states that a handful of "country gentlemen enthusiasts" met on Sunday fall afternoons for rugby "skirmishes behind the field house." In their first game of "the season," the article claims that the game "kicked off most successfully with the eight rookies rapidly grasping the 'general idea.'" Hopes were high that by the spring there might be an intercollegiate team. "There is no reason why we couldn't be playing Dartmouth by then," claimed captains Dave Sayre '69 and Chris Van Raalte '69.

Unfortunately, not only did the spring season not happen, but rugby's popularity in general did not take off in the next few years, despite student efforts to get a club established. However, in a September 1972 *Campus* edition, the following tidbit in an article about clubs showed signs that maybe there was hope for the sport at Middlebury after all. "The Rugby Club now has its own uniforms and is getting organized on an intercollegiate level." That fall they had "an abbreviated season," beating and tying UVM and losing to Albany State Law School. By spring they had a more vigorous intercollegiate lineup that included UVM, Johnson State, Norwich, and the Williams and Dartmouth B teams. The competition was good, but the competitors maintained certain convivial standards. As another *Campus* article in March 1973 asserted, "It is a semi-social sport, traditionally enforced with the home team providing a keg after each match."

Today's club has a full roster and competes in the National Collegiate Rugby Small College Division, in the New England Rugby Football Union's Southern Conference. They play XVs in the fall and sevens in the spring. They have reached postseason competition and the national tournament on numerous occasions. Thanks to the perseverance of a group of players 50 years ago, the club has not only survived but flourished.

symptoms. We certainly would recommend a visit for anyone that is mildly adventuresome but still wants to be comfortable!"

Correspondent **Bob Baskin** reports: I am sorry to report that **David Holmes** passed away in November. The last time I wrote about him, I reminisced briefly about his plowing through the line as our football team's running back. Quickly, I turned to the present, which meant he was living in Idaho and was Head of School at the Community School in Sun Valley. Nevertheless, it was clear even then that his heart remained in Vermont and Middlebury. So, after 13 years in Sun Valley, David returned to Vermont five years ago and moved into his home near Lake Champlain. He then wrote a book about his family titled *On Being a Vermonter and the Rise and Fall of the Holmes Farm*.

We are saddened to hear of the passing of two other classmates. **Danny Reynolds**, who lived next door to me in Hepburn died in February 2022, in Palm Springs, Calif. Danny was outgoing and friendly, and I missed him after he transferred out, eventually graduating from the University of Rochester and several graduate universities. **Skip Cody**, who died last June, graduated from Middlebury and Columbia University Graduate School of Business. He also served in the U.S. Navy.

—Class Correspondents: Bob Baskin (robertbaskin@msn.com), 89 Joshua Trail, Madison, CT 06443; Dori Ells Jurgenson (dorothea.jurgenson@gmail.com), 106 Orchard Circle, Denver, IA 50622.

1965

In late May 2022 we lost **Maris Swan Humphreys**. A glowing tribute came from **Marguerite Dupuis Balaschak** and reads in part, "George and I lost our dear friend, just 16 months after the death of her husband, Keith, an old Navy buddy and fellow Brown graduate of George. A lifelong friendship ensued, loosely structured around annual attendance at a Brown football game with groups ranging in size from four to as many as 24. Always we attended Middlebury Reunions together, requesting adjacent housing in the dorms. Maris didn't broadcast all that she was doing; rather, she quietly led a rich life committed to acting on her principles and ideals. Her love of both history and books brought her to a career as a curator and cataloguer of the rare books collection at the Redwood Library and Athenaeum in Newport, R.I. Her love of birds led her to volunteer for the annual bird counts that provide data for researchers studying the effects of climate change on the migration patterns and health of various bird species. She always followed the world of dance, and her faith and love of music led her to sing in her church choir. She loved walking, from traveling to England with her sister, Pamela, to taking part in a rambling excursion in the English countryside to participating in several marathons and half-marathons to raise funds for the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society in honor of her father. Maris and Keith raised three children, two of whom, Lesley '91 and Gardner '94, graduated from Middlebury, as did her brother Frederick '59. She cared for three of her grandchildren for two to three days a week so daughter Pamela could pursue her own career. Maris imparted her ideals to all her family through her actions and, with an abiding sense of optimism, passed on to them her view, as Pamela said at her memorial service, that 'things will all work out.' She will be greatly missed."

—Class Correspondents: R.W. "T" Tall Jr. (ahmic29@gmail.com), 204 Clark Rd., Cornwall, VT 05753; Polly Moore Walters (polly@frii.com), 100 Grandview Ave., Fort Collins, CO 80521.

1966

We are happy to provide an update on the Class of 1966 Scholarship Fund. It has a market value of $2,177,047 (as of 5/25/2022). Our fund currently supports a young man who will graduate soon. This financial assistance means the world to him and his future successes in life. It provides a powerful tool that allows Middlebury to be affordable to a range of students.

Thank you to our classmates who have given money so that worthy young people may enjoy the experiences we enjoyed in our days at Midd.

Brenda Booth sends this news: "I have resumed fun travel, beginning last October with a Road Scholar trip to Costa Rica. I got my fill of tropical rainforest! I took a trip to Norway last spring for a couple of weeks up the coast to the Arctic Circle and over to Scotland's Orkney and Shetland Islands, onto Edinburgh and London. I continue to spend time with my family in Ann Arbor in the summer. My grandsons are now almost 13 and 8. I'm taking the older one on a Road Scholar grandparent trip to San Francisco. I highly recommend those trips—taking the work out of organizing a joint trip. Last summer, though,

we went on a five-day trip (I organized) to Washington, D.C., and had a lovely time."

Marilyn Keyes Barstow kindly responded to our quest for personal updates: "While I enjoyed our online class Reunion, like most people during the pandemic, I missed person-to-person gatherings. So, I was delighted that, as travel restrictions loosened, my husband, Rich, and I were able to have some family Midd reunions with my son, Bill '88, and my daughter, Meghan '94. After two years of not being able to travel to Alaska to see Bill, Rich and I went to Talkeetna where Bill lives. Every day we had an adventure, sometimes revisiting hiking sites from Bill's childhood, like Independence Mine and Hatcher Pass. One day Bill and a friend loaded us all and an unassembled raft onto the train in Talkeetna. After a lovely ride, we exited at a stop used by off-gridders to access town. Then Bill and his friend assembled the raft and rowed us down the river back to Talkeetna. All we had to do was savor the scenery, including majestic eagles. On the way home to North Carolina, we visited Monterey. Each day we walked along the Pacific Coast in town or on trails in the many state parks, enjoying the crashing waves and hundreds of seals and pelicans—what a perfect end to our trip!"

Marilyn continues, "Meghan once again is living and working in Japan, now as the head of the Japan office of an international public relations firm. But she still makes time for family, and for Thanksgiving she and her husband (another Midd alum) flew to Tennessee, where Rich and I joined them. Then, she enticed her brother to come by dangling the prospect of a 444-mile motorcycle ride on the Natchez Trace. After a great Thanksgiving visit, Rich and I got in our car and escorted Bill and Meghan to the beginning of the trail. Then the two of them were off on an epic sibling journey! Last May, Rich and I booked a rental house on Ocracoke, N.C.—a special place for me for decades. When I mentioned our plans to Bill, he said he would like to come, and when his sister heard about our trip, she was willing to fly from Japan to join us. We all had a blast! Bill cajoled Meghan into the chilly ocean with him, we all went bike riding around the island, and we had a fascinating visit to Portsmouth Island, an often mosquito-infested, abandoned port. There we toured several restored old buildings; strolled the empty, pristine beaches; and were thankful strong winds kept those nasty skeeters away! Oh, and Bill was so impressed with the shrimp that we ate Ocracoke shrimp three nights in a row, and then he bought 25 pounds in Southport to take home with him to Alaska. Another great family adventure!"

—Class Correspondents: Prue Frey Heikkinen (prueannarbor@gmail.com), 1914 Wayne St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104; Francine Clark Page (fpage2@myfairpoint.net), 19 Brigham Hill Ln., Essex Junction, VT 05452.

1967

Our 55th Reunion was a success with a lovely group of classmates and a few spouses back in person on campus. We all readily reconnected and enjoyed each other and the activities of the weekend. Highlights for our class included our banquet, followed by a remembrance time focused on 20 classmates who have died since our 50th Reunion, and then some wonderful, entertaining music from **Dillon Jackson** and **Andy Avery**; a class discussion focused on the joys and challenges in our current lives during which everyone talked from their hearts and our deeply meaningful personal sharings were received with gratitude by all; and a beautiful and fun final day at Lake Dunmore with nonstop chatting amongst us all. Thanks to a team effort, we all sported special Class of '67 Splash Maps as class identifiers and direction finders for visiting any part of College property, from main campus to Bread Loaf and the Snowbowl. We bestowed a Class of '67 Splash Map on Laurie Patton, which makes her an honorary member of our special group. The College does a great job with Reunions supplying good food and lots of activities and effective nostalgia, causing a feeling reminiscent of a combination of the excitement of our 1963 arrival and the pride of our 1967 Commencement day! Class poet **Gary Margolis** blessed us with two new poems: "Splicing Memories" at our discussion with the very apt beginning, "You want to be your own film / editor. Splicing memories. / You're old enough to leave out / Ones you don't need / to make your life whole / again." Reunions move us to do just that. Also, Gary's "Fireworks at Reunion" is a favorite of mine (**Susie**).

We had another fun and meaningful fall gathering of Wof67 thanks to our leaders this year: **Kathie Towle Hession**, **Faith Cohoon Leonard**, and **Mary Tallafuss Cuyler**. We enjoyed good food, lots and lots of chatting, delightful walks and hikes and a visit to a Maple Museum, and, most of all, being with each other. Our highlight was breakfast with President Laurie Patton on her deck and a great exchange with her that focused on her goals and accomplishments for women students, faculty, and staff at the College. So many changes and advancements since our student days! We all feel proud of our school and our president. We're already talking about this fall with a possibility of meeting and staying over at the newly remodeled and winterized Bread Loaf Inn. Hope all women in our class will think about joining us. It's usually midweek, second week of September. Contact Freddie Mahlmann (fmahlmann@gmail.com) or Susie Davis Patterson (spatters@uvm.edu) if you are new or a not-recent attendee to make sure you receive our planning emails. **Hyla Wetherill** joined us for the first time this year, and **Carlisle Wildeman** came again after a few years. Both had a ball and assured us they will return next year. "You come too," as Frost says in "The Pasture." If we're at Bread Loaf in 2023, I'm certain we'll recreate our 1963 orientation hike to Frost's cabin and also walk and read his poetry together at the fully accessible Frost Interpretative Trail nearby—a 60-year memory circle/completion would be an extraordinary experience!

—Class Correspondents: Peter Kovner (pkovner@gmail.com), 12 Independence Ave., Lexington, MA 02421; Karl Lindholm (lindholm@middlebury.edu), 825 Cider Mill Rd., Cornwall, VT 05753; Susan Davis Patterson (spatters@uvm.edu), 770 Indian Trail, Lake Dunmore, Leicester, VT 05733.

1968

REUNION CLASS

Carol Anderson Matthews writes, "Mart '66 and I are still in Eagle County, Colo., having lived here longer than anywhere else, 24+ years and counting, although in a few different locations. We sold a large home in November 2021 and purchased a duplex in the town of Eagle, and then bought a townhouse in Palm Desert last February. We've had over 60 years of winter and skiing with no major injuries—a good time to become snowbirds. Son Neil '96 and family are in San Diego and daughter Kristi '94 and family are in Denver, so six months near each! Mart and I look forward to returning to Vermont this year for my 55th."

Gary Hartman says last year was a very tough time. He was diagnosed with lymphoma in May and endured six months of chemotherapy. He is now a cancer survivor. Tragically, his wife, Irene, was diagnosed in September with melanoma, and she died November 8. On December 31 Gary retired after practicing law for 50 years in his hometown of Gettysburg, Pa.

Tobi Gray Watson is making another move, this time to a Life Plan Community in Santa Fe, N.M., near her brother and his partner. The last move! "Having spent a lot of time in Santa Fe, I am excited to actually live in the midst of the land, art, and people. Let me know if you are passing through!"

Classmates have been supporting the Class of 1968 Scholarship Fund. For the last two years, our fund has supported a young woman who is a year-round athlete and will study for a Master in Public Health. She has expressed her appreciation for the scholarship, which has helped her reach her goals and flourish at Middlebury.

Our 55th Reunion (how did that happen?) is coming up June 9–11! This will be a wonderful opportunity to get together and we hope you will put it in your plans!

—Class Correspondents: Gail Hyde (glhsrs@rit.edu), 23 Cricket Hill Dr., Pittsford, NY 14534; Tobi Gray Watson (watson.tobi@gmail.com), 401 Old Taos Highway, Apt. 142, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

1969

Cal Werner notified us with pride that he was inducted into the Davenport Central High School Hall of Honor. He was recognized for success in his careers both as an attorney and as a banker, and for his multiple contributions to the Davenport, Iowa, community where, except for his time at Middlebury, he has invested his life. To Cal, this is the most meaningful of a number of recognitions. He was further honored that Midd freshman roommate, DTO brother, and lifelong friend Judge **Bill Sessions** was present for the ceremony.

—Class Correspondents: Anne Harris Onion (aonion27@gmail.com), PO Box 207, Gilmanton, NH 03237; Peter Reynolds (preyn@icloud.com), 137 Lakewood Parkway, Burlington, VT 05408.

1970

We thank **Beth Prasse Seeley** for her 15 years of working with our class notes, and we invite our classmates to continue to share short notes with us as your new correspondents.

We had an in-person 50th (well, 52nd) Reunion with great weather, many classmates, and an excellent program. Thanks to all who helped make it happen. One highlight was the session "As We Recall," that previewed and discussed three videos made (thank you, **Bee Ottinger**!) during Zoom conversations held to reflect on being at Midd in 1966–1970: one on ROTC, one on feminism, and one on environmental studies and environmental awareness. Now in the College archives, they are available if you go to https://archive.org/details/A9_C_1970_ROTC_08-23-21_pt1. That will take you to the ROTC video and if you scroll down that page to the bottom, you'll find the other two "As We Recall" videos. You'll be glad you watched them. Yes, those were remarkable, transitional times.

Anne Keiser, Sue Ellen Thompson, and **Douglas Coffin** gave fascinating presentations; **Ashley Cadwell** auctioned off some of **Woody Jackson**'s paintings to (greatly!) benefit our scholarship fund; and **Karla Baehr** led a team of speakers and musicians in a meaningful service of memory and gratitude. **Rena Gearhart Diana** hosted a pre-Reunion gathering and Churchill '71 and Janet Halstead '72 Franklin hosted a post-Reunion brunch. There was a parade, a Convocation, dinner with Laurie Patton, dancing with the Grift, campus tours, and plenty of conversation. After 52 years, we have much in common with each other.

From the Lab to the Beach

A talented scientist finds joy in words

Over the years, Rick Jurmain '75 enjoyed writing, doing a couple of short stories as a kid, another few at Middlebury. But then he became too busy being a rocket scientist to continue in the world of fiction.

His résumé is impressive. He led, or was a member of, 13 NASA Space Shuttle mission control teams. He also led operation analysis teams for General Dynamics' Single Stage to Orbit and McDonnell Douglas's National Aerospace Plane. He spent 15 years in the aerospace industry doing tactical analysis and war games, including top-level WWIII combined arms games, and inventing hypersonic war games. In the late '90s, he was the founder of Vela Technology Development and with its partners, started much of what is becoming the space tourism industry, briefing Burt Rutan and Richard Branson as they contemplated space tourism.

Serious stuff, but Jurmain has a great sense of humor. He writes, "I was a trophy husband for 30 years. I tripped over a goddess with an aging biological clock and desperately low standards. We had two brilliant kids. When I got laid off as a rocket scientist, she and I built a company." The company was Baby Think It Over, which manufactured and marketed infant simulators created to teach teens about the responsibilities of parenthood. Jurmain invented, built, and marketed the microprocessor-based product that was named by *Fortune* magazine as the Product of the Year in 1994. After growing the company and renaming it Realityworks, he sold it to the employees.

He was, as he says, a happy minion. He would spend time in his basement lab, inventing. When he would send up inventions to his wife, she "would send down food." Sadly, she died of cancer in 2016. He turned back to writing. "After Mary died, I needed to rebuild my sense of individual identity and self-worth, so I wrote more seriously. I found I enjoyed it a lot. I finished my first funny science fiction novel, *Apocalypse du Jour*, in 2018 and self-published it." He also moved to St. John in the U.S. Virgin Islands. "I sit on the most beautiful beaches, shockingly unsupervised, and write novels. I giggle a lot, but so far they haven't put me away. Harmless, they think." He has created a sequel to his first novel.

But he's not done inventing things. "I'm finishing a 16-foot-span robotic aircraft that I designed and built from scratch. And a few other radio-controlled models." His only lament is that now he has to prep his own food.

CLASS ACTS

Philip Lowengart couldn't make it to Reunion. He is happily retired in La Paz, Bolivia, where he enjoys the mild weather, the people, and a relatively stress-free lifestyle.

Anne Keiser writes, "Reunion was pure joy for both Doug (my non-Midd husband) and me with the exception of those who had planned to be there with gusto and in the end couldn't make it. We missed you. We took advantage of an extra day on the front end to spend quality time with my advisor and choir conductor, Emory Fanning, and his wife Diana Egbers Fanning '71. Also, we spent time with the widow of my mentor at *National Geographic*, Elise Blair, whose husband, photographer Jim Blair, died last year—due to COVID we couldn't come up for the service. Adding those visits to Reunion was deeply meaningful. I loved seeing what's new on campus, which is considerable, with apparently more to come. Seeing people with whom I've Zoomed over the last two years but in some cases had never actually met was amazing. I felt we clicked naturally, picking up from our virtual conversations. Special thanks to Rena and husband Stewart for a glorious pre-Reunion evening on Lake Champlain and for everyone else who worked to make our time together so meaningful. Here's to 2025!"

—Class Correspondents: Carol Harden (charden@utk.edu); Diantha Bartlett Howard (diantha.howard@uvm.edu); Beth Prasse Seeley (beth@seeley.com).

1971

Our 50th Reunion was a wonderful gathering of friends old and new, and a peaceful retreat on the beautiful campus that was once home to us all. In addition to the traditional events organized by the College, members of our class hosted special activities designed to bring us together and allow us to share life experiences with classmates we hadn't known before.

On the very first day, a conversational mixer, organized by **Francie Marbury** and **Karen Lindsay Palmer**, divided us randomly into small groups. Responding to a list of prompts, we talked about our joys, sorrows, changes, and challenges, bringing everyone into the conversation. The mixer set a tone of openness and connection that lasted throughout the weekend.

Other highlights: Hikes on the Trail Around Middlebury, a 17-mile trail around town, and to the Falls of Lana and Silver Lake, led by **Abi Procter Sessions** and **Ken Remsen**, respectively; a talk by Glenn Andres, professor emeritus, on the history and architecture of the Middlebury campus; a screening of **Obie Benz**'s film, *My Generation*, which details the history of rock music in the 1960s; a story slam, in which classmates took an open mic and told personal stories lasting no more than five minutes; and a poetry reading by Sue Ellen Thompson '70. On the final morning of the Reunion, **Churchill** and Janet Halstead '72 **Franklin** hosted a farewell brunch at their Cornwall farm, where we were treated to delicious food, including individual maple-leaf-shaped bottles of the Franklins' own syrup, inscribed "50th Reunion," and, if we were lucky, a wild ride around the property in Churchill's ATV. We now acknowledge Churchill and Janet as the heretofore anonymous donors of the exquisite, engraved Danforth pewter cups each of us received when we arrived at the registration desk. Thank you, Churchill and Janet!

Reflections from our classmates:

Alan Wood: This Reunion was very meaningful to me. The campus was ours, the hills were ours, time was ours, and we had the freedom to simply be present for each other. I treasured the connections made while sipping coffee at breakfast and wine in the evening. I could see the smiles, feel the emotions, and learn the wisdom that others brought with them. I was motivated to reach out to meet new friends. I appreciated learning about the lives of others, both the highs and the lows. I particularly enjoyed the conversational mixer, which gave life stories to those who had been only names and faces. The casual nature of this gathering soothed my soul.

Carol Cheney Wyatt: The Reunion was incredibly well organized and informative, relaxed, and loads of fun. My husband remarked, "It was wonderful to see you so happy and bubbly as you met and talked with old friends." The conversational mixer worked incredibly well. The prompts allowed each person to talk about his or her life while sitting in Adirondack chairs in the middle of our beautiful campus. It was a nice way to feel connected to a few people right at the start of the weekend. The dance on the last evening was a blast—great music in a familiar setting with old and new friends.

Susan Fritsch Hunter: The time went by much too quickly! It was great to see old friends and speak with classmates whom I didn't know well but now wish I had. Highlights for me were the president's dinner; learning on the nature tour about the trees that grace the campus; hearing Sue Ellen Thompson's poetry reading; and walking up the hill for Convocation to the cheers of the younger generation. (One of them called out, "Good job!" as I trudged along. Not sure if she meant good job making it up the hill or good job making it to my 50th Reunion!) It's great that our life journeys bring us back to the beautiful Middlebury campus every five years!

Marshall Forstein: Talking to others, I felt as though most of us have mellowed; we've all experienced many changes in our lives as we age, lose friends and family, see our kids grow up to be adults, and, if we're lucky, see them as parents. I delighted in the deepening of conversations with many, as though we were all conscious that time is passing more quickly than ever before and grabbing life is our priority.

Rob Waters: Nothing like good old friends. I kept the best of company back then, and whenever we gather, I still do. I am renewed and energized.

Susan Thornton: I felt a level of kindness, acceptance, and honesty that was wonderful. I knew in my head that I'm 72, but I didn't feel it in my heart. I guess that's what makes these Reunions so special.

Abi Sessions: For me, one of the best features was the conversational mixer. In this small-group context, I met folks I'd never known at Middlebury, classmates I was really glad to get to know. Our 50th was a warm and honest exchange among old and new friends. Kudos to everybody—staff and classmates—who made it happen!

Churchill Franklin: We had a good turnout, and I was blown away by our class gift participation—72 percent. The story slam was great. Each person who took the mic did a terrific job. **Pam Hanson-Leisenring**, stepping in at the last minute for **Grove Nichols**, made the tennis round-robin

a huge success, and I heard great things about the hike. I thought the contributions by all the committees and their leaders were remarkable. I am hugely appreciative of my co-chair, **Ann Einsiedler Crumb**, who has skills exactly complementary to mine—detail oriented, organized, great follow-through, smiling and exuding charm the whole time. **Martha McCravey** and **Alan Wood** did a spectacular job with the fundraising. **Peter Wood** and **Gay Mann Foiland** masterminded our amazing yearbook. All in all, a grand affair!

Others: "Had the best time I've ever had at a Midd Reunion!" "Talked and laughed my way through the whole thing—a great time!" and many more. We missed all our classmates who were unable to attend our Reunion. If you were among them, please send us your news so that we can share it in our next column.

—Class Correspondents: Gail Cross Giebink (ggiebink@austin.utexas.edu); Carolyn Ungberg Olivier (carolyn.olivier@gmail.com); Karen Lindsay Palmer (kpalmer@hbr.org).

1972

Evey Zmudsky LaMont reports on Reunion: **Mary Kate Sullivan Cox** put it well in a recent Facebook post when she wrote that one of the best things about Reunion was feeling that our friendships, connections, and shared history were remembered and valued. **Ingrid Stanlis** experienced the Reunion as life affirming. Similar sentiments were shared by others.

One of the highlights for many was the memorial service. It was beautifully organized by **Barb Melosh** and **Dito Staley**. **Diana Durham** and **Ingrid Stanlis** read from Ecclesiastes. **Cindy Wright Berlack** presented an original poem, and **Jennifer Hamlin Church** read from Robert Frost. **Larry Grob** played *Ashokan Farewell* accompanied by **Bill Redway** on guitar as we viewed the slideshow of classmates who had passed away. **Judy McCormack** paced the slideshow so we had a few moments to remember each classmate, one by one. It ended with **Chip Devereaux**'s soulful bagpipe tunes.

There were two nights of serious dancing! **Diana Durham** was enjoying her very first trip back to Reunion and was our "Dancing Queen" during both nights of partying. **Kathy Mulligan Lord** twirled in the most fabulous red and white dancing skirt. **Lindy Frew Brownell** arranged for "peace sign" tattoos. **Dori Wood Fulk** created an authentic tie dye for the event complete with headband. **Judy McCormack** was awarded a lifetime achievement award. She has done so much for our class over the years, baking enormous batches of cookies (regular, no nuts, gluten free), recording our lives in photos for 54 years, and leading our yearbook efforts along with **Cynthia Bear**.

Chris Downs arranged the traditional 3.5-mile hike up Snake Mountain for a sturdy lot of about 40 of us. We had lunch and enjoyed a view of Vermont farms and the Adirondacks.

Avid hiker **Charli Fulton** hiked with us in preparation for her walk on the Camino del Norte in Spain in the summer. **Moore Newell** loaned her his pack so she could start her preparation. **Dale Bowers Drennan** and husband Larry were on the hike. This was their first time back to Middlebury in 50 years.

There was the Tom Rush concert! **Chris Downs** pulled some strings and arranged for Rush to sing just for our class. Pres. Laurie Patton is a fan and attended as well. **Larry Grob** organized a pop-up event where classmates showed their creative talents. **Bruce Brennan** was a great contributor to our auction where he donned a wig and tie-dye shirt! **Bob Metzger** was everywhere at once, photographing almost every classmate and making us all look good.

There were mini-reunions. **Kathy Page Willis** helped organize a "Single in Your Seventies" conversation among classmates who were single. The flyer read "Wisdom, wit, and woes welcomed." **Andy Schwarz** organized a Reunion photo of the 1968-69 freshman hockey team. **Skip DeVito** reported that members of SLUG were foiled in trying to reunite at the SLUG house. Instead, they convened at a bar in Vergennes where they reminisced about the SLUG Mud Bowl.

Nancy Sutton Rosenthal compiled interesting 1972 class survey results, which included recommendations for books and movies from our classmates. Our Reunion gift, funded by an anonymous donor, was a pewter Jefferson cup crafted by **Fred Danforth**.

The special 50th Reunion golf tournament, organized by **Bill Everett**, was supposed to be held on Thursday morning but was canceled due to rain. However, two foursomes of 50th Reunion attendees played in the "all-class" four-person scramble on Saturday morning. On the links were Lin and **Bill Everett**, Chris '70 and **Linda Manning Morris**, Jim and **Cynthia Uppendahl Marsh**, Rich Erdmann (**Dawn MacPhee**'s husband) and Tom Cox (**Mary Kate**'s husband). The fearsome foursome of **Buff McLaughry, Andrew "Murray" Schwartz**, **John Skelly,** and **Michael "Goldie" Goldberger** did not make the cut to get into the Saturday event due to lack of space. Note: Murray Dry was scheduled to play in the Thursday event before it was rained out.

A huge thanks to **Jan Halstead Franklin** and **George Cady** for chairing the event and to **Kathy Lord** and **Paul Lehman** for coordinating the social activities. The time, effort, and dedication that you put into the Reunion planning paid off, creating a wonderful experience for us all.

To read part two of our reflections on Reunion, check out the next issue for **Jennifer Hamlin Church**'s report.

—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamlin Church (jhchurch@sienaheights.edu); Evey Zmudsky LaMont (eveylamont@gmail.com).

1973

REUNION CLASS

We were pleased to hear from **Deborah Schneider Greenhut** that her new novel, *The Hoarder's Wife*, is out and has received a first-place Firebird Award for Contemporary Novel. Deborah writes, "I've been enjoying my new career as a podcast interviewee about hoarding and caregiver issues and working on print inter-

views, too. It's a great experience, 'though marketing has been a steep learning curve for me."

I (**Lindy**) reached out to **Howard Burchman**—who was not only a '73 classmate but a '69 classmate of mine—and who I hadn't heard from, well, since graduation. Howard was pivotal to the events that played out on campus in May 1970 with the anti-war protest that arose after Kent State. Who cannot remember this piece of our momentous first year? Since the 1980s, Howard's career has contributed more for social good in America, in work combatting homelessness. He recently learned that the University of Nebraska–Lincoln has dedicated the Howard Burchman Lab in gratitude for his decade-long campaign to fund-raise and reduce the numbers of homeless individuals in the state of Nebraska by more than half.

We have many more inspiring and entertaining stories to read in our class Reunion yearbooks! And we two correspondents (**Lindy** and **Lisa**) have delighted in the classmate communications we have received over these years—an unexpected pleasure has been the close friendship that grew out of our collaboration since we didn't know each other at Middlebury. We plan to pass on the correspondent torch after our 50th. **Deborah Greenhut** has offered to help, and we urge you to consider joining her as a co-correspondent. It's very rewarding work, so please let us know of your interest.

Planning for our 50th Reunion continues, big-time! The Yearbook Committee has produced a wonderful book—in October the Social and Gift Committees joined them at a wonderful working session at Bread Loaf. The experience of building a Reunion has been very satisfying, as the following comments reveal. Co-chair **Ria Torres Murphy** observed, "I was often surprised while working on the yearbook at how easily we fall into old friendships and how easily we make friends out of renewed acquaintances with people who shared an exceptional space and time with us."

Kim White noted that writing the bio for the yearbook "made me look back and find some sense or essence in my life's path thus far in all its twists and turns. Understanding yourself a little bit better like this is never a bad thing to do." Kim will be attending his first-ever Reunion in June!

Tim Clemens spent time in the Special Collections and commented, "Poring through images from our freshman year was a real trip down memory lane. The task was a good fit for a history buff and retired newspaper editor like me." **Jay Aronson**, working on the memorial pages, reflected, "When it came to the task of writing about deceased classmates, we did need to reach out to other classmates and family as well as rely on the Internet and archives to write some kind of collective memory. It takes a village." **Joe Bergin** concurred, "The really heartening thing about all of this was the reconnection with my old, dear friends whose presence in my life again gave me such joy, gratitude, and a new exhilaration and helped reset my compass to True North in remembering where I came from."

Co-chair of the Social Committee **Mary Farley** informed us, "We are planning a spectacular Reunion. The fun will begin in monthly pre-Reunion Zoom cocktail parties featuring classmates and guests. Lots of us are looking forward to seeing classmates we've not seen in years and getting to know classmates who escaped our acquaintance."

The fun is also promised by the Gift Committee, according to co-chair **Mike Schoenfeld**, so there's much to anticipate in our big gathering. **Sage Russell,** pulling on previous knowledge of Reunion planning, said, "The single most important ingredient of a successful Reunion is attendance—we will never have a bigger Reunion than the one coming up in June!" Hope you're all likewise looking forward to revisiting Middlebury with friends, old and new!

—Class Correspondents: Lisa Donati Mayer (ldmayer@aol.com); Lindy Osterland Sargent (davelindysarg@gmail.com).

1974

Amy Howlett writes from Saxton's River, Vt., "With both my children starting families in Burlington, I had a great summer. There's good work/life balance, since I'm an active village trustee here. Plenty of new things to learn, grants to write, and issues to research. Perfect for a retired librarian. Finally on the horizon, travel plans! I made it to Bryce, Zion, and the amazing small parks and sites of Utah in an RV with Mark and **Jane Hicock Rudolph**. Next is a long bike ride on the Great Allegheny Passage rail trail, Acadia NP, and a return to the American Southwest. Hoping to make the most of this decade—and looking forward to Reunion in 2024."

Bruce Mayberry is completing a very gradual transition to retirement after 40+ years in various roles in municipal planning, affordable housing, and community development work. "The relevance of the term 'weekend' is starting to fade. I'm writing this from the shore of Ambajejus Lake in central Maine, where I can now spend more time at our camp (summer cottage) watched over by Katahdin. Of import to fellow geographers and former students of Rowland Illick: (I) reference to Mount Katahdin is redundant, as Katahdin means 'Greatest Mountain' and (2) I'm sitting in an Unorganized Territory township grid at TIR9 WELS. Had to look it up: WELS stands for 'West of the Easterly Line of the State.' FYI only; will not appear on any test."

Frank Mann sent in a note from Curaçao where he and his wife Christena (Lecko) '72 have lived for the past 32 years. They've just retired as professors at the University of Curaçao, where they taught English, Spanish, technology, and education. They lived in various cities in Venezuela before moving to Curaçao, each move made in order to serve the worldwide community of the Bahá'í faith. They became Baha'is at Middlebury, and their faith has been the focus of their lives ever since. Christena and Frank have a son Joshua '97 in Curaçao and a daughter and two grandchildren in Needham, Mass. Frank is Middlebury's alumni chair for the Caribbean and has done many Midd interviews over the last 15 years. He and Christena recently went to her 50th Reunion and had a great time! "We spent a lot of time with Bill Collins '72, Arthur Cutting '72, and Arthur's wife, Sandy. I got to sing in the Reunion choir (which I did all four years at Midd) with Dr. Fanning, who came out of retirement to join us." They are hoping to return to Middlebury in two years for our 50th.

We're sorry to report the death of **Phil Davis,** who died unexpectedly last January at his home in Albuquerque, N.M. Phil was a highly respected lawyer who was still practicing at the time of his death. He specialized in civil rights; indeed, one colleague called him "Mr. Civil Rights of New Mexico." He taught law at the University of New Mexico Law School for 20 years and mentored many young attorneys.

—Class Correspondents: Barry Schultz King (kinglet@together.net); Steve Trebino (stevetrebino@gmail.com).

1975

Kari Sides Suva writes, "Bob and I are fully retired and love living in Portland, Maine. I'm busy working with the League of Women Voters focusing on youth engagement and holding various alumna posts for the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy (Tufts). Son Skip and wife Emily returned to Maine during the pandemic and now live in Portland and are expecting our first grandchild. Daughter Phoebe just moved back to Portland after five years in D.C. I am blessed to be surrounded by my family!"

Tom Rappa reports, "I am finally retired after 33 years on the New Hampshire Circuit Court bench. My wife and I do a lot of traveling. I'm still playing in a bluegrass band. Last summer I ran into **George Stout** at the Jenny Brook Bluegrass Festival in Tunbridge, Vt. We spent Saturday night pickin' and grinnin' together. He also retired this year after a career with Great Adventure."

GRADUATE SCHOOLS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Former Maine poet laureate **Wesley McNair** (MLitt '75) has published a new collection of poems titled *Late Wonders: New & Selected Poems*, a career-spanning compilation of his best poems written over the past four decades along with his newest poems.

The Essex County (N.J.) Prosecutor's Office announced that **Robert Florida** (MA '95), a veteran journalist and public relations expert, has been named the public information officer for their office and will manage all their communications.

BETTY ASHBURY JONES MA '86 SCHOOL OF FRENCH

Tina Cane (MA '93) was profiled in conversation with author Rachel Abramowitz on *Best American Poetry*'s blog, discussing intellect, anxiety, philosophy, history, and art. Tina serves as the poet laureate of Rhode Island and in 2020 was named a poet laureate fellow with the Academy of American Poets.

GERMAN SCHOOL

Maruta Lietins Ray (MA '63) has published *Refugee Girl: A Memoir* about her life as a girl in Latvia under Hitler and Stalin, which included time in a Nazi internment camp and five years in a UN Displaced Persons camp, before she came to America on a troop transport ship and grew up in NYC, living in an overcrowded apartment.

MIDDLEBURY INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES AT MONTEREY

After helping to resettle Afghan refugees with the International Rescue Committee and completing a fellowship with Amnesty International, **Alyssa Serrano** (MAIPD '22) was convinced that a career in refugee settlement was the right path for her and she now works as a program officer at a Washington, D.C.-based resettlement agency.

SCHOOL OF HEBREW

Keren Ayalon (MA '22) works as a visiting instructor of Hebrew in the Asian Studies Program at the College of Charleston. She has been teaching Hebrew to students of all ages for many years, most recently K–8 students at a Hebrew public charter school.

ITALIAN SCHOOL

Maria Vallone (MA '71) has begun teaching basic conversational Italian at the Johnston (R.I.) Senior Center in six-week sessions. She taught Italian for 34 years in Newton, Mass., where she initiated the first exchange program between an American high school and an Italian high school, now in its 40th year.

SCHOOL OF SPANISH

Linda Hament (MA '76) sent a message saying that August 2022 would have been the centenary of the birth of Alfredo Ramón, former professor of the School of Spanish and noted Spanish artist. He was born August 21, 1922, in the Royal Site of San Ildefonso in the province of Segovia and lived in Madrid for many years, where he painted numerous urban landscapes and façades.

On October 11, a 100th birthday celebration was held for **Cynthia VanCleve Ramsey** (MA '78) in Rock Hall, Md., with over 70 friends and family attending. Cynthia taught Spanish for 40 years in Wilmington, Del., and Easton, Md.

Last summer **Paul Buck** (MA '97) gave a talk entitled "Webster Ashburton Treaty (1842) and Maine's Northern Border" at Musée culturel du Mont-Carmel in Lille, Maine. He is an associate professor of history and education at the Univ. of Maine at Fort Kent.

Chef **Ilia Regini** (MA '03) recently published *Healthy Nourished Body: A Cookbook for the Modern Age*. In addition to being an author, she runs Healthy Meal Prep, where she prepares in-home meals for clients in the New York area.

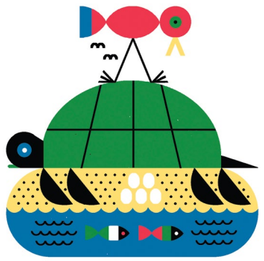
CLASS ACTS

Kathy Brew sent this news: "Last June I was in Italy, where I screened my documentary, *Design Is One: Lella & Massimo Vignelli*, about the internationally renowned Italian-born designers as part of Milan Design Week 2022. Ten days later, on my return back home, the film was screened at Magazzino Italian Art in their Cinema in Piazza summer series in Cold Spring, N.Y. Nice Italian bookends! And my newest film, *Following the Thread*, completed while on a Fulbright Scholar grant in Peru, has been receiving awards and screenings at many festivals and is being distributed by Documentary Educational Resources. It also won the Best Documentary Short award at the Santa Barbara Film Awards and has been featured in several other festivals and garnered some other awards. One thought that connects my career to my time at Middlebury is that I was a sociology/anthropology major, with a minor in art history—all so relevant to the work I continue to do in media and art."

From **Laurie Ellis Bruckmann** came this: "We are not yet retired but have left New York City in favor of our hometown (Rumson, N.J.) and Naples, Fla. I'm still painting dogs (brushandbone.com), gardening, and grandparenting. Biggest change in life was going plant based seven years ago, a total game changer."

Susan Martin says, "I retired to Amelia Island, Fla., in 2009 after working in Atlanta and raising two boys. Not Middlebury material, but they have made me proud. The oldest went to Georgia Tech, with a graduate degree from Carnegie-Mellon in human computer interaction—a scary title, for sure. He has been at Apple for almost 12 years and finally married in December in front of a notary public (with 30 people attending by Zoom, only 10 in person), after cancelling October weddings in both 2020 and 2021. He and wife Lauren live in San Jose, Calif.; she is a neurologist with a fellowship in Parkinson's and stroke treatment. Younger son ventured to the West Coast for college at Cal Tech and came east to work—go figure! He met his wife there and they now live in Annandale, Va. They are expecting our first grandchild in December—we couldn't be more delighted at 68, and relieved and ecstatic might better describe me!! I ain't getting any younger!

"I am active at the Amelia Island Museum of History, serving on their board both as chair and capital campaign chair (both of those jobs behind me now but I am still on the board). I am a docent (we do docent-led tours twice daily in the museum), a guide for tour bus groups, and a seamstress of period costumes. In addition, Bob and I still ski 20+ days a year, kayak, bike, and enjoy island life. Our most recent travels took us to Alaska for two weeks, to four national parks, on a river cruise on the Danube, bookended by Istanbul and Vienna, and 16 days in Finland and Norway.



"I have been a member of Amelia Island Sea Turtle Watch for six years, walking 'my' mile of beach and back every Tuesday morning about 30 minutes before sunrise, looking for new sea turtle nests. We walk from May 1 until all nests have emerged. It's a wonderful way to give back to nature—nests on the island have grown over three-fold since the program was started 20 years ago."

To get a conversation going I (**Nan**) asked for favorite recent book recommendations. **Kevin Donahue** recommends *From Strength to Strength: Finding Success, Happiness, and Deep Purpose in the Second Half of Life* by Arthur C. Brooks. Kevin says, "The best book I have read. It motivated me."

Catherine Josset has two favorite reads from the past several months: *The Sentence* by Louise Erdrich and *The Seed Woman* by Petra Durst-Benning.

—Class Correspondent: Nan Rochelle McNicholas (hbmidd@yahoo.com).

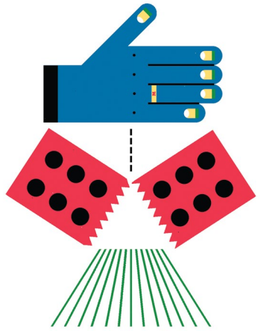
1976

Garrett Moran writes, "I've been retired for almost two years now, splitting my time between Greenwich, Conn., and NYC. We have three kids, all in NYC, including Elizabeth who is a Midd grad, Class of '10.5. I spent 30 years on Wall Street, then six years running a youth workforce nonprofit called Year Up, and finally two years working for the new governor in Connecticut, coheading his transition and working out a new workforce strategy. And I was lucky enough to be a Midd trustee over two stretches ending in 2020. I hope everyone has a chance to attend our 50th in a few years—the place has changed and stayed the same in lots of great ways."

Sarah Russell reports, "Since you last heard from me, I have reclaimed my given name of Sarah. You may have known me as Sally and yes that is a nickname for Sarah. My second husband, Rodney Lowe, and I moved to downtown Burlington, Vt., six years ago. We both retired and moved here to be closer to family. We have never looked back on that decision. We have two children, both married and each with a grandchild. I keep busy doing volunteer work for our local Unitarian Universalist Society, the building at the top of Church Street. I also serve on the board of Agewell. Our condo looks out on the Adirondacks, which provides us with spectacular sunsets. During COVID we rescued a dog, Sofy, who has put a bit of a damper on our travels. We started up our traveling again in September with a trip to Africa and this February we took a trip to Israel. Both trips were canceled at least once. We travel with Overseas Adventure Travel (OAT) and love their trips. We count our blessings every day."

Not everyone is retired, though. **Gene O'Neill** is still working and reffing soccer but enjoying the blessings of two grandchildren. He still keeps in touch with his classmates too. Last summer he visited **Pedro Sanchez** and **Jeff Wieand** 50 years after living with them in "Turner" in '73. He also got together at **Steve Rodgers**'s family farm last year with a crew composed largely of Hepburn alumni. "We've also done a Zoom reunion despite COVID—all Steve's idea. We picked up where we left off many years ago."

And **Rachel Bulbulian** says, "All is good out here in Minnesota. I plan to continue my work as a psychoanalyst/psychotherapist in my private practice for as long as I can. I really do love it. Free time is spent playing tennis, swimming, running (marathon relays with friends and my wonderful daughter, Ani), and kayaking; friends, reading and piano, also. And trying to survive the COVID and political mess."



And then there's **Pam Marsh**, who had lunch recently with **Peter Kristoph** and Alexandra Baker, their Russian teacher, and whose idea of retirement is slowing down her law practice in the town of Middlebury and running for Addison County Probate Judge. She is also teaching a course this spring at Champlain College in juvenile law. She has a rich and busy personal life too: "My husband (Larry Maier) and I play in the Bristol Band, saxophone and flute, respectively. We played in the Bristol Fourth of July parade, and regularly on Wednesdays on the Bristol Green. Our oldest granddaughter (who lives with us) has been competing in 4H horse shows at Field Days and winning lots of ribbons. My kids now each have a boy and a girl. Both girls were born last year, Gemma in January and Kya in May. I'm always happy to visit New York, Boston, D.C., and other places, but happier still to return to Vermont, where we continue to live quietly (more or less) in New Haven, with our six English setters, and a bunch of laying hens and meat birds, plus granddaughter Iris and various wildlife. I kind of forgot to mention that I earned my black belt in Tae Kwon Do last June."

—Class Correspondents: P. Joan Ingram Gavigan (joan.gavigan@gmail.com); Gary Holmes (garyholmes76@gmail.com)

1977

As I prepare this update, it has been four months since Reunion 2022, close on the heels of the loosened restrictions related to COVID. We had roughly 45 classmates return to campus for our 45th Reunion, a good tally under the circumstances.

There was much to do and see, mostly enjoying the weather and catching up with those we hadn't seen for a while. Highlights included **Ken Chase**'s musical performance, Chase and Friends; a true dance party on Friday evening; and **Bob Sideli** receiving an Alumni Plaque award for service to the College, clearly well-earned, during Saturday's Convocation. The weekend went by too quickly, and now it is time to start thinking about the next round number occasion—50. As the world continues to open up, please let us know what you have been/are up to. Travel, weddings, retirement—please feel free to share.

WRITING INFLUENCES
WITH
SARAH STEWART TAYLOR '93

Author of the *Sweeney St. George* and *Maggie D'arcy* mystery series

***Sparkling Cyanide* by Agatha Christie**
At age 13, while on a family trip to Great Britain, Sarah pulled this Agatha Christie novel off the shelf at a bed-and-breakfast in the Cotswolds. An obsession with crime fiction was born. Next up was P.D. James, and her character Cordelia Gray, who showed Sarah how you could stretch and redefine the mystery novel genre to tell your stories.

***The Likeness* by Tana French**
The care French pays to every single character, creating overlapping universes for them, was a revelation to Sarah. She loves how French uses setting to illuminate the lives laid bare in the investigations.

***Bluebird, Bluebird* by Attica Locke**
Attica Locke is a stunningly talented writer, and Sarah loves the humid, Spanish moss–draped East Texas locations in Locke's two novels featuring Darren Mathews, a Black Texas Ranger with strengths—and flaws—to spare.

Congratulations to **Jay Shapiro**, who recently received a Fulbright U.S. Scholar Program award to Albania. From this February to June, Jay is lecturing at the School of Magistrates of Albania, training judges and prosecutors, and at the School of Law of the University of Tirana. As a former prosecutor, his focus is on search and seizure and trial practice, and he is getting to meet with and speak with judges and lawyers around the country.

And congratulations to **Chuck Andres** who was named to the 2023 Edition of the *Best Lawyers in America*, New Haven, Conn., office of Barclay Damon, in commercial litigation: land use and zoning law.

Best wishes for a healthy 2023, full of good fortune.

—Class Correspondent: Bob Lindberg (boblindberg1928@gmail.com).

1978
REUNION CLASS

Please put the dates for our Reunion on your calendar: June 9–11!

—Class Correspondents: David Jaffray (djaffray@mchsi.com); Anne Rowell Noble (anne.noble@gmail.com).

1979

Donna Brewer sent this sad news: **Sharon Flack Mussomeli** passed away on September 18, just days after her 65th birthday. Sharon was a Phi Beta Kappa Russian and political science double major.

CLASS ACTS

Sharon was brilliant; learning came easily to her. Her study snack of choice was Busch beer and Freihofer chocolate chip cookies.

Sharon was fierce in her friendships. She would do anything for those she loved. As she moved around the world, she welcomed guests into her home and made sure that they experienced the best of the country they were visiting.

Sharon entered Columbia Law School directly after graduating but after one year decided that law school was not for her and entered the Foreign Service, where her gift for languages served her and the country well. She returned to Middlebury's summer program to learn Arabic. At the end of her life, she spoke six languages. She married a fellow Foreign Service careerist, Joe, in 1982, traveling from her post in Ethiopia to wed at his post in Egypt. But as his positions grew in importance, she found it difficult to manage her own postings with a growing family and she retired early. She became a strong ambassador's wife.

While moving every few years between D.C. and far-flung posts, such as the Philippines and Bahrain, Sharon raised three children, embracing a return to motherhood at an age when many of us were looking forward to empty nests. Isaac, Alessia, and Thomas were always her favorite subjects whenever we spoke. She was so proud of each of them.

Outside of her family, nothing gave her more pleasure than her family dogs. She had many over the years, usually more than one, and they went wherever the rest of the family went. Sharon turned into an art form moving an entire household—furnishings, children, husband, and dogs, sometimes on what anyone else would consider to be impossibly short notice.

Sharon and Joe set up their permanent residence in Virginia upon Joe's retirement. Unfortunately, they did not have many years to enjoy their earned years of relaxation, as Sharon was diagnosed with early onset dementia with Lewy Bodies. It is a horrendous illness, made more so because the sufferer knows what is happening and can do nothing about it. This brilliant, feisty, witty woman met the challenge with courage, grace, frustration, and sadness. She will not be forgotten by those of us blessed to have had her friendship and love.

—Class Correspondent: Henry Heyburn (hrheyburn@hotmail.com).

1980

Congratulations to **Marci Robinson Dembs**, who was named to the 2023 Edition of the *Best Lawyers in America*, Syracuse, N.Y., office of Barclay Damon in the category of trusts and estates.

—Class Correspondents: Anne Cowherd (annie.cowherd@att.net); Kimberly Winick (kimberly.winick@gmail.com).

1981

Elaine King Nickerson sent this news: The Class of '81 gathered in the town of Middlebury over the weekend of last June 24–26. The idea was to make up for the canceled 40th Reunion and was spearheaded by classmates, who announced it through social media and word of mouth. It was unofficial and not sponsored by the College. Though lots of people were reached, sadly some were missed. In the end, somewhere in the area of 50 classmates booked rooms at the Middlebury Inn and area AirBnBs and we had a beautiful weekend to

celebrate our 41st Reunion. Saturday morning **Chris Goodman Smith** led a group up Snake Mountain. (See a photo on page 59.) Once we all summited, she and **Jim Gilmore** (the farthest traveler, from San Diego) took a moment to remember all our classmates who have passed away since graduation, including spouses of the climbers that morning. We were all very moved and felt grateful for our good health.

Later in the afternoon classmates walked the campus, surrounds, and downtown Middlebury. Lots of changes to see, but the most exciting is the new train station for Amtrak, which goes to NYC. The evening brought all of us together for dinner at the Middlebury Inn, with a slideshow from our younger days compiled by **Todd Silverhart** and put to music compiled by **Tom Cagnina**. The music continued into the evening as classmates danced to our favorite tunes of the '70s and '80s. We all were so very thankful to **Stacey Pogust Danziger** and **Cyndy Strong**, who worked to pull this all together, as well as those previously mentioned and **Michael Tharp**.

The only thing everyone missed at this gathering was the classmates who weren't able to attend, either because they hadn't heard about the event, or weren't able to fit it in their calendars. Every single person I spoke to over the weekend named classmates who have missed most or all our Reunions and lamented their absences. So, I'm going to take this opportunity to give a shout out to all who read this and who were not present—you are missed! We really truly wish every classmate will come to our next gathering!

Carl Howard sent in a fun photo on page 59.

Congratulations to **Jeff Dove**, who was named to the 2023 Edition of the *Best Lawyers in America* in the Syracuse, N.Y., office of Barclay Damon in the category of bankruptcy and creditor debtor rights/insolvency and reorganization law. He was also named a 2022 Upstate New York Super Lawyer honoree in the category of bankruptcy: business.

Ed. Note: I am so sorry to report that **Marcy Parlow Pomerance** died last July 20. She served many years as a class correspondent, and I enjoyed working with her. She was also a much-loved colleague at the *New England Review*.

—Class Correspondent: Alice Tower Knapp (a.knapp.a@gmail.com).

1982

Reunion Wrap Up: The thank you list is long in order to include everyone who took part in the organization and attendance at our 40th Reunion in June. Thank you to the Reunion Committee: **Mark Altmeyer, Steve Burton, Bill Cahill, Beau Coash, Heidi Reichenbach Harring, Renie Knecht Heebner, Melissa Mills Henken** (co-chair), **Bobby Hill, Steve Kiernan, Hannah Felton Lyons, Al Muggia, Wendy Behringer Nelson** (co-chair), **Leroy Nesbitt, Jim Ralph, Polly Mitchell Ranson** (co-chair), **Charlie Robinson** (co-chair), **Cindy Pidgeon Slater, Al Wagman,** and **Joe Weis**.

Thank you to MIDDTalk '82 speakers and hosts: **Caleb Rick, Heidi Harring, Michael Kountze,** Steve Gladstone '83**, RJ Hake, Beth Stelluto Dunaier, Jim Ralph, Jeff Legro,** John McCardell, Alison Burroughs '83, **Andy Sidford, Al Wagman, Marcie Smith Barker,** and **Hannah Lyons**. Thanks to virtual dorm meet-up hosts: **Hannah Lyons, Steve Burton, Stu Richards, Hal Burroughs, Bill Cahill, Paul Henderson, Wendy Nelson, David Henken, Melissa Henken, Bobby Hill,** and **Liz Cascella Auran**. Thanks for class gift outreach led by **Melissa Henken** and **Charlie Robinson** and on-campus speakers and panel members, **Stephen Kiernan, Henriette Lazaridis, Alison McGhee, Amy Colodny Pletcher, Emma Mayer, Caleb Rick,** and the EcoGlobal team. Thanks to the tour and activity hosts, **Bob Ritter, Jim Ralph,** and **Cindee LaCasse**, and the class memorial hosts, **Alison McGhee** and **Stu Richards.** And, of course, the fantastic turnout of classmates in attendance both virtually and in person! We are so fortunate to have such a committed class and team of volunteers to bring us all together to celebrate not only our four years at Midd, but who we are and what we are doing now. It is truly inspiring!

As we look ahead to the next time we are together, please feel free to send an email (gomomgo920@gmail.com) with feedback, suggestions, etc. Our 45th Reunion is coming up in June 2027 and it's never too early to start planning.

As for our class gift, we ended the year at 53 percent giving participation from 234 classmates. This number reflects a 16 percent increase from FY21, and a 13 percent increase from our 35th Reunion—quite impressive! (And we even beat the 25th Reunion's participation!) Fantastic support from our class! Well done!

Here's some non-Reunion news from **Mary Frangakis:** "Sorry to have missed our big Midd Reunion, but I was packing out of Ankara, Turkey. Now, nearly 10 years after serving at U.S. embassies abroad, here I am back in the Washington area to work for the undersecretary for political affairs at the State Department and realizing how much has changed. As I get reacquainted with some of the conveniences we have in urban America, including that I can order groceries online that get delivered in two hours, I also find myself missing the personal touches, like having the local butcher greet me by name or the pet store clerk asking about my cats by their names. I'm feeling a bit like a faceless consumer and just getting used to the 'No Cash' signs everywhere. My first trip to the grocery store left me both in awe and overwhelmed. When did so many types of marinades, flavors of salad dressing, or variations of Oreo cookies emerge?! Wow. Reverse culture shock is real. Meantime, I'll be in Washington until this summer for anyone in the area who wants to reconnect."

—Class Correspondents: Wendy Behringer Nelson (gomomgo920@gmail.com); Caleb Rick (crick@northcommon.com).

1983

REUNION CLASS

Please put the date for Reunion on your calendars: June 9–11!

—Class Correspondents: Allison Burroughs (adburroughs@gmail.com); Victoria Seiden Gonin (victoriagonin@gmail.com).

1984

Elizabeth Smith Vaccaro has volunteered to help out as a class correspondent. You can send news to her at the email below!

—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Smith Vaccaro (elizvaccaro@gmail.com; Andrew Zehner (andrewzehner@gmail.com).

1985

Robyn Rieser Barkin checked in from Atlanta immediately following a wonderful celebration in Provincetown, Mass., last June 18 when **Ann Krsul** married Leslie Sullivan. The wedding represented a Stewart third floor reunion as **Holly Diamandis**, **Alyssa Dragone**, **Liz Dashnaw O'Brien**, **Betsy Ahlberg Priest**, and **Anna Rubin** were all in attendance as well. (Check out a photo on page 59.) Robyn summed up the weekend perfectly with the comment, "The more things change, the more they stay the same."

As for Robyn's clan, she and husband Tom have been empty nesters for a while now. Sam (26) has moved to NYC to attend NYU's Stern School, while Katie (22) is off to Boston for her first "real" job at Amazon Robotics. Tom continues to commute to the Richmond, Va., region as president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond, while Robyn was recently elected chair-elect of Atlanta's famed Fox Theatre.

Liz O'Brien has been a teacher since graduating from Midd and has been plying those skills in western Massachusetts since 1987. She and her husband, Steve '86, have two daughters, the youngest of whom graduated from Midd last spring.

Like Liz, **Betsy Priest** has been a lifelong teacher since graduation, primarily in Waldorf Elementary and early childhood education. After 18 years in Marin County, Calif., she and her husband of 32 years, Andy, along with four now "mostly grown" kids, moved back to southwestern Connecticut in 2017.

Anna Rubin has been living back in Vermont and working at the Fairbanks Museum in St. Johnsbury since 2004.

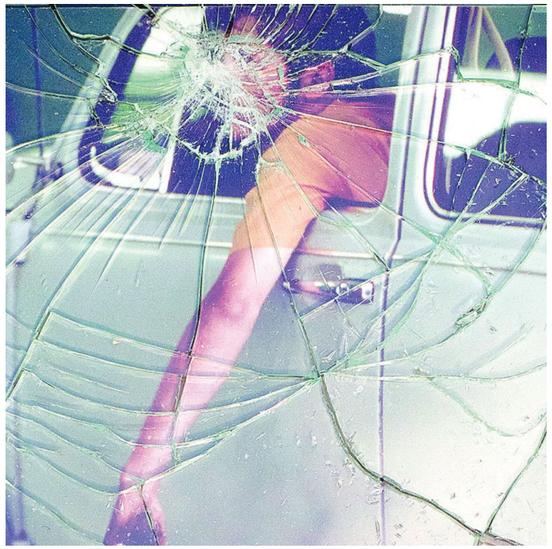
—Class Correspondent: Dale Sailer (dalesailer@gmail.com).

1986

Rich Belanger reports lots of news. "I've been very busy at Applied Systems, where as CTO I'm leading a global digital transformation for the leading provider of insurance agency management systems. Now that business travel has bounced back, I've been to London, Brighton, and Belfast in the UK a number of times along with frequent visits to Dallas, Chicago, and Austin. We're having our first in-person annual conference, AppliedNet, in Nashville this fall.

"In addition to all of the work stuff, Emily (Cushman) '76 and I are also in the process of moving from Ann Arbor, Mich., out to Midway, Utah, right next door to Park City. Looking forward to being within a 15-minute drive of awesome skiing, in addition to all of the other outdoor activities in the Park City and Heber Valley area. If you're in the area, don't hesitate to reach out! Coincidentally, our move out to Midway was also a Midd Class of '86 effort! **Debbie Hendrickson Sexton** was our realtor, and she was amazing and really helped us find the perfect home."

"Emily and I have also been finding some time to sail down in Anti-



After the Accident

How life informed art for a **musician** whose world was upended

In 2018, John Colpitts '95 was on a roll. His musical career was thriving. He was a New York–based drummer, poised to begin a cross-country tour with the band Oneida. The band, in which he performed under the name Kid Millions, had just released its 15th studio album. His improvisational and drumming skills were in high demand with other musical groups as well. And then the accident happened: the taxi Colpitts was traveling in early one morning was struck at high speed from behind on an LA highway.

His injuries were serious—grave and life-changing. He was in constant pain and could barely walk. His physically demanding career as a drummer went on hold while he tried his best to recover. His body's recovery proceeded slowly but steadily; his musical recovery began months later when he picked up his drumsticks again at a performance and not only played but began talking during the set about the accident. Audience response to this vulnerable storytelling was enthusiastic and helped spur the creative output that led to his new album, *Music from the Accident*, released last March from Thrill Jockey.

One reviewer describes the album as tracking "the slow, uncertain progress that starts with a brush with death and ends in a free-squalling avant-garde celebration of life and music and recovery." On this album—unlike Colpitts's recordings with Oneida where he's credited as Kid Millions, or his previous solo work recorded under the name Man Forever—he's credited as Colpitts: himself, exploring the trauma of his recent past, and making sense of it through music.

gua, where we keep our sailboat, *Blue Osprey*. We did a combo work/fun trip where we had the boat hauled out for work after an almost 200-nautical-mile overnight passage from Antigua up to Tortola. Sailing at night, under the stars, as we glided by St. Kitts, Nevis, St. Barts, St. Martin, Statia, and Saba was very lovely. Already planning our next 100 percent fun trip from Antigua down to Guadeloupe and Les Saintes!"

Sarah Christel Scully, who resides in Jackson, Wyo., reports, "The highlight from my year was that last March, I met up with **Monica Carroll** and **Kate Wallace Perrotta** in NYC for my birthday. We had a blast walking and talking and laughing and visiting the museums and galleries. We then joined **Tim Frye** for dinner and David Byrne's *American Utopia* show. A blast with the best people!" (Check out a photo on page 59.)

Amy Goodheart, the wife of **Ross Goodheart,** recently sent in photos from their wedding, with this message: "I meant to send them after our honeymoon, but it never happened. On our 10th and 20th anniversaries, I thought it would be a great surprise to send them in but did not get around to it. Our 30th wedding anniversary was September 12, 2022, and I am finally sending you a couple of photos!" Check out page 59 to see Amy being serenaded by a group of Middlebury men!

—Class Correspondent: Heather Pierce Post (heatherdpierce@gmail.com).

1987

Alison Napack Kallman thanks classmates, her fellow class agents, and Reunion committee members for making our 35th Reunion a huge success: "It was a phenomenal weekend in every respect—catching up with old friends, making new ones, perfect weather, and gorgeous surroundings. All in all, so much fun!" Throughout the weekend, 1987s could be found golfing, hiking, dancing to the Grift, and socializing on campus and off. **Sarah Albano Wascura** led a touching memorial service for classmates who have passed away and also led a morning yoga meditation. **Bill Eschert** represented our class beautifully at Convocation. **Anne Corry**, **Dave Skelly,** and **Dan Warthin** spoke on our class alumni panel, expertly moderated by **Cam McClearn**. To top it off, Class of 1987 raised over $6.2 million for the College, setting a 35th Reunion record. Thanks to all classmates who returned to campus, and we look forward to seeing everyone for the 40th!

News came into the magazine office about **Jason Robart.** He's the cofounder and managing partner at Seae Ventures, a Boston-based venture capital firm dedicated to advancing equity by investing in women and Black, Indigenous, and People of Color (BIPOC) entrepreneurs across the nation. The firm recently launched an inaugural fund of $107 million and prior to closing their first fund, they had already committed $55 million toward BIPOC- and women-led startups dedicated to offering more equitable healthcare options to historically marginalized populations. Jason also received the *Boston Business Journal's* Power 50: Movement Makers award.

—Class Correspondents: Tom Funk (tomfunk@gmail.com); Elizabeth Ryan O'Brien (obrien@bigwhoop.com).

1988

REUNION CLASS

After what she calls 34 years of radio silence, **Melissa Perry Fountain** sent this update: "After 10+ years in Windermere, Fla., my husband and I recently built a home in Winter Garden, just north of Disney World (we actually hear the fireworks every night!) and have four extra bedrooms where all Midd Kids and their families are always welcome. I received my MEd in educational leadership many years ago and worked in the field, but as years began to speed up, and friends and family began to fall ill, I made the decision to make a life change. My kids were grown and gone in the blink of an eye, and I had missed too much time giving 200 percent to other people's children and was forced to perpetuate a philosophy that I no longer agreed with. My family was getting what was left over each day. I had heard once, that when asked about their greatest regrets in their lives, 100-year-olds had routinely said they wished they'd quit a bad job sooner. I took their advice and have never been happier. I left public school about seven years ago and now have a much less stressful job and wonderful coworkers working in administration and technology for the kids ministry at our church. Even though the Panthers will always have my heart, I married an LSU alum and am now contractually obligated to root for the LSU Tigers. We enjoy being able to travel to games when we can.

"Our eldest son, Beau (32), lives here in Orlando and works in the solar industry. As you can imagine, he is very busy. He spent many years running a rafting company in Denali, Alaska, and traveling to see friends during the off-season. Our daughter, Alexa (30), is an RN at Johns Hopkins Children's Hospital in Baltimore. We were pleasantly surprised to learn that after receiving her BA at Ole Miss in both Chinese language and art history (with a pre-college summer at Middlebury-Monterey Language Academy) and living in Beijing for five years, she had snuck behind our backs and completed pre-med courses and was headed back stateside to attend Columbia University's School of Nursing. She managed to get her MS and RN in 13 months then was thrown right in at New York Presbyterian just as COVID ravaged NYC. Talk about trial by fire! Speaking of fire, our spitfire named-after-Elvis daughter, Anna-Presley (26), lives in Madison, Mo., and is a part-time make-up artist and full-time wonderful mother to our two beautiful grandchildren Lana Jane (5) and Baylor Brooks (3). And YES, being a Lolli and Pop IS as wonderful as they say it is! Our social butterfly daughter, Haley (22), is a dental assistant in Winter Park, Fla., when she isn't traveling here and there to every wedding, shower, birthday, and envelope opening there is. We're happy parents when she and Beau pop by.

"Once a year my fellow '88 classmates **Laura Ludwig Mayo, Lissa Ellsworth Jones**, **Kim Maynard Martin**, **Frisk Ewing Miller,** and I try to plan a long weekend together. Fifteen or so years ago we realized the importance of deliberately planning time together, and their friendship has been a real blessing. They all are doing amazing things in their own lives! I also regularly talk to classmate **Jon Shipler**—I have made several trips to Annapolis to see him and his family over the years. My Middlebury classmates will always be the BEST gift Middlebury ever gave me.

"Speaking of Middlebury connections, my parents, Miriam and Ted Perry (Midd professor emeritus), still live on South Street in Middlebury and love it when former students drop by or reach out. Dad's email is still perry@middlebury.edu. His former students would be amazed at how well he remembers so many of them and shares the excitement of their accomplishments.

—Class Correspondents: Anya Puri Brunnick (abrunnick@gmail.com); Claire Gwatkin Jones (gwatkojones@gmail.com).

1989

David Camp, along with wife **Sarah Hower**, writes from Denver: "I just got inducted into ACREL (the American College of Real Estate Lawyers), which is very cool. My son, James, is in his sophomore year at Midd. His freshman dorm was Hepburn, so when we dropped him off, I went over and visited Stewart (my freshman dorm) and was impressed to see that it remains unchanged in all its cinderblock glory."

Randy Kapelke writes, "I won the NASA Cook for Space competition! NASA recently opened up the competition to help solve a problem many astronauts describe, especially during long-haul journeys to the International Space Station (ISS): the food is terrible! I decided to submit! Many people may not know that I have been experimenting with creating long-shelf-life non-refrigerated high-protein high-density tasty food creations that pack a tasty nutritional punch and are small, durable, portable, and fabulous. My submission WON! We will be sending packages up for the next ISS Mission. This is very, very cool, and we are stoked. We're thinking of turning this into a business, either for places like disaster relief (because they need no prep and store without refrigeration), military applications, and preppers."

For the last 12 years, **Amer Diwan** has been at Google in Northern California, where he works on the performance of Search. His daughters are both off to college (one of them is starting graduate school!) so he and wife Humera are taking advantage of the empty nest to travel—as much as COVID allows! Recently Amer and Humera hosted **Robin Bucaria** and **George Baxter** for dinner: it was so great to get back together with old friends!

Kristofer Herlitz recently wrote that he would be driving back from a business trip in Montreal and was planning to spend a night in Middlebury at the Old Stone Mill on Otter Creek to go back in time a bit.

Valerie Hegarty says she's been living in Brooklyn for the past 18 years and just received an Adolph and Esther Gottleib Grant honoring 20 years of mature work in the visual arts.

—Class Correspondent: George Baxter (George.baxter@me.com).

1990

Over Middlebury's Homecoming weekend, **Stephen Fitzpatrick**, **Jeff Stoner**, **Jim Stover**, **Greg Frezados**, Karl Michalko '91, and **Hank Hagey** got together in Darien, Conn. Unfortunately, **Rob Delorie**, **Tom Schwieters**, and Matt Stewart '91 missed the picture.

—Class Correspondents: Doug Meyer (pdougm@aol.com); Elizabeth Toder (eatoder@gmail.com).

1991

Karen Hamad writes, "My biggest news is that I officially have a Midd Kid! She loves it! She is on the swim team, is a chemistry major/Japanese minor, and is pursuing premed! We have loved visiting her for Family Weekend, swim meets, and more! I am busy in southwest Florida, running an internal medicine residency program for Florida State University College of Medicine at Sarasota Memorial Hospital, and I'm still seeing patients as well. We survived COVID but barely."

Kate Grimes McMahon says, "Last April, with two of my favorite expats in town, a few of us gathered at NYC's Yale Club (ask Frame): **Frank Mosier**, **Philip McCrea**, **Susie Leness Gilbert**, **Katie Long Wainwright**, and **Dave Frame**. Such a great laugh after such a long drought from Midd friends!"

Sara Knab Keitt answered my call for news last summer: "It sounds like you're having an idyllic summer! Wish I could say the same. I'm spending my summer running for state office. I'm the Democratic nominee for state representative in Connecticut's 134th district. It's my first foray into politics and it's been a learning experience; equal parts exciting and exhausting. When I'm not knocking on doors, I'm helping my daughter Lucy (17) prepare for freshman year at the University of New Haven, driving my youngest (Theo) to their summer job, and trying to find quality time with my ever-patient husband Geordie."

Marc Alcindor reports, "I'm still coaching the M13 AAA hockey team, as well as my 12-year-old daughter's and my 7-year-old son's baseball teams. I'm in my third year as the owner of Fundraising.com after working for the company for 30 years!"

Marika Holmgren writes, "I recently sold my event production company, Do Good Events, to take a few years off after running high-profile events for nonprofit organizations. I see **Sara Bremner Barry** and **Lucy Randolph Liddell** at least once a year when we do our annual trips. We made it to Turks and Caicos in 2019 but mostly gather now at my home in Half Moon Bay, Calif. **Stephanie Blair Kirkwood** lives just down in Carmel, so we get together often. **Meghan Schwartz** and **Deirdre McGuire Nonaka** and I have lunch at least once a month. I stay active in electoral politics and with a bunch of Midd gals—we do text banking and postcard writing and whatever else is needed on critical campaigns. **Heather Morris-Wohl** and **Rebecca Haskell Andersons** and I do Zoom cooking nights, where we get a chance to catch up while tackling complex recipes."

Jason Shulman sent word that he recently had a mini-reunion in San Francisco with **Bill Driscoll** and **Paul Scola**. Check out a photo on page 59.

Cristina Salas-Porras Hudson writes, "I own and operate a working ranch and winery in Napa Valley (www.hudsonranch.com). I made it to Italy last summer for swimming in the Mediterranean and drinking Campari spritz! Then on to Bordeaux, where I researched making a wine to sell from my winery in Napa. Come check out what we're up to!"

Marc and Jill Herbster '89.5 **Bujold** were in Scotland last July to see their daughter, Sophie, graduate from the Univ. of Edinburgh with a First-Class Honors degree in international relations. In the fall she started at the Univ. of Helsinki to pursue a master's in global politics and communication. Her twin sister, Helen, will finish up her psychology degree at Northeastern after the fall semester and enjoyed her co-op in the Human Resources Department at TJX Corp. Marc and Jill live in Portsmouth, N.H. Check out a photo on page 59.

—Class Correspondent: Andrew Resnik (resnikandrew@gmail.com).

1992

—Class Correspondents: David Boyle (davemboyle@gmail.com); Leslie Cone Pagnotta (lesliepagnotta917@gmail.com).

1993

REUNION CLASS

Please put the dates for our Reunion on your calendar: June 9–11!

—Class Correspondent: Maria Diaz (latinawriting@gmail.com).

1994

—Class Correspondents: Mary Strife Cairns (mcairns94@gmail.com); Gene Swift (geneswift@gmail.com).

1995

Just a reminder that **Julie Moriarty McDonough** is the new correspondent for 1995! You can send her news at the email below.

—Class Correspondent: Julie Moriarty McDonough (juliemcdonough@gmail.com).

1996

—Class Correspondent: Humberto Garcia-Sjogrim (humbertogs@gmail.com).

1997

It was so fun to see everyone who returned to Middlebury for our 25th Reunion last June. From Thursday night at Mr. Up's, to the hike up Snake Mountain, lunch with President Patton and grooving to the Grift under the tent, a great time was had by all. Special shout-out to **Clint Bierman** of the Grift for an outstanding performance—it felt as though we were back on the dance floor at McCullough or at the social houses 25 years ago. We hope you had a chance to see all the renovations and additions to campus, including Atwater Dorms where we stayed, the athletic complex, Davis Library, Bicentennial Hall, Ross Dining Hall, and more. These projects are possible thanks, in part, to the generosity of our class; please continue to show your Middlebury pride with your contributions to Annual Giving. A big thank you to everyone on both the fundraising and social committees for their hard work and dedication. If you missed it, mark your calendars now for June 2027 when we will be back to celebrate our 30th—we're already counting down the days! **Jackie** and **Jennifer**.

—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Gelb Carbee (jcarbee@gmail.com); Jackie Pelton Hoglund (jackiehoglund@gmail.com).

Since Last Time

Nearly 25 years ago, we profiled Rodney Rothman '95 when he was a writer for David Letterman. We catch up on what he's been up to since.

Fresh out of Middlebury, Rodney Rothman '95 found a dream job: at 21 years old, he became a writer for late-night TV icon David Letterman. In a 1999 *Middlebury Magazine* profile, the author traced Rothman's entry into the notoriously competitive profession, noting that "there is no major at Middlebury for aspirant comedy writers. No seminar where the Rodney Rothmans of the world learn to sit around conference tables piled high with disastrous food and brainstorm new and different ways for Letterman to tug at his tie. No professors who can explain why puns aren't funny on television, or from what angle to film a pair of legs protruding from a dumpster. Those are things Rothman had to learn on his own."

Learn he did. From Letterman, Rothman went on to write and produce for TV and film, including writing the screenplays for *Grudge Match*, which starred Robert De Niro and Sylvester Stallone, and *22 Jump Street*, which starred Jonah Hill and Channing Tatum.

Then, in 2019, Rothman reached a new moment for which there could be no preparation. *Spider-Man: Into the Spider-Verse*, which Rothman cowrote and codirected, won the Academy Award for Best Animated Feature, the Golden Globe for Best Animated Feature, and an Annie Award (from the International Animated Film Association) for Directing and Writing in a Feature Production. Its sequel, which he also cowrote, *Spider-Man: Across the Spider-Verse*, is due out this year.

As far as the legs protruding from the dumpster . . . those legs were Rothman's. He'd written a Letterman sketch where the comic Chris Farley would enter the theater and pick up an audience member, and then the footage would switch to a dummy being tossed in the dumpster. The producers loved the idea, but to simplify it, they had Farley toss Rothman himself into the dumpster.

It was, said Letterman, "the finest entrance a guest has ever made."

1998

REUNION CLASS

Pat Knightly sent this note: "A Lonesome George Quintet/Bujicle/Polonius Funk rhythm section reunion was realized last spring when a road-tripping **Jeff Vallone** joined me in a San Diego studio. Search for *Fully Fascinated*, by the Lunar Panel, on all streaming platforms to hear the result."

An Argument for the Liberal Arts

In the tech world of cybersecurity, Geoff Brown '99 uses his words

The career trajectory of Geoff Brown '99 could stand as the perfect retort to anyone who has ever asked a Middlebury undergraduate, "What can you do with a liberal arts degree?"

After earning his BA in American literature at Middlebury, Brown worked in peacekeeping studies at a Washington, D.C., think tank, followed by a research analysis role on the 9/11 Commission in New York City. It was there, while helping build a comprehensive picture of the first-responder environment the day of the 9/11 attacks, that he developed in interest in crisis management and emergency communications.

He later joined the cybersecurity team at payment processor First Data, and then in 2016 moved on to the New York City mayor's office, where he became the first-ever head of the new NYC Cyber Command. The agency was created to protect the online security of the city government, and city businesses, residents, and visitors.

In his undergraduate days, Brown never imagined he'd one day become an expert in cybersecurity, but he has found his strong communication skills to be a good fit for the field. Emergencies such as cyberattacks can throw off the technical experts who, Brown says, are "used to sort of one plus one equals two, every day, all day long." It's up to him to "manage and accept the anxiety of the risk of not having all the facts," creating a framework in which engineers can function "even when the equation doesn't balance."

When *Middlebury Magazine* interviewed Brown last winter, he had just taken on two new roles: one, as vice president of global intelligence platforms at international security firm Recorded Future; the other, as a visiting professor of cybersecurity at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies.

Not bad for an Am lit major.

Be sure to put the date of our 25th Reunion on your calendar: June 8–11!

—Class Correspondents: Katie Whittlesey Comstock (katiecomstock3@gmail.com); Nate Johnson (natejohn98@gmail.com); Shruthi Mahalingaiah (shruthi@hsph.harvard.edu).

1999

—Class Correspondent: Peter Steinberg (captfun99@gmail.com).

2000

Vermont has joined 14 other states allowing legal sale of adult-use cannabis, and **Michael Sims** co-owns one of the four licensed retail shops in the state, FLORA Cannabis. The shop is right in Middlebury! Stop in the next time you are on campus.

Also in Vermont, **Allison Frazier** has been appointed as the new Chittenden County member of the Vermont Fish and Wildlife Board. Allison is also vice president of Stoner/Andrews in Shelburne. Congratulations, Allison!

What have you been up to? Send me an update!

—Class Correspondent: Jennifer Crystal (jennifercrystalwriter@gmail.com).

2001

Keegan Uhl reports, "Martha (Crootof) '04 and I bought a house in Burbank, Calif., last spring. Our kids are five and two now and as a lot of us know, it is all consuming!"

BL Reid writes, "My wife, Emilie, and I moved to Lenox, Mass., at the beginning of August to be closer to the Kripalu Center for Yoga and Health. She is on the faculty and teaches yoga, Ayurveda, and meditation regularly. I'm also beginning my new role as the director of inbound marketing for Antenna, an integrated marketing, public relations, and public affairs agency. While I'll be working remotely from Lenox, we have offices in NYC, San Francisco, Chicago, D.C., and others. We'd love to hear recommendations from anyone in the Berkshires on places to go, places to eat, etc. Also, my little side hobby—www.cookiedelicious.fun—is always open."

—Class Correspondents: Leslie Fox Arnould (lesliearnould@gmail.com); Zach Bourque (zacharybourque@gmail.com).

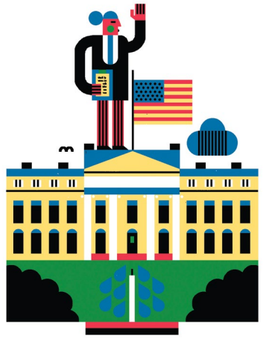
2002

The 2002 class enjoyed a lively 20th Reunion back in June, reconnecting with old friends while taking over the Ridgeline Suites—which proved to be a substantial step up from the bunk beds of Battell. Unfortunately, some of us were stuck with small children in our suite, which didn't allow us to sleep in on weekends like we used to back in the early aughts. Nevertheless, we played golf, soccer, ran around that sweet indoor track, and tried to remember slivers of our glory years while ambling around campus. Highlights included a 10-minute fireworks extravaganza, the Grift's rendition of "Mr. Brightside," and adventurous ziplining post-brunch at the Franklin Family Fun Farm. Your former (and always trustworthy) class correspondent **Anne Alfano Barrett** writes, "**Sasha Gentling** won the Middlebury Alumni Golf Tournament, while **Katharine Wolf** and I hiked Snake Mountain for the second time in our lives, redeeming our first attempt freshman year when we got lost in the woods for over six hours after sunset!"

We are happy to report both Anne and Kat made it home safe, and even made their way to Italy together. Your current correspondents, **Eric** and **Morgan**, delivered a rousing speech at Convocation, as we dared to encapsulate four years of college in 150 words or less. We got a few laughs, at least.

Lastly, some important alumni news: It is our honor and privilege to hand the 2002 correspondent reins over to **Meg Roach Booth** and **Kara Leibel Evans**, who will corral your updates and print your humblebrags from now on. As always, please write in to our class account whenever you have news to share: middlebury02@gmail.com. It makes this job a LOT easier. It's been an exciting five years covering this class! Keep in touch.

—Class Correspondents: Eric Devon (edevon@gmail.com); Morgan Jones (morganjones25@gmail.com).



2003

REUNION CLASS

The White House has enlisted **Natalie Howley Quillian** to help lead a talent search in preparation for potential cabinet and senior administration turnover after the 2022 midterm elections. Quillian was previously the Biden administration's deputy coordinator of the COVID-19 response.

We are still looking for members of this class to take over as the class correspondents, to connect with classmates and report their news. If interested, email Sara Marshall at smarshal@middlebury.edu. Meanwhile, put Reunion on your calendars: June 9–11.

2004

—Class Correspondents: Athenia (Tina) Fischer-Rodney (atheniarodney@gmail.com); Drew Pugsley (drew.pugsley@gmail.com).

2005

Ted King, wife Laura, and two-year-old daughter Hazel welcomed Hayden Edward King into the world last June. Hayden and the rest of the family are happy and healthy. Last summer they were trying to log elusive sleep before starting a late summer cross-country van trip. Laura and Ted are still hard at play in the cycling world. If anyone has questions about anything on two wheels, Ted can probably help answer it! Come back to Vermont and ride bikes—Ted will help show you around.

Last spring, **Andrea Hamre** shifted to permanent remote telework with Montana State University's Western Transportation Institute and relocated to her husband Dan's hometown region, Cleveland, Ohio, with their adopted senior Shih Tzu, Betty Jo. They are living in the Tremont neighborhood and love walking and biking on the Ohio and Erie Canal Towpath and getting to know Cleveland's beautiful shore and urban neighborhoods better than ever.

Emily Hruby Halpern is happy to share that she and husband Simon (University of Michigan '03, MS Space Systems '04, and MBA '14) have relocated with their two small boys back from the West Coast to her hometown in Massachusetts to be closer to her parents. They were beyond thrilled to host a huge gang of her friends from Midd and their families recently. Check out a photo on page 59. Emily was also lucky enough to get together with **Zahra Valimahomed Mehta** in the summer (see a photo on page 59) and is looking forward to many more reunions now that they are back on the East Coast. Emily says, "I'm so thankful for all of our time at Midd and for having made such amazing friends who we have grown together with as we have grown up!"

Maija Cheung has joined the faculty at Yale in the Department of Surgery as an assistant professor as well as serving as the associate program director for general surgery. She continues her work in global surgery with KidsOR to build surgical capacity in low-income countries. She and her husband, Brian Hamm '02, had an exciting spring last year as he won a National Championship in DIII baseball as the head coach of Eastern Connecticut State Univ. and was awarded the Skip Berman Award as top coach in the nation for his success. He was also appointed the new head coach for Yale baseball shortly thereafter.

Kellan Florio checks in from his home in Port Washington, N.Y. (Long Island), where he has been for over

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL WEBB

six years with his wife and three awesome kids. Last year he made the first career change of his life after spending his career since Midd as an investment banker at Goldman Sachs. Kellan is now chief investment officer of VICI Properties, a public REIT that invests in "experiential" real estate. Translation: places where people gather to have fun! Between jobs last spring, he was lucky to do some amazing traveling with his family, including to Zion National Park, a truly inspiring natural wonder.

Melissa Crabb is working in quality assurance for Catalent Cell and Gene Therapy outside of Baltimore, Md. She also just celebrated a year in her new townhouse. It's just her and the cat, so there's plenty of room. If you ever get stuck overnight at BWI airport, hit her up.

—Class Correspondents: Jasmin Johnson (johnson.jasmin@gmail.com); Emma Sabiiti (esabiiti@gmail.com).

2006

—Class Correspondents: Alex Casnocha (alexander.casnocha@gmail.com); Jack Donaldson (jack.c.donaldson@gmail.com).

2007

N. Bhatia has agreed to be the class correspondent for the Class of 2007. To submit your news, send it to middlebury2007@gmail.com.

—Class Correspondent: N. Bhatia (middlebury2007@gmail.com).

2008

REUNION CLASS

Julia Whelan has established herself as the voice narrating hundreds of audiobooks, including Gillian Flynn's thriller *Gone Girl* and Tara Westover's memoir, *Educated*. The *New York Times* and *New Yorker* both recently profiled her work and latest book, *Thank You for Listening*.

Neil D'Astolfo portrays Derek Tyler Taylor, the first male contestant in his small-town beauty pageant, in the off-Broadway solo show *Mister Miss America* at Rattlestick Playwrights Theater. Neil, who also wrote the show, was praised by the *New York Times* for both his "delightful turns of phrase" and his "immensely likable" performance.

Don't forget to put our Reunion on your calendars: June 9–11!

—Class Correspondents: Laura Lee Mittelman (laurawhitneylee@gmail.com); JeeYeon Park (jeeyeonp@gmail.com).

2009

David Meschke was recently appointed to the board of directors of the New Legacy Charter School, located in Aurora, Colo. The school serves high school students and is tailored to the unique needs of teen parents by serving pregnant and parenting high school–eligible male and female students and their children up to age five. David is a shareholder in the Denver office of Brownstein Hyatt Farber Schreck.

We still need two classmates to serve as correspondents for 2009. If you are interested, please contact Sara Marshall at smarshal@middlebury.edu.

2010

—Class Correspondents: Alice Ford (alicemarieford@gmail.com); Oscar Loyo (loyo.oscar@gmail.com).

2011

Moriel Rothman-Zecher sent word that his second novel, *Before All the World*, was published last fall. He has been busy attending book launch events and readings all around the U.S., including a stop in Middlebury.

—Class Correspondent: Sam Parnell (Midd2011@gmail.com).

2012

The Class of 2012 and 2012.5 enjoyed a beautiful Vermont weekend to celebrate our 10th Reunion! Many classmates returned to campus to catch up with dear friends, revisit favorite spots on campus and in town, and enjoy the best of Vermont in the summer. Particular highlights included **Silvano DiMonte**'s remarks during the Reunion Convocation and our class photo taken on Saturday night with more than 70 classmates present! It was a fun-filled weekend and a huge success! We hope you'll be able to join us in five years for the next one!

Ed note: If you didn't see the note in the summer class column, congratulations go to **Sara** and **Paige**, who were given the 2022 Outstanding Class Correspondent Award at Reunion. They have done an excellent job for 10 years staying in touch with classmates and reporting their news!

—Class Correspondents: Sara Cohen (srcohen90@gmail.com); Paige Keren (pkeren12@gmail.com).

2013

REUNION CLASS

Please put Reunion on your calendar: June 9–11!

—Class Correspondents: Elma Burnham (eccburnham@gmail.com); Peter DiPrinzio (peterd1331@gmail.com).

2014

—Class Correspondents: Jackie Breckenridge (jackiebreck@outlook.com); Emma Kitchen (m.emma.kitchen@gmail.com); Peter Mattson (petercmattson@gmail.com).

2015

—Class Correspondent: Elyse Barnard (elyse.dh.barnard@gmail.com.

2016

—Class Correspondents: Emma McDonald (elmcdonald21@gmail.com); Aviva Shwayder (aviva.shwayder@gmail.com).

2017

—Class Correspondent: Ivan Valladares (ivanantvall@gmail.com)

2018

REUNION CLASS

Please put Reunion on your calendar: June 9–11!

—Class Correspondents: Georgia Grace Edwards (georgiagrace.edwards@gmail.com); Charlie Mitchell (charlie@tom.org); Hannah Pustejovsky (hannah.pustejovsky@gmail.com).

2019

—Class Correspondent: Megan Mahoney (megmahoney19@gmail.com).

2020

—Class Correspondent: Katelan Newman (katelan.newman@gmail.com).

2021

If anyone would like to serve as the class correspondent for the Class of 2021, please contact Sara Marshall at the magazine at smarshal@middlebury.edu.

2022

Welcome to the class notes! If anyone would like to serve as a class correspondent for the Class of 2022, please contact Sara Marshall at smarshal@middlebury.edu.

CELEBRATIONS

1 Cloe Shasha '11 and Jillian Brooks were married on August 21, 2021, in Highland, N.Y., surrounded by Middlebury friends, happy to join in the celebration: Will Bellaimey '10.5, Zachary Howe '11, Vanessa Evers '10.5, Elianna Kan '10.5, Peter Spyrou '10.5, Casey Donahue '10.5, Michaela O'Connor '11, (second row) Kyle Hunter '11, Moriel Rothman-Zecher '11, Judith Dry '09, Andrew Powers '11.5, Ellie Moore '10.5, Jeff Garofano '10.5, Bianca Giaever '12.5, the newlyweds, Rachel Wold '11, Nora Hirozawa '11, and Ben Wessel '11.5.

2 Michael Silberman '02.5 and Rachel Pacheco eloped on January 23, 2021, in Teton County, Wyoming.

3 On June 26, 2021, Paola Meza '19 married Richard Brach '16 in Los Angeles, Calif., with Middlebury friends joining the couple (in front) in celebration: Alejandra Chavez '19, Mikaela Chang '19, Jeremy Read '16, Jesse Jimenez '16, Ariana Hernandez '19, Juliana Dunn '19, Michelle Lehman '19, and Vee Duong '19. Missing from photo: Jon Brach 13.5.

4 Jake Fauver '09.5 married Quinn Stewart in Ross, Calif., on October 9, 2021. Middlebury friends celebrating with the couple included Conor Shaw '08, Cameren Cousins '03, Jesse Keenan '09.5, James Tresner '09, Ryan Scura '11, Shelley Carlberg '11, the newlyweds, Jillian Garber '09.5, Joey Colianni '09.5, Marie Lucci Clouqueur '08.5, Kelsey Bakas '10, Siska Witschi Shaw '77, and Brittany Burnett Mosser '09.

5 Many Midd alums and coaches celebrated with Lauren Greer '13 and Andy Kleman at their wedding on June 25, 2022, in Fryeburg, Maine: Becca Shaw '12 (taking selfie), Jane Mandigo, Bill Mandigo (women's ice hockey), Katharine DeLorenzo (field hockey and wedding violinist), Anna Mackey '14, Charlotte Gardiner '13, Matt Bigl '10.5, Ellen Sargent '07 (wedding photographer), the newlyweds, Maria Bourdeau '12, Ben Kramer '13.5, Caroline Downer '11, Doug Debold '12, Margaret Souther '13, Molly Downey '13, Alyssa DiMaio '15, and George Ordway '15.

6 At the Belvedere Hotel in Baltimore, Md., Faith Whang and David Chung were married on June 5, 2022. Middlebury friends and family who joined them in celebration included (all '15 unless noted) Chris Veasey, Kalya Koltes, the newlyweds, Christina Bicks, Faraz Khan '16, Claudia Esteva, Stephen Etna, and Kwang Chul Whang '83 (father of the bride).

CLASS ACTS

OBITUARIES

1945

Richard E. Hoisington, 98, of Farmington, Maine, on March 30, 2022. A member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, he left Middlebury in 1942 to join the Coast Guard and served three years in WWII, of which two years were spent as a signalman aboard the US *Callaway*, APA 35, an amphibious attack transport. The ship was involved in seven invasions against Japanese-held islands, and he was awarded the Navy Commendation Medal for his part in the attack on Saipan. He earned a degree in forestry from the Univ. of Florida and continued his education at the Harvard Forest School in Fairfax, Va. Predeceased by husband George '47, she is survived by daughters Barbara '75, Kathryn, Janet, and Rebecca, eight grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Jean Mace Burnell, 96, of Seattle, Wash., on March 16, 2022. An Alpha Xi Delta, she served as an airline stewardess after college for United Airlines, flying a Chicago to San Francisco route on DC-3s, but was forced by the airline to give up the job when she married. During her second marriage, she lived off and on for 20 years abroad, mainly in Africa. She is survived by children Catherine, Sat Shakti, Craig, John, and Jamie, five grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include niece Darcy Prime Neville '77 and nephew Jon Prime '79.

1947

Joanne Buckeridge Booth, 96, of Scarborough, Maine, on April 28, 2022. A Pi Beta Phi, she worked in NYC then went to France as a volunteer in an international work camp in Le Chambon. She then worked for the American Friends Service Committee in France and the Institute of International Education in NYC. With further schooling, she became a high school social studies teacher and taught 15 years at Woodson High School in Fairfax, Va. Predeceased by husband George '47, she is survived by daughters Barbara '75, Kathryn, Janet, and Rebecca, eight grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Jean Mace Burnell, 96, of Seattle, Wash., on March 16, 2022. An Alpha Xi Delta, she served as an airline stewardess after college for United Airlines, flying a Chicago to San Francisco route on DC-3s, but was forced by the airline to give up the job when she married. During her second marriage, she lived off and on for 20 years abroad, mainly in Africa. She is survived by children Catherine, Sat Shakti, Craig, John, and Jamie, five grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include niece Darcy Prime Neville '77 and nephew Jon Prime '79.

1948

Janet Hubbard Metcalf, 95, of Kailua, Hawaii, on March 25, 2022. With graduate work at the Univ. of Hawaii and Neuchatel Univ., she had a career in education, teaching French, Latin, English, and English as a second language at various schools in Hawaii, including Punahou, Our Redeemer Lutheran, Mid Pacific Institute, Iolani, and Kansai Gadai Academy. Predeceased by son Scott, she is survived by husband Tom '49, children Kyle '72, Craig, and Karen, seven grandchildren, and one great-grandson. Deceased Middlebury relatives include sister Louise Hubbard McCoy '36.

Gloria Pilini Miller, 95, of Montpelier, Vt., on March 14, 2022. For many years she worked as a bookkeeper for the family business, Pilini Auto Service. An active member of her community, she was involved in many organizations, groups, and clubs. Predeceased by husband Evan '47, she is survived by children Deborah, Brent, and Todd '83, two grandchildren, and two great-granchildren.

1949

Judith Mitchell Plummer, 93, of Westbrook, Maine, on February 24, 2022. In 1955 she began a 28-year career in education in Woodbury, Conn., teaching fourth and fifth grades, then teaching in the Gifted and Talented program, grades 3–8, a program she had written for her district. She also earned her MS in education from Western Connecticut State College in 1968. After retiring, she became a professional genealogist. She is survived by sons Dale, John, and Dana, two grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

1950

Andrew L. Namm, 94, of New York, N.Y., on March 2, 2022. After serving in the Navy, he entered Middlebury, where he was a member of Alpha Sigma Psi. Earning an MBA from Cornell Univ., he joined the family business, a Brooklyn department store. In 1957, he began a long career in investment management with several different companies, becoming president of Arebec Corp. in 1980 and remaining there many years. He is survived by wife Anne (Bresler), daughter Whitney, son Blain, and two grandchildren.

1951

Margaret Curry Gregg, 91, of Armonk, N.Y., on March 1, 2022. A Delta Delta Delta member, she worked for the CIA in Washington, D.C., before marrying and living in Saipan, Tokyo, Burma, and Seoul, South Korea, as her husband's governmental posts changed. In each country she became involved with people and organizations and in honor of their decades of work in advancing American relations, she and her husband were honored with the establishment of the Donald P. and Margaret Curry Gregg Professor of Practice in Korean and East Asian Affairs at the Maxwell School at Syracuse Univ. She is survived by husband Don, children Lucy, Alison, and John, and six grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother Ren Curry '59 and niece Susan Curry Sykes '90.

John D. Mooney, 92, of Schenectady, N.Y., on February 28, 2022. A member of Chi Psi, he was selected to join General Electric's Test Engineering program and worked at GE in sales and marketing roles for a decade. Throughout his career, he worked with various companies in sales and marketing, and as an entrepreneur, owned and operated an employment agency in Albany, N.Y. He is survived by wife Lynne (Williams), daughter Erin, and three grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother Robert '44 (deceased), nieces Beth Mooney Longcope '79 and Kate Mooney Harris '80, and great-niece Sarah Harris '11.

Joan C. Pratt, 92, of Honolulu, Hawaii, on February 22, 2022. A Kappa Delta, she earned her MS in hygiene and physical education at Wellesley College in 1953. She taught physical education in Massachusetts and California before returning to her home state and teaching phys ed 30 years at Punahou School as well as coaching interscholastic sports. She is survived by brother David and many nieces and nephews.

Caroline C. Wheeler, 92, of Chicago, Ill., on March 22, 2022. A member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, she went to work for Continental Casualty Co. in Chicago and then in Washington, D.C. Returning to Chicago, she worked as an office manager at Aetna Life Insurance Co., for 19 years. Retiring early, she co-owned the Little Book Shop in Hinsdale, Ill, until 1998.

1952

Lucia Howard Cushman, 91, of Williamstown, Mass., on March 13, 2022. A member of Delta Delta Delta at Middlebury, she worked for 11 years at Bard Home Decorating in Burlington, Vt. In 1984, she and her husband sold their home, bought a 44-foot double-ender sailboat, and spent the next four years living aboard, cruising the Maine coast, Chesapeake Bay, and the Bahamas. Predeceased by husband Norton, she is survived by sons Michael '75 and Kim, daughter Andrea, five grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

William R. Huey Jr., 91, of Hilton Head Island, S.C., on February 23, 2022. A Delta Upsilon, he earned his law degree at the Univ. of Michigan Law School. He then joined the Navy and was assigned to the Navy's first helicopter assault carrier as its legal officer, spending time in Japan and the western Pacific. In 1959, he began a career in the life insurance industry, working for several companies until deciding to establish his own brokerage firm in 1974, which he headed for 28 years. Predeceased by first wife Ellen (Colyer), he is survived by second wife Suzanne (Lizotte), daughters Carolyn and Jennifer, six grandchildren, and two great-granddaughters. Middlebury relatives include sister Jean Smolens '48, sister Beth Newman '51 (deceased), and niece Becca Brown '75.

IN MEMORIAM

Richard "Butch" Varno

NOVEMBER 29, 1946–OCTOBER 14, 2022

Richard "Butch" Varno, 75, enthusiastic Middlebury Panther fan, died October 14, 2022, at his home in Helen Porter Healthcare and Rehabilitation Center in Middlebury, Vermont. Butch became a part of the College community in 1960 when his grandmother was struggling to push his wheelchair home through snow and mud after a football game and Roger Ralph '63 picked them up and drove them home.

Thus began a ritual called "Picking Up Butch." Over the years, Middlebury basketball players would bring Butch—who had cerebral palsy—to campus to watch football games and football players would bring him to the basketball games. Jamal Davis '11, who was a member of the men's basketball team, said that the players could feel Butch's passion for the College and for them. "He wanted to be there for the team, and we wanted to do our best for him. He was a key part of the group. It was amazing to have someone from the community be that involved. His presence and spirit added to the depth of my experience as a player."

Born November 29, 1946, to Helen Varno, Butch was a lifelong resident of Middlebury, spending 50 years living on Seymour Street with his mother and cousin Rita Brown. Students got to know the address well when they went to pick him up. Tiffany Nourse Sargent '79, former director of the Center for Community Engagement (CCE), knew Butch and many of the students who spent time with him. "He was such a remarkable person, life, and connection. An era is ending that has been extraordinary. So many Middlebury-connected lives have been impacted by their friendships with Butch. We will all miss him."

His involvement with the College extended beyond games. Beginning in the mid-1990s, Butch spent time with students who eventually formed a group called Butch's Team under the direction of CCE. The team organized weekly visits with Butch and special events for him, such as birthday celebrations. One member of the group, Sara Smith '04, became a good friend to Butch and helped him earn his GED in 2003.

Margaux Eller '24 served as an intern on Butch's Team. "Butch's friendly and playful personality always brightened any room. He was a constant source of joy and laughter in my life, and I am so happy I had the opportunity to spend so much time with him over the past two years. His passing is leaving behind a legacy of enthusiasm, kindness, and resilience."

Butch is survived by Rita Brown and extended family members.

1953

Alice Bennett Petrie, 90, of Bend, Ore., on March 6, 2022. Arriving at Middlebury on a ski racing scholarship, she eventually earned her bachelor's in English from San Jose State Univ. in 1967. An active volunteer, she served on the board of directors of the San Jose Civic Art Gallery. Predeceased by husband Alexander '51, she is survived by sons Gair and Gordon and their families.

1954

Beth Headley Kendall, 89, of St. Paul, Minn., on February 12, 2022. A Pi Beta Phi at Middlebury, she taught nursery school, worked as a color consultant, and worked at St. Olaf College as the choral librarian. She was an accomplished painter, musician, and writer. Predeceased by husband Robert, she is survived by daughters Meggan, Leila, Mary, Amy, and Melissa, seven grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, and former husband Barry McGrath.

1956

Ralph M. Brown, 87, of Slingerlands, N.Y., on March 4, 2022. A member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, he served two years in the Army then earned his MEd from SUNY Albany in 1961. His teaching career spanned 29 years, including 27 years in the Bethlehem (N.Y.) Central School District, teaching high school English and social studies. He is survived by wife Carol Turner, children Keith, Hilary, and Daren, and five grandchildren.

Gerald W. Cobb, 88, of Andover, Mass., on February 8, 2022. A Phi Kappa Tau at Middlebury, he served two years in the Army in Korea. Joining John Hancock Insurance Co. in 1959, he worked in sales and management for 11 years before becoming a partner in C. W. Whittier & Bro., a commercial/industrial real estate firm in Boston. Predeceased by sons David and Christopher, he is survived by wife Sara (Greason), sons Thomas and Stephen, 10 grandchildren, and 15 great-grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brother Win Cobb '55.

Frederic W. Parsons, 87, of Medway, Mass., on March 10, 2022. A member of Kappa Delta Rho, he served two years in the Army and earned his MBA from Northeastern Univ. in 1964. He had a long career as an instructional designer, retiring from Dennison Manufacturing in Framingham, Mass. He was also a landscape photographer and juried member of the League of New Hampshire Craftsmen. He is survived by wife Marie (Donahue), son Gregory, daughters Jennifer and Christine, and two grandsons.

Beverly Watkins Schopp, 87, formerly of Claverack, N.Y., on March 1, 2022. While raising five children, she was an active volunteer in many civic organizations in her community and also was a substitute teacher of high school French and worked part time during tax season for accounting firm Pattison, Koskey and Lawrence. Predeceased by husband Roald '56 and great-grandson Miles, she is survived by children Kenneth, Julie, Michael, Laura, and Edward, 16 grandchildren, including Charlie Schopp '10, four step-grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

Peter F. Storms, 88, of Rocky Hill, Conn., on April 24, 2022. A member of Alpha Tau Omega, he served two years in the Army in the Philippines. His career included 37 years at the Travelers Insurance Co., where he rose to senior vice president in corporate finance, then nine years at Arthur Andersen, and nine years as a consultant with Risk and Regulatory Consulting. He is survived by wife Nancy (Amrein), children Mark, Douglas, and Karen, and four grandchildren.

1957

Barbara Ransom Payne, 86, formerly of Beaufort, S.C., on March 30, 2022. A member of Delta Delta Delta, she worked as an English teacher many years and earned an MA in English from the Univ. of Rhode Island in 1984. Changing careers, she went into public relations, working at the Gilbane Building Co., eventually becoming director of corporate communications, and retiring in 1999 as just one of two women on the management team. Predeceased by husband Peter and daughter Susan, she is survived by children Steve, Charlie, and Elizabeth, 10 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Alice Armstrong Wood, 85, of Tucson, Ariz., on April 10, 2022. A Sigma Kappa, she worked for the CIA before marrying and raising two sons, Bill and Jim, in Virginia. Moving to Tucson, she went to work in the Human Resources Dept. at the Univ. of Arizona, where she stayed for 16 years. In retirement she volunteered at a hospital in outpatient admissions.

1958

Harlan G. Cummings, 85, of Lyme, N.H., on March 16, 2022. A member of Alpha Sigma Psi, he earned his DMD from Tufts Dental School. For many years he had a dental practice in Brandon, Vt. He and his first wife, Carleen Bates, had five children, Gregory, Jeffrey '83, Sheri, Deborah, and Tomas. In 1994, he married Virginia Hinman.

Chandler D. Nims, 84, of Essex Jct., Vt., on March 10, 2022. A Zeta Psi, he earned his MBA from Rutgers Graduate School of Public Accounting and worked at National Life Insurance Co. of Vermont and Southern New England Telephone Co. before joining IBM in Essex, where he worked for 32 years. He also served in the Vermont Air National Guard. Predeceased by infant daughter Cheryl, he is survived by wife Ellen (Bass), daughter Cathy, three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

1959

Samuel F. Gualtieri, 85, of Chelmsford, Mass., on March 4, 2022. A member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, he entered the Army Reserve in 1959 and retired as a lieutenant colonel. Earning his MEd from Salem State College in 1965, he joined Burlington (Mass.) High School as a math teacher. In 1972, he earned a Certificate of Advanced Graduate Study in educational administration from Northeastern Univ. He retired from Burlington High School as an associate principal. He is survived by wife Rosemary (Mayne), children Cara, Gina, Joseph, Maria, and Thomas, and 10 grandchildren.

Suzanne Lucas McDermott, 78, of Los Osos, Calif., on August 24, 2015. A member of Delta Delta Delta, she graduated with a degree in chemistry and worked as a research chemist for Merck, Sharp, and Dohme in Rahwey, N.J. While raising her children and beyond, she had her own dressmaking business. She and ex-husband Jack '56 had six children, Elizabeth, Kathleen '85, Jane, Anne, Daniel, and Thomas.

E. Lester McDowell, 84, of Scarborough, Maine, on April 26, 2022. After serving in the Army, he earned his MBA at Harvard Univ. in 1964. He worked in computer services for several banks in Boston, including New England Merchants National Bank and Bay State National Bank, where he became vice president. He was then director of finance and administration at Frank Hill Assoc. before becoming treasurer of Shirley's Hallmark Shop. He is survived by wife Shirley (Manchester) '59, with whom he had two sons, Steven and Eric. Middlebury relatives include sister Jane McDowell Lundy '73.

1960

Susan Severson Emerich, 83, of Middleton, Wis., on February 12, 2022. She taught school before having children then was an active volunteer in her community. She designed and helped build the family home and was a creative, prolific artist. She is survived by husband Don, daughters Ellie and Kate, son John, four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

1962

Edgar F. Lombardy, 82, of Branchburg, N.J., on April 27, 2022. He served in the Army after college, then joined American Standard, where he worked 10 years in positions including claims adjustor and sales forecasting. He was then a plumbing supply inside salesman at various companies for over 40 years, retiring in 2001. He is survived by wife Rose Marie (Danley), daughters Dawn, Karen, and Cindy, and three grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include parents Frank '35 and Ruth Furness Lombardy '37.

Anne Smith McHenry, 82, of Chula Vista, Calif., on April 17, 2022. A member of Alpha Xi Delta, she taught elementary school after graduating. She continued teaching or substitute teaching while her children were young, including a stint at Naval Academy Primary School in Annapolis, Md. Moving to California, she enjoyed 30 years in real estate sales and mentored new agents. She is survived by husband John '63, sons John, Jim, and Justin, and four grandchildren.

IN MEMORIAM

Raquel Albarrán

JUNE 18, 1983–SEPTEMBER 7, 2022

Raquel Albarrán, 39, assistant professor of Luso-Hispanic studies, died September 7, 2022, of natural causes in Highland Park, N.J. A scholar of colonial Latin America and the Hispanic Caribbean, she joined Middlebury on a tenure-track appointment in 2018, following a two-year postdoctoral appointment with Florida State University's Department of Modern Languages and Linguistics. At the time of her death, she was a Visiting Scholar at Rutgers Advanced Institute for Critical Caribbean Studies on a Ford Foundation Postdoctoral Fellowship.

Daniel Silva, associate professor of Luso-Hispanic Studies and director of the Black Studies program, says, "Professor Albarrán meant so much to us, especially those who had the chance to work closely with her, laugh with her, and be in community with her. She was a generous and thoughtful friend. A life-changing professor to her students. A life-changing person (period). Knowing her made me a better scholar, a better professor, a better person."

Raquel earned her PhD and MA in Hispanic studies from the University of Pennsylvania and her BA in education from Universidad de Puerto Rico. At Middlebury, she taught all levels of language, literature, and culture courses, including Spanish, XICANXRIBEÑXS: Our Stories, Our Worlds; Whose "New World"?: Early Latin America after Eurocentrism; #CaribeDIY: DIY Aesthetics and Alternative Markets in the Hispanic Caribbean; and Colonial Objects: Materiality and the Invention of the New World.

Raquel was a dedicated member of the community, serving as an advisory board member for the Center for the Study of Race and Ethnicity, and serving on the steering committee for the Black Studies program. She was advisor to the student club Alianza Latinoaméricana Y Caribeña, a cultural organization dedicated to learning more and sharing knowledge about Latinx, Hispanic, and Caribbean cultures. Her enthusiasm for her work and her community was infectious. She was beloved by students and inspired them to be thinkers and doers all at the same time.

Carlos Vélez-Blasini, dean of international programs and professor of psychology, described Raquel as a dear friend and colleague. "She was passionate about life and work, and about her beautiful home island of Puerto Rico. Raquel was instrumental in the creation of the new Middlebury School in Puerto Rico, which will receive its first students this spring. The establishment of this school will now forever serve as a tribute to her work and impact."

Raquel is survived by her father and extended family members.

CLASS ACTS

1963

Emmett M. Van Buskirk, 81, of Bristol, Vt., on March 1, 2022. A member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, he earned his MAT in art education from Oberlin College and taught art in public schools in Ohio and Indiana. He then took a temporary position at Upper Iowa Univ., teaching art, that ended up lasting 32 years and resulting in full professorship and an honorary doctorate from the university. He was an accomplished realist painter, working predominantly in watercolors. He is survived by wife Jo (LaFontaine), sons Duncan and Cameron, stepson Geoff, and two grandchildren.

1964

Rachel True Billings, 78, of Peterborough, N.H., on February 3, 2022. After receiving her MEd from Northeastern Univ. in 1967, she taught elementary education for several years. She is survived by husband George, children Heather and Marland, and one grandchild.

Daniel E. Reynolds, 79, of Palm Springs, Calif., on February 23, 2022. He earned his bachelor's in history from the Univ. of Rochester, an MS in logistics management from the Air Force Institute of Technology (AFIT), and an MS in technology from Wright State Univ. He joined the AFIT faculty as an assistant professor of logistics management, teaching statistics, computer science, and mathematics and earning the Outstanding Professor of the Year designation many years. Predeceased by wife Phyllis (Tritsch), he is survived by stepdaughter Suzanne and her family.

1968

David A. Severance, 75, of Chelsea, Vt., on March 29, 2022. A member of Delta Upsilon, he worked over the years as a carpenter, including as a partner with City Builders. He enjoyed playing piano and accordion and composed musical pieces. He is survived by partner Hannah, children Andric and Maggie, and one grandchild.

Ruthann Carman Wolff, 75, of St. Louis, Mo., on February 19, 2022. After earning an MBA from Harvard Business School in 1970, she had a long career in marketing, working for companies such as Ralston Purina, Pet Inc., ConAgra, and Purina Mills. As a member of British Petroleum's international management team, she traveled to London, Antwerp, and Germany. Her passion was for the Opera Company of St. Louis, which she served in various capacities for 40 years. She is survived by daughters Elizabeth and Victoria and three grandchildren.

1970

Clayton "Ken" Conn, 73, of Stoneham, Mass., on March 12, 2022. He joined the faculty of Roxbury Latin School in 1973, where he mainly taught French, chaired the French Dept., and was the inaugural holder of the Stanley Bernstein Professorship in Modern Languages. He also taught English and history and was the coach of the varsity football team, coached junior varsity lacrosse, and was the longtime class dean for the junior class. Predeceased by son Tim, he is survived by wife Peg.

1972

Maia Sampson Michael, 72, of Santa Fe, N.M., on February 1, 2022. After earning a bachelor's in printmaking from the Univ. of Colorado, she earned an MFA in ceramics at Puget Sound Univ. She taught art for over 20 years at various schools before joining the faculty of Santa Fe Prep, where she ran the ceramic art program. Her own creative work included sculptural and functional ceramics, book arts, and printmaking. She is survived by husband Daniel and daughter Zoe.

1973

Philip L. Chapman, 57, of Newport, N.H., on April 6, 2008. After leaving Middlebury, he earned his BA in history from UVM. Following a decade as a reporter for the *Argus-Champion* newspaper in Newport, he was employed by the Newport School District as a paraeducator, and he also taught history. He is survived by brother Stephen.

1974

Joan Rivel Pettrone, 69, formerly of Averill Park, N.Y., on March 5, 2022. She completed the nursing program at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital School of Nursing in 1976 then earned her BS in nursing from Castleton State College in 1977. She worked at Pond View Pediatrics in East Greenbush, N.Y., for many years and then was the school nurse at Miller Hill Sand Lake Elementary School for 16 years. She is survived by husband Mark, daughters Kate, Ann, and Abby, and nine grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother Wes Rivel '72.

1978

Susanne Herz, 54, of Cincinnati, Ohio, on February 12, 2010. With an MEd from Northeastern Univ., she taught center-city first grade students in New Orleans for five years, then taught two years in Salvador, Brazil. Moving to Cincinnati, she taught first grade for almost 20 years at Heberle School. She is survived by husband Michael McCleese.

1985

Eric W. Hartmann, 58, of Edgecomb, Maine, on March 23, 2022. He worked for several years as a ski instructor at Teton Village in Jackson Hole, Wyo., and was a fly-fishing guide on the Snake River. Earning his JD from Lewis and Clark Law School, he began working in 2008 for CDI Meters in Woburn, Mass. He is survived by wife Heather Burt and daughter Mira.

1996

Christopher J. Long, 47, of Lee, Mass., on April 4, 2022. After graduating, he served as a member of the National Park Service in various parks as an interpretive ranger and as part of the wildland maintenance or fire crew. He then served several years as a Park Service wildland firefighter. From 2002 to 2017 he worked for the Lenox (Mass.) Fire Dept. as the ambulance director. He is survived by wife Lauren (Bolte).

1999

Elizabeth M. Frankel, 43, of New York, N.Y., on January 12, 2021. She worked two years in a middle school in the South Bronx for Teach for America before earning a law degree in 2005 from NYU Law School. Moving to Chicago, she joined the Young Center for Immigrant Children's Rights, where she trained volunteers to advocate for children, and she taught at the Univ. of Chicago Law School. She later became the associate director of the Young Center and dedicated her life to advocating for unaccompanied immigrant children. She is survived by partner Thomas Kasa, stepdaughter Katie Kasa, parents Michael and Joan, sister Sarah, and brother Jonathan '05.

2019

Kyle M. Moffat, 25, of Berkeley, Calif., on April 23, 2022. A geology major, he began work at Deep Isolation, a firm that develops and promotes innovative means of disposing of nuclear waste. Starting as an intern, he quickly rose to become a senior technical and product analyst. He had just filed a provisional patent with the company cofounder when he died, doing what he loved, skiing. He is survived by parents David and Wendy, and brothers Corey '09 and Keith.

GRADUATE SCHOOLS

1956

Serena Savage Baum, 88, MA French, of Baltimore, Md., on March 17, 2022. She worked for Vanns Spices, a company that provides spices for professional chefs and home cooks, and retired in the early 2000s as vice president of operations.

1960

Margeret Schmidt McCornack, 89, MA English, of Cottonwood, Calif., on April 19, 2022. She taught English and coached drama in high schools in Connecticut and on Long Island, before moving to California where she was a teacher, counselor, and, in 1982, becoming principal of Edward Shands Adult School in Oakland.

The following is a list of deaths reported to us since the previous issue. Full obituaries will appear in future issues of the magazine.

Miriam Fleming Hale '44 ..... August 17, 2022
Albert C. Smith Jr. '45 ..... October 7, 2022
Marian Fisher Ales '46 ..... June 24, 2022
Barbara Bishop '49 ..... May 7, 2022
Constance Kelly Law '49 ..... August 21, 2022
Helen Highley Matel '50 ..... September 1, 2022
Natalie T. Richards '50 ..... October 10, 2022
Anne Moreau Thomas '51 ..... September 11, 2022
Mary Louise McLeod Aagaard '52 ..... July 24, 2022
Lucile Lee Frisbee '52 ..... September 23, 2022
Jane Eaton Meiklejohn '52 ..... October 1, 2022
Norman E. Armour '53 ..... October 2, 2022
Charles L. Mraz '53 ..... September 28, 2022
Marion Thompson Adams '54 ..... August 25, 2022
Robert C. Boardman '54 ..... August 1, 2022
Clarence C. Strowbridge '54 ..... August 12, 2022
Josephine Eaton Wagner '54 ..... August 2, 2022
Peter A. Baldwin '55 ..... July 10, 2022
Helju Kivimae Batchelder '55 ..... September 3, 2022
Elizabeth Leonard Cooney '55 ..... September 28, 2022
Sally Foss Haskell '55 ..... October 13, 2022
Lucy James Carroll '56 ..... July 6, 2022
William E. Hartnett '56 ..... September 30, 2022
Jerome H. Ocorr '56 ..... September 24, 2022
William C. Badger '57 ..... July 14, 2022
Wyman W. Rolph III '57 ..... July 28, 2022
H. Scott Greer Jr. '58 ..... July 11, 2022
Richard C. Johnson '58 ..... October 3, 2022
Richard W. Maider '58 ..... October 20, 2022
George G. Finch '59 ..... September 7, 2022
Aivars Krasts '60 ..... October 6, 2022
Elizabeth Bennethum Pertzoff '60 ..... July 16, 2022
Peter M. Howe '61 ..... September 15, 2022
Timothy L. Barnett '62 ..... August 29, 2022
Eleanor Williams Pringle '62 ..... August 1, 2022
Howard Scheinblum '62 ..... October 5, 2022
James T. McCormack '64 ..... August 7, 2022
Mary Jocelyn Stock '64 ..... August 24, 2022
Charles C. Whitney Jr. '64 ..... August 20, 2022
Donald D. MacDermid '66 ..... October 11, 2022
Alice Milnor Norton '67 ..... July 26, 2022
Elizabeth Campbell Chromec '69 ... August 1, 2022
Frank Moorman '70 ..... October 27, 2022
Annie M. Condat '72 ..... December 25, 2012
Anne L. Garrels '72 ..... September 7, 2022
Earl M. Irving '74 ..... August 17, 2022
Sharon Flack Mussomeli '79 .... September 18, 2022
Marcia Parlow Pomerance '81 ..... July 19, 2022
Mark D. Stone '82 ..... August 12, 2022
John. D. Alexander III '83 ..... May 3, 2022
Karen J. Barss '83 ..... September 9, 2022
Anna Sun '85 ..... October 15, 2022
Lee Rose Emery '88 ..... June 1, 2022
Jamida F. Orange '91 ..... October 16, 2022
Colin A. Canham III '99 ..... October 9, 2022

GRADUATE SCHOOLS

Ella Robinson Regan,
MA English '64 ..... July 18, 2022
Geraldine Wagstaff Rodibaugh,
MA English '67 ..... June 15, 2022
Crawford Blagden Jr.,
MA English '68 ..... September 12, 2022
Rosemary Bury Golding,
MA English '77 ..... October 8, 2022
Amy Halloran Escott,
MA English '04 ..... September 20, 2022
Marilyn P. Johnson,
MA French '52 ..... September 19, 2022
Claire Robitaille Blanchard,
MA French '56 ..... October 3, 2022
Eleanor McCleary Sellstrom,
MA French '56 ..... June 24, 2022
Joseph A. Duchesneau,
MA French '58 ..... July 12, 2022
George B. Ludlow,
MA French '62 ..... August 22, 2022
Thomas F. Weld,
MA French '62 ..... September 24, 2022
Sr. Kathleen Malstrom,
MA French '73 ..... September 25, 2020
Linda M. Lane,
DML French '75 ..... July 12, 2022
Charlene A. Patch,
MA French '75 ..... October 24, 2022
Marie P. Holdman,
MA German '67 ..... September 18, 2022
Mara Rekis Anderson,
MA German '72 ..... September 6, 2022
Timothy J. Allen,
MA German '77 ..... August 4, 2022
Ursula Becker Uhlig,
MA German '80 ..... June 8, 2022
Philip A. McCormick,
MA Russian '62 ..... June 24, 2022
Anne Keller Smith,
MA Spanish '59 ..... October 9, 2022
Jane Garrette Martin,
MA Spanish '62 ..... September 29, 2022
William M. Perrin, MIIS, MBA '92 ... August 9, 2022

CLASS ACTS

1963

Joy Nicholson Crocker, 81, MA German, of Concord, N.C., on April 30, 2022. For most of her career, she taught high school German and English in the Durham (N.C.) public school system, retiring in 2001.

Martin Dolci, 92, MA Spanish, of Sparta, N.J., on March 1, 2022. He served in the Army during the Korean War. He taught at Franklin High School and Wallkill Valley Regional High School for 30 years, before retiring in 1986.

1965

Georges N. Krivobok, 91, MA Russian, of St. Petersburg, Fla., on February 12, 2022. Born in Paris, France, he came to the U.S. at age 17 and later served in the Army, stationed in Germany. He had a long teaching career, serving in various private schools before joining the faculty at Phillips Academy Andover in 1973, where he taught Russian, French, Spanish, and German, retiring in 1992.

Nancy Means Wright, 95, MA French, of Middlebury, Vt., on January 19, 2022. For 20 years, she taught French at Proctor Academy and chaired the French Dept. She also held an adjunct professorship at Marist College. A prolific writer, she published 20 books and wrote in many genres, including poems, literary novels, nonfiction, mystery novels, young adult novels, plays, and short stories.

1966

Philip J. O'Donnell, 90, MA French, of Las Vegas, Nev., on March 18, 2022. Ordained to the priesthood for the Diocese of Reno in 1958, he taught French, English, and theology at Bishop Monogue High School for many years. In 1977 he was named pastor of St. Joan of Arc Parish in Las Vegas, where he served for 24 years.

1967

Edward G. Gingold, 77, MA Spanish, of Washington, D.C., on April 12, 2022. After earning his JD from NYU School of Law, he spent his legal career as an attorney with the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, where he often acted as an interpreter and escort for foreign dignitaries from Latin America.

1970

William E. Palmer, 90, MA Spanish, of Coronado, Calif., on February 19, 2022. He served in the Army from 1948 to 1951, including in the Korean War. He taught both in the U.S. and abroad and for many years was a member of the Dept. of Modern Languages at Salisbury Univ. He wrote several books, including *Child of the Great Depression* and *The Labyrinth of Life*.

1971

Dawna Osborn Doyle, 79, MA Spanish, of Glen Allen, Va., on March 14, 2021. After teaching in NYC, she moved to Virginia and taught AP-level Spanish in Fairfax County. She had a 30-year career in education.

1973

Edward H. Ritter, 81, MA German, of Boynton Beach, Fla., on April 7, 2022. He served in the Navy on the USS *Newport News* in the 1960s. He then taught German at Watchung Hills Regional High School in New Jersey for 20 years before transitioning to a career in the pharmaceutical industry.

1974

Ruth-Marie Braun, 80, MA German, of Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, on March 7, 2022. She taught various subjects at St. Mary's High School and Resurrection Catholic Secondary School, and also spent 16 of her 35 years in education as a vice principal.

1976

Michael E. Skocik, 73, MA French, of Canonsburg, Pa., on February 15, 2022. He taught courses in advanced French in a major secondary school in southwestern Pennsylvania and lived for an extended time in Toulouse, France.

1977

Robert C. Arruda, 90, DML French, of Bristol, R.I., on April 14, 2022. He was a professor of modern languages in French, Portuguese, and Spanish at State University of Bridgewater in Massachusetts for 37 years, retiring in 1997.

STAFF

Judith Geisler Watts, 81, of Cornwall, Vt., on October 10, 2022. With a bachelor's from Alma College, she earned her Master of Library Science from Pratt Institute. After stints in the aerospace industry and at the New York City Public Library, she joined the staff at Middlebury College as a librarian and worked in that capacity for 25 years. An active member of the community, she served on the Cornwall Selectboard and on the board of the United Way, and she was active in the Cornwall Church. She had a passion for knitting and taught many other knitters. She is survived by husband Jack, son Judson, daughter Alexis, and one grandchild.

ON FILM
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

do anything too hard, it just *is*. It's just me. It's steeped in my reality." He pauses before affirming, "I'm not a creator that can make something without any connections to my actual life."

Munyati's teenage years were punctuated by fond and vibrant memories of the annual Harare International Festival of the Arts (HIFA), a week-long celebration in his hometown of Harare, Zimbabwe, filled with poetry, music, dance, and visual arts from Zimbabwe and across Southern Africa more broadly. He recalls walking in every year to rows of food stalls serving boerewors rolls, burgers, and *chibage* (roasted corn), and artists proudly presenting their photographs, ceramics, paintings, and jewelry. At night, dancers and singers would take to the stage in front of the cheering festival crowds.

"It was a place you went where . . ." He searches for a moment to describe what it felt like. "You couldn't *not* be exposed to art," he laughs. "It's a gathering of African artists and creatives, all wanting to share with each other and with you. You just soak it up. You want to be a creator, too."

"I learned to talk about art, how people see themselves in the context of their art, and how they talk about Zimbabwe through their art," he recalls. HIFA was one place that helped Munyati understand himself as an artist, and creative, but it didn't necessarily determine how he wanted to create. "I didn't think I was an artist because I didn't fit the rules of what I thought an 'artist' was: someone who paints, who sculpts, who sings. I wasn't any of these things," he tells me. "I loved telling my stories through a camera, but I didn't know that until later."

Munyati continued to learn, experiment, and flourish as a filmmaker at Middlebury and as a semester student at the New York Film Academy. His final and culminating film at Middlebury was his senior thesis, *I Don't Want to Be a Foreigner Forever*. It is, all at once, a reflection on his own story, a meditation on the meaning of home, and a love letter to Zimbabwe and its people, wherever they may be in the world.

Though all his work is connected in some way to his own experiences, this was the first film he placed himself within. It is about his own place and relationship to the Zimbabwean diaspora, but it's about and for so many others, too. "It made me nervous at first, but I had this moment of realizing, how can I say that I want to see more people like me in the media, and then when I have the chance, I don't do it? In the midst of talking about how I want to make media about people who look like me, whose stories so often go untold—I forgot I was a part of that as well. I could tell my own story, too."

It's a chilly Friday in March in New York City, and Munyati is just packing the team's cameras up into their cases, taking care to protect all that they hold inside. They have hours'—even days'—worth of footage stored. There are colorful background shots of Coney Island's beaches and bustling concrete streets as well as long clips focused closely on the face of his interview subject, Gorilla Nems, as he's being interviewed, a man who Munyati has spent the last several months learning about. He's wrapping up filming on the first project he pitched, developed and filmed at Vice—a rare opportunity usually afforded to producers at a later or more experienced point in their careers.

Gorilla Nems is the subject of this film—a rapper and artist well known and beloved in Coney Island but with a rich personal history that was typically overlooked in his moments of internet virality. Munyati wanted to better tell this story, part of a Vice series highlighting "local legends" in their communities, about the life of a man who is cherished by his neighbors and city and who was thrust into the public eye without much attention paid to what made him who he is. "Everybody felt like they knew this guy, but they didn't really know his story," he tells me. This attentiveness is a throughline for Munyati's profiles about people: "I felt like I owed that to Nems—I feel like I owe this to everybody—to tell a story that is authentic to their experience and how they would appreciate it being told."

Early in July, *King of Coney Island*, the first video Munyati drove forward at Vice, surpassed one million views. This was one of his first goals when entering the media industry, and even at the media giant Vice, accomplishing this so soon is a rarity. He noticed the milestone one day while working on two other films already in the works—one on environmental injustice and a community's displacement in Mossville, Louisiana, and another on Kasey Altman, a young woman and online influencer documenting her fight against cancer on TikTok.

After seeing the number of views, he celebrated briefly before putting his headphones back on, pulling up his editing software on his laptop and diving back into his work on his next projects. There are so many stories yet to tell. M

SINCE THIS STORY WAS PUBLISHED ONLINE LAST FALL, MUNYATI HAS RELEASED SEVERAL OTHER FILMS WITH HIS TEAM AT VICE—INCLUDING BOTH THE ENVIRONMENTAL JUSTICE SHORT DOCUMENTARY AND THE PROFILE OF KASEY ALTMAN HE WAS WORKING ON LAST SUMMER. HE'S ALSO PRODUCED STORIES ON STREET FIGHTING IN THAILAND, A CLIMBER WHO FREE SOLOS SKYSCRAPERS IN PARIS, AND A SERIES CELEBRATING AND FEATURING BLACK LOVE STORIES. YOU CAN CONTINUE TO FOLLOW MUNYATI'S WORK—WHEREVER IT TAKES HIM NEXT—AT @MUNYA_RA_FILMS.

THE EMERGENCE OF A STORYTELLER
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

the return of the repressed, or the hierarchical chains that writers and readers end up perpetuating as they participate in maintaining a literary canon." But in the case of Estela's work, her protagonists see the animals they interact with, "be it sea turtles, monarch butterflies, or the Darwin tree frog—sometimes as symbols, but often in their plain materiality." They are simply "equals to the human characters; companions on earth." Her characters, she explains, are often "faced with the decision of either allowing animals to exist, or doing nothing—that is, to continue participating in their decimation."

In working against that participation in decimation, fiction writing is a form of activism in Estela's life. But it's not the only kind she or Mariana participate in. For example, Estela supports local immigrant women and entrepreneurs here in Middlebury, the cooks in *Viva El Sabor*. One of the cooks says Estela helped her personally with many things, such as learning English, figuring out "how to live in Vermont with the different seasons," and introducing her to people in the community. She also says that Estela helped *Viva El Sabor* get started as a business by providing translation and helping its founders with administrative tasks such as "renting spaces, getting tents, getting permission for the kitchen." *Viva El Sabor* now has a coordinator, Middlebury grad Hayley Jones '18, who describes Estela as "putting her values into practice every day." This kind of practice is what Mariana, the concert pianist, learns from Fer-

nanda, the marine biologist, in *Arribada*. The two women find creative ways to interrupt the local cycle of dependence on both turtle meat and commercially produced racialized beauty products by supporting a new collective run by local women and their families. It will operate out of the old slaughterhouse. The women are met with fierce and dangerous resistance from local business leaders, but in their collective efforts, there is agency and hope.

Despite its attention to the Comcáac, *Arribada* is not a decolonial novel. But it can be described as a transnational feminist novel in the way that it confronts interlocking local and global structures of power that oppress marginalized groups. I asked Estela to talk about which Latinx woman writers inspire her. She describes her admiration for the "voice of Chicana Sandra Cisneros, and the investigative rigor of Mexican Elena Poniatowska and Cristina Rivera Garza." She loves how Nicaraguan Gioconda Belli "combines joy and exuberance with cutting social critique," and appreciates the "luminous wit of Argentinian Luisa Valenzuela." Over Thanksgiving break, Estela attended a writing workshop at Tin House with U.S.-Uruguayan historical novelist Carolina de Robertis, author of the celebrated *Gods of Tango*, a rewriting of the history of tango. Estela says that she loves that de Robertis centers the voices of LGBT BIPOC women, noting that *Tango* includes "a cross-dressing (not trans) queer woman and an Afro-Uruguayan man among the pioneers of this wonderful musical tradition." And for inspiration there is also, Estela adds, "always and forever, my namesake Gloria Anzaldúa, the matriarch of Latina queer feminist letters."

I don't know how I wrote this much without talking about the fact that among its many traits, *Arribada* is a lesbian, or queer, love story. "*Mariana es tortillera*," her sister comes to realize, using a homophobic slur. There is an especially beautiful chapter in which Mariana and her lover swim deep in the water with sea life: "The sea turned dark as though a cloud had covered the sun. But the cloud was in the water, and it enveloped us. Then it pulverized. Every tiny section turned toward the sun and became millions of mirrors. It was a school of sardines: a glittering cloud, dense as a net, blanketing us in its nimble progression." One can imagine that perhaps the chemistry between the lovers is based in some small way on the love life of Estela and Ariana. After all, the novel attends to home, and skin, in so many ways. Home as a place on the earth with its peoples and lifeforms, skin as the living home of our body, and how it's felt or perceived.

Estela spent many years working with the different stories in *Arribada*—loss of her uncle, loss of sea turtles, lack of respect for women and brown bodies—that led to her beautiful place-based novel of resistance. In it, she situates Mariana as having much to learn, and acknowledges the choice that those of us with privilege make when we claim innocence. "I looked down at my expensive sandals, my linen dress . . .Was I one of those innocent-blind ones?" It is one of many instances in which our protagonist comes to see herself anew in relation to others. Despite her grief for her uncle and hometown and the shock that comes with discovering the truth about a long-held family secret that intimately affects her, she is now present for the community that she once left. Whether she will return to her life as concert pianist is no longer the question that concerns us. Now we hold the fragile broader question about social and environmental hope for Mazatlán, Mexico, and the entire world.

At the end of my interview with her, rejuvenated by the chance to talk about life and writing and the world over tea, I ask Estela what she's working on next. She says that she found her next novel, *Machado*, while finishing up *Arribada*. *Machado* will travel deeper into the history of Mazatlán, into older stories that have been erased there. Its protagonist will be a young woman parkour practitioner who visits there for a competition. How will the parkour practitioner learn the very old stories that get told? Estela gets a big smile and claps her hands together. "It's going to be a ghost story," she says. "A real Mexican ghost story!"

CATHARINE WRIGHT IS AN ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF WRITING AND RHETORIC AND GENDER, SEXUALITY, AND FEMINIST STUDIES AT MIDDLEBURY.

WE'RE ALL JUST READING WITH ONE ANOTHER
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Given these parallels between the present moment and the 1920s, are you finding that those writers responded to the influence of technology and mechanization on language in a way that you just find more compelling than say any number of contemporary writers inspired by similar themes now?
When it comes to contemporary literature, I find little of interest. A lot of it to me is the equivalent of clickbait on the Internet. It's of momentary interest. That's not to say that you can't find things that are really significant. I know that from the old days when I reviewed books. I did a review of Pynchon's *Crying of Lot 49* when it was first published and Walker Percy's *The Last Gentleman*—these remain deeply consequential books for me. I didn't know how good these people were, I didn't have anything to go on. There were no helpful introductions and apparatus to tell me what the right things were to say, but I just read and said, This is something. Standards have changed in the way that clickbait has required standards to change. People posture to get the clicks.

But what we call "high art" has always been in conflict with popular taste. Writers have always been under pressure to produce more commercially viable work. Do you think the situation today is really all that different than the pressure Faulkner or Melville faced?
It's a matter of massive degree. It used to be that every publisher had a poetry list to show that they were serious about literature and not just about making money. That's long ago gone. Partly it's commercial considerations and partly it's just sheer ignorance on the part of younger editors. They know what's likely to sell, but compared to what?

Why does it matter so much to you, "compared to what"? This idea of having some sense of lineage, of an author's or an artist's predecessors—whether they are affirming or going against their predecessors when it comes time for them to create. One of the shorthand ways we have of talking about that are canons. Why does it matter?
My most immediate response is that it's not necessarily the Academy that's determined who the writers of value are; in the end, it's other writers. Joan Didion once said that she read Joseph Conrad's *Victory*—which is not one of his most well-known books and we would even say, problematic in certain ways—once a year to get an idea of what you could do with point of view. You look at Velázquez's *Las Meninas* and it could teach you a lot about how to make art. The reason to be aware of these things is that artists in the past have done work and have faced problems like the problems that you face, and they've arrived at ways that may not be your way, but ways of resolving these problems, or addressing them, that are helpful to know. It's not just about going through the motions because this is on the shelf of monumental achievements, it's because they're useful, they've thought *out* things, they're *smarter* than you are. It's possible, you know, for writers to be smarter than you are and to be greater, more accomplished, and you want to know what it would take to do that. If you're judging yourself against something that seems beyond you, it's very helpful to know that work has been done that commands your respect, and that if you encounter it, you'll discover it. One of the terrible things about this argument against the canon is not being aware of these books. It's a form of deprivation—you're being denied access to something that may *blow* your mind because you don't know what to do with it, because it's so far beyond you and it's gonna get you lost, in ways that are immensely valuable, intellectually and artistically. Richard Wright, you know, is reading Dostoyevsky. What the hell is he doing reading Dostoyevsky, when he's a kid? And it makes all the difference to his sense of himself as a writer. Dostoyevsky, this right-wing religious fanatic from Russia, how could he speak to your experience? That's how real writers become real writers, they recognize things that speak to their experience that are in a completely different world. In the end, I think to get in the game you really need to know four books: *The Odyssey*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the Bible, and *Don Quixote*.

Why those four?
The Odyssey is the basic text of everybody's life. *Metamorphoses* because it's about the transformation of things familiar into things unfamiliar, which is pretty good for exercises in imagination. The Bible because it tells a lot of stories that you can't understand, like the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham, it's just a small story, but you're stuck with it. And *Don Quixote* because it's the invention of the novel and of modern narrative literature. Flaubert read it when he was 11 for the first time and he never got over it, and the Russians are completely besotted by it. You think modernist literature is doing all this fancy stuff but if you want to know about narration, it's nothing compared to *Don Quixote*. Really, if I had to pick four books, only four, to get started, to get you a sense of what literature can do, those would be my picks. Needless to say, there's no end to this *[chuckles]*.

You often talk about the moral implications of reading. What do you mean by that?
I think that the reading of literature is really the reading of one's life experience—the more you notice, the more you notice about yourself in relation to other people, and about other people, how individual, distinctive, unreproducible they are. That's a kind of moral recognition of the value of other human beings who might think things that are very different from the things that you think, or have values that differ from yours. The reading of literature is a call to paying attention. *Really* paying attention, not just dismissing people, or thinking you know what's on their minds, or what their experience has been like. You don't know *anything*, about anyone, really, when you come down to it. You have your impressions and you get to know people, but there are aspects of everyone that you encounter that you'll never know anything about. Literature is a way of requiring you to *notice* things that could easily pass unnoticed, but that are very much a part of the *being* of the people that you spend time with, that you meet every day.

Can you call to mind an author who changed the way you see humanity?
One of the reasons that I got drawn to Henry James at a certain point in my life was that I learned something about how to understand conversations from Henry James—to recognize things that were implicit, that were unsaid or could not be said, or the tone of voice in which something was said. All the things that go into understanding a conversation. This is the thing about books—it's not just what the book says, it's what it *whispers* that's part of your experience. That's why it's such an intimate relation between you and an author when you're reading a book. You can read the words on the page and the sentences and make sense of them, but there are other things that are being suggested that are not so evident, you have to become aware of those too. In the end, Elianna, everybody's got a story.

Is there a writer who, despite your initial judgment or resistance, has stayed with you?
I'd have to think about that because I've probably done a lot of editing out of those experiences. I can tell you that when I was in college I had strong views.

And you don't now, at all.
[Laughs softly] Well, I have modified my views. But I had strong views. One of my teachers at Brandeis was Allen Grossman, a distinguished and widely respected poet. I first got to know him at Brandeis because I had a humanities course with him. Later on, I must have been a junior, I saw him reading Wordsworth in his office, and I said, "How can you read that stuff? I mean, how can you stand it?" And he effectively told me that I didn't know anything if I could say that. So, I said, Okay, why don't we do a reading course together and we'll read Wordsworth, and he agreed to that. The first meeting, he just took out the book—it may have been "The Prelude" or "The Immortality Ode"—and he just told me to start reading it, aloud. And I got it *[laughs softly to himself]*. So from then on—I have the usual mixed feelings about Wordsworth, the later Wordsworth especially, but hearing it, taking it in, made all the difference. I was unprepared for that—I hadn't *heard* it, in other words, up until that time. I suppose I had to hear it in my own voice? To make sense of it with my own voice. To understand why it was that people would be so drawn to this, and to recognize the power of the effect of this language. You might think you know something from a first reading, but the reading begins after you've read the book. You've turned the pages, you know what's in it, but you haven't read it yet. It's your thinking about it, rereading it in your head, that's when you actually read it. There are books that I remain undecided about. Salinger, for instance, I've judged Salinger 27 different ways, but I come back to something about that work that I'm not done with, that I haven't figured out yet. And Nabokov. I have all kinds of mixed feelings. Sometimes I want to throw him across the room and sometimes I think that this is brilliant and touching.

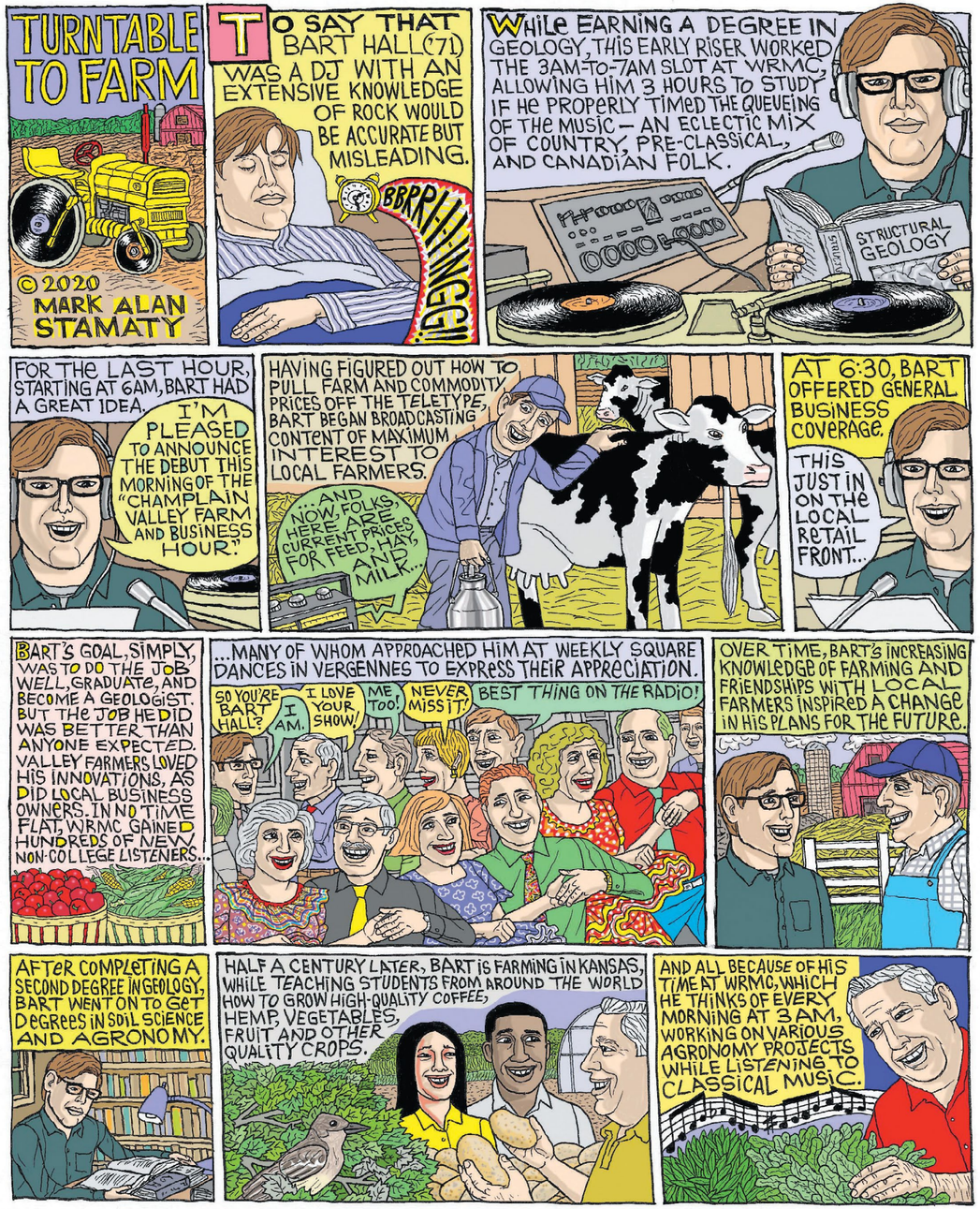
You mention hearing Wordsworth in your own voice. It makes me think of what Baldwin writes about why he stopped hating Shakespeare. He says that it had everything to do with really *hearing* Shakespeare. And upon hearing, hearing it in his own voice, which is another way of asking, "How do I make this my own?"
That's what it means to write.

Speaking of having to "hear" something for yourself, I ended up reading Keats this summer for my MA thesis, largely because in my first summer at Bread Loaf you had suggested I read his letters, which planted the seed. I guess I catalogued it somewhere, and sure enough, I may be stuck with these letters for life.
As we all are.

There's something so otherworldly about his romanticism when I read him today, when I read something like "What the imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth." What is it about Keats's letters that has stayed with you this long?
They're astonishing letters because of how deep they are. There is at once great ambition and a terrific sense of humility in them. I think it's the idea of promise that stays with me most. The indestructibility of promise. The promise of one's life that can never be extinguished. That's why, even in Keats's darkest moods, there is consolation—as well as an unfailing tenderness and a persistent shyness, a sense of embarrassment about his ambitions and achievements, even about any claims on the attention of others. "I always made an awkward bow," Keats ends what I think is his last letter, his farewell to the people he loved most. "I always made an awkward bow"—it could tear your heart out, that Last Letter, you could look it up.

I will.

FOR ANY LITERARY STUDIES ALUMS OR FORMER STUDENTS OF STEPHEN DONADIO INTERESTED IN GETTING IN TOUCH REGARDING A REUNION OF SORTS, PLEASE REACH OUT: ELIANNAKAN@GMAIL.COM.


TURNTABLE TO FARM
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TO SAY THAT BART HALL ('71) WAS A DJ WITH AN EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF ROCK WOULD BE ACCURATE BUT MISLEADING.
BBRRRIIINNGG!!
WHILE EARNING A DEGREE IN GEOLOGY, THIS EARLY RISER WORKED THE 3AM-TO-7AM SLOT AT WRMC, ALLOWING HIM 3 HOURS TO STUDY IF HE PROPERLY TIMED THE QUEUEING OF THE MUSIC – AN ECLECTIC MIX OF COUNTRY, PRE-CLASSICAL, AND CANADIAN FOLK.
STRUCTURAL GEOLOGY
FOR THE LAST HOUR, STARTING AT 6AM, BART HAD A GREAT IDEA.
I'M PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THE DEBUT THIS MORNING OF THE "CHAMPLAIN VALLEY FARM AND BUSINESS HOUR."
HAVING FIGURED OUT HOW TO PULL FARM AND COMMODITY PRICES OFF THE TELETYPE, BART BEGAN BROADCASTING CONTENT OF MAXIMUM INTEREST TO LOCAL FARMERS.
...AND NOW, FOLKS, HERE ARE CURRENT PRICES FOR FEED, HAY, AND MILK...
AT 6:30, BART OFFERED GENERAL BUSINESS COVERAGE.
THIS JUST IN ON THE LOCAL RETAIL FRONT...
BART'S GOAL, SIMPLY, WAS TO DO THE JOB WELL, GRADUATE, AND BECOME A GEOLOGIST. BUT THE JOB HE DID WAS BETTER THAN ANYONE EXPECTED. VALLEY FARMERS LOVED HIS INNOVATIONS, AS DID LOCAL BUSINESS OWNERS. IN NO TIME FLAT, WRMC GAINED HUNDREDS OF NEW NON-COLLEGE LISTENERS...
...MANY OF WHOM APPROACHED HIM AT WEEKLY SQUARE DANCES IN VERGENNES TO EXPRESS THEIR APPRECIATION.
SO YOU'RE BART HALL?
I AM.
I LOVE YOUR SHOW!
ME TOO!
NEVER MISS IT!
BEST THING ON THE RADIO!
OVER TIME, BART'S INCREASING KNOWLEDGE OF FARMING AND FRIENDSHIPS WITH LOCAL FARMERS INSPIRED A CHANGE IN HIS PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.
AFTER COMPLETING A SECOND DEGREE IN GEOLOGY, BART WENT ON TO GET DEGREES IN SOIL SCIENCE AND AGRONOMY.
HALF A CENTURY LATER, BART IS FARMING IN KANSAS, WHILE TEACHING STUDENTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD HOW TO GROW HIGH-QUALITY COFFEE, HEMP, VEGETABLES, FRUIT AND OTHER QUALITY CROPS.
AND ALL BECAUSE OF HIS TIME AT WRMC, WHICH HE THINKS OF EVERY MORNING AT 3AM, WORKING ON VARIOUS AGRONOMY PROJECTS WHILE LISTENING TO CLASSICAL MUSIC.

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IDEAS OF OUR DAY
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